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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

IN MIDSUMMER a guide to the new books feels very much like a guide for sightseers in an historic place. He is busy directing the attention of literary tourists to monumental works and finds himself importuned to lead the way to a sheltered spot with a view, or even to a tavern with a quiet nook. Yet all the city is his—he may acclaim the cathedral, point out the fragments of ancient glories in crumbling stone, then lead his group to repose amid modern surroundings. *En avant!* We shall, for the moment, have to overlook the cathedrals among the new books. Publishers have a way of reserving monumental works for the long evenings of winter. But there are ready, nevertheless, many interesting titles to woo your attention. An interesting book that had something familiar about it came recently; it is called *The Week-End Library*, and contains these writings: *The Constant Nymph*, by Margaret Kennedy; *Old Soak's History of the World*, by Don Marquis; "The Man in the Bowler Hat," a one-act play by A. A. Milne; "Dolling," a story by Booth Tarkington, from *Women;* "The Afternoon of a Faun," by Edna Ferber, which first appeared in her book of short stories, *Gigolo;* and *So There!*, a book of merry verse by Franklin P. Adams. Despite this the book does not seem overweight; the thin paper used makes it possible to assemble all this material in one volume, one most useful for those who have never read these tales and who are going on a journey. Other books for your bag that can be recommended are *The Frantic Atlantic*, by Basil Woon, *Here Is England*, by Marion Balderston, and *The Lure of Normandy*, by Frances M. Gostling. Mary Roberts Rinehart has a new novel, *Lost Ecstasy*, to add to her long list, and if you are interested in lighter matters there is *The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes*, by his discoverer, A. Conan Doyle. A. E. Wiggam, who wrote *The New Decalogue of Science*, has just published *The Next Age of Man;* G. B. Stern samples the vintages of France in a new book, *Bouquet; Eight O'Clock Chapel* by C. H. Patton and W. T. Field is heartily recommended to all the old grads, and some young ones, who would like to know what college was like thirty or more years ago, especially in New England; and for those who are always interested in what critics call the "provocative" drama, which sometimes turns out to be provoking, there are now between covers *The Second Man*, by S. N. Behrman, and *Spread Eagle*, by George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister.

"AIRPORTS AND AIRWAYS"

Books on aircraft and aviation may be considered fairly technical reading; but I was surprised upon opening *Airports and Airways* by Lieutenant Donald Duke of the Air Corps, U. S. A., to find that it was exceedingly readable for the layman and gave much useful information. Perhaps this is because, as Count Hermann von Keyserling suggests, it really does not take much of an intellect to understand technical details, and a culture based on technical expertness is not very high up in the scale. Lieutenant Duke's book makes one realize that the air

age is upon us and, as the author says, all that is needed is to make the public more "air-minded." Commercial aviation already has done a great deal to bring about the construction of landing fields and hangars. On Jan. 1, 1926, there were 3,806 landing fields in the United States, Texas having 274 of them; California, 251; Illinois, 240; Pennsylvania, 183; New York, 182; Ohio, 169; Missouri and Michigan, 128; Iowa, 110. Air commerce is almost upon us, and air travel will be here in the next decade, now that our flyers have given the impetus and have fired the imagination of the public. Lieutenant Duke writes that "the transportation of passengers, express, and cargo by air has already proved profitable in the United States. With federal aid in establishing intermediate landing fields and safeguarding air navigation along established airways by night or day, the element of uncertainty has been eliminated from air commeace. It is no longer a question of when, but rather where. At this date no progressive city would think of dispensing with its communications, railway or highway systems; neither can it afford to exclude air traffic by failing to provide requisite facilities." Many factors enter into the building of airports, but this book sets forth that an accurate analysis of airport costs for sixty-eight landing fields of various sizes located along contract air-mail routes indicates an aggregate investment by the cities concerned of over $17,000,000, an average cost of $210,415 per field, and $46,912 for improvements. These reports are based on data obtained from such widely separated cities as Atlanta, Battle Creek, Boston, Fort Worth, Cleveland, Grand Rapids, Portland, Maine, and Tucson. Anyone desiring to read further about aviation should write the Ronald Press for circulars describing its series of books on aëronautics, edited by Col. C. DeForrest Chandler; about twelve books are listed and more are projected, showing the scope of this undertaking. Will Rogers will have to revise his saying that "We are the only nation in the world that uses our air for speaking purposes only." It is very obvious that we must agree with Kipling, who said, "In aëronautics we are at the opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities."

ALICE BROWN
Author of "Dear Old Templeton"

A LIFE OF JOHN SARGENT

An able book on a great American painter is *John Sargent*, by the Hon. Evan Charteris, K. C., with a supplementary chapter by Vernon Lee, just issued by Scribner's. Following the best tradition, its object is neither to exalt nor to distort, so that we get a fine, rounded picture of this painter, his life, and works. We realize again, as we did in the books devoted to Whistler, how deeply an artist's work affects the culture of a period. Here we have not only a record of Sargent's paintings, but his reaction to the artistic discussion of his times; in letters, in more formal comment, and in remarks to friends we get the play of his intellect. I wish that I might quote at length from the author's characterizations of Sargent as painter and critic. It is impossible to do more than suggest that this book repays reading. From the fine summary of Sargent's qualities by Vernon Lee I take these lines: "People appear to have seen only one side at a time, and failed to appreciate both his many-sidedness and the complexity of his genius; that double nature of his, occasionally self-conflicting, but more often harmoniously blended, as becomes a creature of supreme facility and of restless, indomitable passion for the difficult." Miss Lee speaks of the fact that Sargent had inherited a double nature from his "exuberantly

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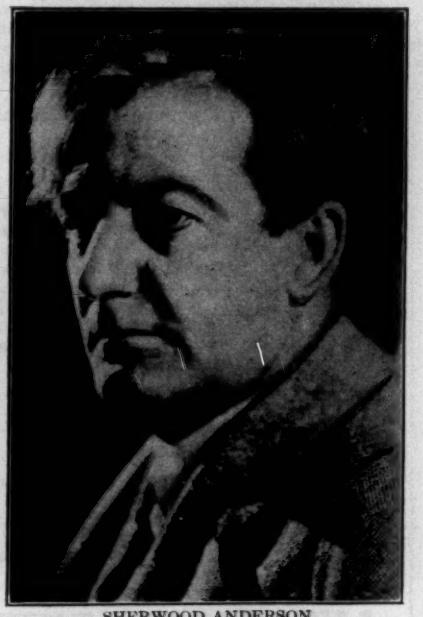
gifted, expressive, and *lebenslustige* mother, and from his puritan, reserved, and rather sternly dissatisfied father." And she tells further that Sargent as a young man, and perhaps later, was "especially attracted by the bizarre and outlandish." Later his student days with Carolus Duran fell under the reign of Manet, Degas, Monet, and Renoir. "I feel certain that his conscious endeavor, his self-formulated program, was to paint whatever he saw with absolute and researchful fidelity, never avoiding ugliness nor seeking after beauty." Clashing with this, apparently, was Sargent's disregard of ugliness and vulgarity as negative values, so that although he might agree with the impressionists in theory, his instinctive selection of subjects less vulgar betrayed his innate character. Although Charteris knew Sargent for many years, he does not make this a book of personal reminiscence; the information and the anecdotes come from many sources. Vernon Lee apparently did not discuss art theories with Sargent for the last thirty years (on account of a personal dispute), but whether or not this has affected her appreciation of Sargent's work is doubtful. At any event, we shall have to leave the last word to the art critics and, as they rarely agree, this will not help matters much. The book is attractively printed and bound.



SHERWOOD ANDERSON
Author of "A New Testament"

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY ADDS NEW TITLES

It is always a pleasure to announce the publication of good books at a reasonable price. Everyman's Library has been a boon to students; its titles have been wisely chosen, and one rarely finds a text abridged. Nineteen new volumes have just been added, making a total of 800 in this, its twenty-first year. The library is published by J. M. Dent & Co. and is issued in the United States by E. P. Dutton & Co. Among the nineteen new titles are a number of old friends that will now widen their circle of readers. For instance, John Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens* is well known, of course, but this is now available in two volumes at 80 cents each. G. K. Chesterton writes the introduction, telling us that "In dealing with Dickens he (Forster) was dealing not only with a creator but with a character; we might almost say with a Dickens character. Dickens must be encouraged to give himself away, as it is the essence of every Dickens character to give himself away. It is the very best of gifts." Another useful addition to the library is Vasari's *Lives of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects*, which is complete in four volumes. The present additions touch almost every century of English literature. For instance, here is *Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, selected and translated by Prof. R. K. Gordon. *The Prelude to Poetry* is a book of essays by poets all the way from Chaucer to Robert Bridges, selected by Ernest Rhys. The seventeenth century is represented by Milton's *Areopagitica and Other Prose Works;* the eighteenth century by *Roderick Random* by Tobias Smollett, and Laurence Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*, the latter with George Saintsbury's comment. Then we get *The Poems and Prophecies of William Blake*, *The Poems of Charles Kingsley*, and *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, the latter using as preface an essay written by Andrew Lang ever so long ago. Trench on English words, a group of essays by Robert Owen, a life of Lincoln by Henry Bryan Binns, and Mayne Reid's *The Boy Slaves* are among the new additions to this interesting library.

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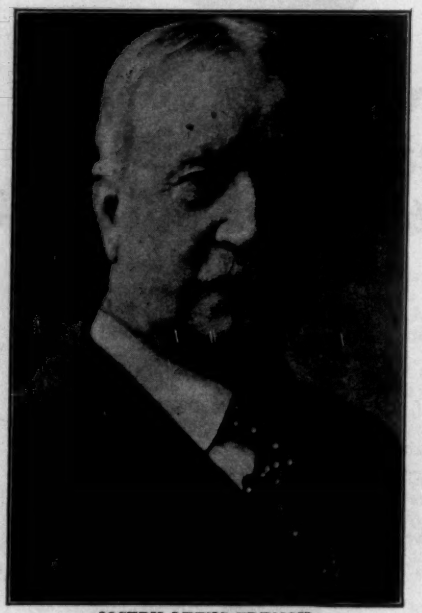
that comes out of the continent; we read much about mighty hunters, a few despots, and some libertines, and a sprinkling of propaganda comes from missionaries, but the plain human being is rarely articulate. This makes *Trader Horn* doubly of value. It appears that Horn first came to the back door of a South African writer, Ethelreda Lewis, to sell kitchen utensils. Upon hearing him talk she scented a story, and learned that he had been educated in a boys' school in Liverpool, had gone to the west coast of Africa near the Cameroon country in the seventies as an eighteen-year-old boy, and had become a trader in ivory. So she adopted the device of having Horn write down his reminiscences and bring the chapters to her for discussion, after which she set down his conversation. This has given us a book which is very full of human observations and discloses much about life near the Congo. In this rambling record Horn tells of his dealings with the blacks, how he won their confidence and was accepted by them, how he joined in fighting leopards and killing elephants, and traded up and down the Muni River. The presence of a young girl in the ceremonial hut of one of the tribes interested him greatly. After the death of her father, an unnamed Englishman, she had been adopted by the tribe and guarded as a priestess. Although kept inviolate, she could not well escape—until Horn makes her flight possible. Her story runs through the book. John Galsworthy vouches for the existence of Horn and for the quaintness of his talk, for he met him in Johannesburg. He calls it a gorgeous book. He is particularly captivated with Horn's language and his observations, of which he lists these as notable: "That elephant hunt makes a pretty splash of activity." "What is poetry but the leavings of superstition." "The Quakers, Ma'am, I've always held to be above par." "A few schooner-rigged females . . ." "The Americans . . . a moral people except when it comes to murder and so on." "Big game hunters . . . an equatorial gang of cut-throats, wasting wild life to make what they call a bag." "Like a lad in a toy-shop . . . Rhodes."



JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH
Author of "Lotus and Chrysanthemum"

Horn's comment on America, which he visited at one time, is illuminating. He has constantly in mind the reception his book will receive in America; he feels that Americans want novelty, whereas the English want facts. And remembering American feelings he tones down his episodes. He picked up a wide knowledge of human nature in Africa. His comment on the slaves is a case in point: "They'd never try to keep families together, those traders. 'Twas a terrible thing to see them being separated. When a savage loses his kin his heart breaks. He's got no newspapers and these so-called cinemas to cheer him up. All he knows of pleasure comes, not from food, but from eating it with his kind. He pines like a dog. The first thing education teaches you is to walk alone. Aye, you can sure stand on your own spear when you've learned the word good-by and say it clear." (Simon and Schuster.)

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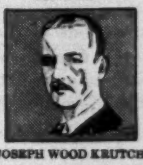

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It is deeply introspective, often subconscious, most revelatory of the author who writes authentically, uninfluenced by learning and writing that has preceded him. It is the book of life of an artist.

A REPRINTING OF STENDHAL

The audience of Henri Beyle de Stendhal continues to grow. In his own lifetime this author declared he wrote for only a hundred readers, and thought that he would be appreciated in the eighties, long after his generation. His name is not yet a household word, but students of literature, especially of the psychological novel, find him an excellent subject for study. The edition in English which has been going forward for a year or so under the direction of C. K. Scott Moncrieff has now reached *De l'Amour*, which is translated as *On Love* for this series issued by Boni & Liveright. *On Love* was first printed in 1822 and in the course of eleven years gained sixteen readers, according to Stendhal's own statement. In it he discussed love in all its phases and cast his vote for "passion love," that is, love raised to an ecstatic type, which he thought at its best in Italy. He detested the love of men and women in France, for he felt they were too vain, too filled with self-love to love ecstatically; he found the English too cold and the Americans too rational. He was a great lover, and could speak from experience so far as the continent went. His observations of America were drawn from his reading and hearsay, yet he made what we should call a fairly accurate estimate. He considered America hidebound by its interpretation of the Bible—in other words he got a correct view of puritanism—and he thought the source of sensitiveness was dried up in our forefathers of a hundred years ago: "They are just and they are rational, but they are anything but happy. Their whole attention seems to be taken up with ordering their lives in a rational way and in avoiding discomfort; when at last they reach the moment of gathering the fruit of so much care and of such long-sustained habits of orderliness they have no life left for enjoyment." It seems that only now are we beginning to break away from Stendhal's America; and yet even this stride toward liberty is viewed with alarm in many quarters. Stendhal lived before the days of psychologists, but he was an excellent one. His comment on love is often disillusioning, but it never fails to be entertaining and is as fresh to-day as when set down a hundred years ago. (Boni & Liveright.)

Copyright Photo by Marceau
DOROTHY SPEARE
Author of "A Virgin of Yesterday"

DO YOU "GUGGENHEIM"?

Another new game that has managed to get between covers is "Guggenheim." Up to a few weeks ago I was not aware that a Guggenheim could be impersonal and inanimate; but here it is. Two volumes are being issued simultaneously by agreement of the publishers. The first comes from Simon and Schuster and has been prepared by Haydie Eames and Madeleine Marshall. The second was prepared by Milton Mackaye and Dorothy Disney for Albert & Charles Boni. In "Guggenheim" you are given five letters and five spaces, and a certain length of time to fill them. For instance, one man gets "Ocean." He is then asked to name five professions, each of which must begin with one of the letters in "Ocean," five religions, five Shakespearean characters, five motion picture stars, and five diseases. Try it and see how difficult it is. Anyone can name five countries, but five beginning with letters that constitute "Phlox" is more difficult. Try it out and see what you make of it. It is an entertaining game.

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"Yes, that's true, and furthermore he always seems to have a new angle, an interesting viewpoint. He evidently had a splendid education and the advantage of having traveled widely."

* * * *

But this man they all admire is not traveled, not highly educated. He left school when a boy, was drawn into the whirling vortex of business, never had time to read, or study—or even *think* very profoundly.

As he became more and more successful in business, he became more and more dissatisfied with himself. Other men around him had something he lacked. Other men had polish, poise—call it *culture*, if you like—but something intangible which he was aware he himself did not possess.

It made him uncomfortable. At dinners, at social functions—even in business conferences—he recognized his handicap. Began to understand what that handicap was. When others spoke of art, of science, of music, of literature—he was silent. It made him feel stupid. Out of things. Why, he was actually *ashamed* to come into brilliant or cultivated company.

How He Acquired a Cultural Background

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MORE DIALECT BY MILT GROSS

Now that we are all studying the manners, customs, and vocabulary of our country see what you can make of the dialect wielded by Milt Gross, who interprets the sayings of Mrs. Feitlebaum and the doings of Nize Baby. Milt has just published another, *Dunt Esk*, in which he plays over a wide range of humor with a dialect that is a strange mixture of Yiddish and United States as it is spoken in Manhattan. The fun is in the phonetic rendering of the conversation, and in this Gross is a master; but it is not wholly in funny words, for he is also an observant humorist, and the foibles and fancies of our age are caught up in his pert and snappy remarks. *Dunt Esk* is published by the George H. Doran Company. In the same paragraph we ought to mention *Bronx Ballads* by Robert A. Simon. Here also we have what pretends to be the dialect of that part of Greater New York which is heavily populated with Jewish immigrants. But it is written without phonetics—the words are those you and I employ, although we do not always use them as they are set down here. *Bronx Ballads* is to me a very amusing book, not solely because it deals with funny situations, but because it is something of a take-off on more serious books of spirituals. The author writes a mock-serious introduction for each song, and then strikes out something like this:

Horowitz has changed his name to Hinch.
Lienthal is advertised as Lynch.
Tompkins kicked me with both his feet—
I called him Toplitz, right in the street.
And Rosenthal ain't Rosenthal no more.

Feuerstein has changed his name to Flint.
Papa Ginsberg calls himself Peer Gynt,
You think you're smart but you're always fooled;
You think its Goldberg; it ain't, it's Gould.
And Rosenthal ain't Rosenthal no more.

We have all watched the development of the Irish dialect song, the German dialect song, and the Swedish dialect song, and now the Italian and Yiddish dialects are in full swing. It's all a process in assimilation. The Irish ballads of yesteryear which based their fun upon mispronunciation are now well-mannered ballads about Molly and Kelly sung in the best of prose.

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Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York

This is a story of an old clipper ship, rehabilitated by her skipper, Val Orson, who runs true to type and is a tough master, one of those who keep the whole crew in fear of personal violence throughout a voyage. He captures a girl at every port, and his latest victim is Nancy Prouse, a serving maid. But the best part of the tale is Dingle's description of the ship in all sorts of weather, and that is why it makes a bully outdoor story. It is the caprice of the skipper to make new records for the old clipper, and to do that he flaunts both man and the weather, driving the ship forward despite all obstacles. The tale moves along smoothly, and the author knows the ropes, as well as the sails and the decks. Published by G. Howard Watt.

DISCLOSING THE AUTHOR

It turns out that Raimon de Loi, who wrote the popular book called *Trails of the Troubadours* which many readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE have read, is really Raymond D. Jameson, formerly of Northwestern University and now professor in Tsing Hau College at Peking, China. His book was the outcome of a walking trip over the country of the medieval troubadours.

DREISER ON H. G. WELLS

Theodore Dreiser has written an introduction for the new Sandgate edition of H. G. Wells, published by Duffield & Co. This edition includes four of the best-known books by Wells boxed and issued with new frontispieces. The titles are *Tono Bungay*, *The New Machiavelli*, *The History of Mr. Polly*, and *Marriage*. Dreiser's introduction occurs in the *Tono Bungay* volume, and credits Wells with much generosity because he can view the world and still be optimistic about the future. But Dreiser estimates Wells according to his own conception of the duties of a novelist, and so finds that Wells's social views, and his instinct to put propaganda into his works, have spoiled him as a recorder, and have caused him to neglect "his power of picturing vividly and honestly the day and the conditions under which he found himself." In fact, Dreiser feels that his view is vindicated because Wells's greatest success has come at such times as he chose to devote himself to the novel in its soundest form, as in *Tono Bungay*, *The New Machiavelli*, *Marriage*, and *The History of Mr. Polly*. "Thus far," continues Dreiser, "the publicist, propagandist, religionist, and speculative social and political philosopher in him, busy with theories, have predominated.

And to no ultimate political or scientific validity. For the world only faces new and changing problems. And to assume that man is so intelligently constructive and set toward salvation is too much for me. Constructively, as I see him, man is much more led or pushed than he is leading or pushing." And Dreiser feels that to harangue man as Wells does is merely flattery, or useless; man does not know in what direction life is moving. So we get in this introduction more than Dreiser's view of Wells; we get his own literary faith, stated succinctly by himself, and the key to his own writings. Meantime, whether or not the reader agrees with Dreiser in the matter of man's earth-bound life, he may well admit that these four books are capital stories.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

The complete works of various authors seemed to be in demand by more than one correspondent this month. One-volume editions of an author's writings are getting to be very popular. Perhaps this is due to vacation time—the inconvenience of packing many books makes us wish for our favorite writer, or poet, in a concise form. The first inquiry of this kind was concerning the complete works of O. Henry in the one-volume edition. This book is not sold to the trade and is only obtainable by subscription to *The Literary Digest*. For full particulars we suggest that Aaron Peak, Delaware, Md., write to *The Literary Digest*, Funk and Wagnalls Publishing Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City. . . . Miriam Townsend, Dayton, Ohio, asked for the complete poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay in one volume, leather preferred. There is none. Millay's poetry is published in four volumes, uniformly bound in blue cloth: *The Harp Weaver*, $2.00; *A Few Figs from Thistles*, $1.50; *Renascence*, $2.00; *Second April*, $2.00. None of these comes in leather binding save *The Harp Weaver*, $3.00. Harper and Brothers is the publisher of all Millay's work. . . . From Dubuque, Iowa, Mrs. Selden Reid writes to ask who wrote a book of poems called *Fairies and Chimnies*, and if this author has any other books. Rose Fyleman is the writer, and all of her books are published by George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City. Besides *Fairies and Chimnies*, $1.25, she has *Fairies and Friends*, $1.25; *Adventure Club*, $2.00; *Eight Little Plays for Children*, $1.25; *Forty Good-night Tales*, $2.00; *Rose*

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Fyleman Fairy Book, $2.50; *The Rainbow Cat and Other Stories*, $2.00; *The Fairy Green*, $1.25; *The Fairy Flute*, $1.25. . . . A. G. Singleton, New Roads, La., read in Fitzgerald's preface to *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* about the Persian poet, Hafiz. He is anxious to know if there is any English translation of the sayings of this poet. There are two American editions, *The Rubaiyat of Hafiz*, $1.00, in The Wisdom of the East Series, published by E. P. Dutton and Co., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City; and *Odes from the Divan of Hafiz*, by Richard Le Gallienne, in two bindings, Oriental tapestry paper boards, $3.00, and Persian ooze leather, $5.00, published by L. C. Page Co., 52 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. . . . The book which Mrs. T. Raymond Shumway, Pittsburgh, Pa., described in her letter is *Canons of Reason and Virtue* (Chinese and English), by Lao T'ze, $1.00, and published by The Open Court Publishing Company, 337 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill. . . . H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, about which George R. Dennett, Evanston, Ill., inquired, is now obtainable in only two editions. Both are two-volume sets and priced at $10.50 and $15.00, the latter being a larger and more profusely illustrated edition. The $5.00 one-volume edition is out of print, and The Macmillan Company, the publisher of all editions of this book, gives no date of republication. . . . Wild-animal hunting in the heart of Africa is the subject that interests J. W. Stedman, Chicago, Ill. He asks for a list of books pertaining to this and we suggest: *African Game Trails*, by Theodore Roosevelt, two volumes, $6.00, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, New York City; *Hunting Among the Thongas*, by G. A. Chamberlain, $4.00, Harper and Brothers; *Big Game and Pygmies*, by C. Christy, $7.50, The Macmillan Company; *Hunting in Africa, East and West*, by C. P. and R. C. Curtis, $5.00, Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.; *On the Gorilla Trail*, by M. Bradley, $5.00, D. Appleton and Company 35 West 32nd Street, New York City; *Lions in the Path* (Hunting with a Long Bow), by Stewart Edward White, $3.00, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.; *Sport and Adventure in Africa*, by W. H. Shorthose, $7.50, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; and on capturing wild animals alive there is *Wild Animals*, by Wynant Hubbard, $3.00, published by D. Appleton and Company, address given above.

Educating for Citizenship in the Military School

by

Colonel Charles A. Plumley
President, Norwich University

THE university of which I am president was established more than a century ago, the first of a long line of institutions in which the young men of our nation can receive training in the arts and sciences and at the same time be prepared, as citizens, to aid in the development of the country in peace time and to defend it in time of war.

The making of citizens fitted to render this joint service to their country is the main business of the military schools of the United States. The best citizens are those who have a sound education, not only in the subjects usually included in the school curriculum but in other less tangible matters. The soundest education for citizenship is that which teaches men to respect the rights of others; recognizes that properly constituted authorities are entitled to obedience, and realizes the responsibilities that attach to the rights and duties of citizenship.

It is this sort of citizenship that the boy who is educated at our military colleges and schools has inculcated in him day by day. He goes to school to study and to learn the lessons which are set for him. Through the daily and hourly influence of the military system under which his school life is organized he learns many other things than those in his books.

The cadet comes to realize the importance of punctuality; he learns how absolutely indispensable is accuracy; that real merit is recognized and receives rewards, and that its recognition implies also added responsibility which must be met. He learns the basic truth that no man is fitted to command who has not first learned to obey. Ideals of honor are impressed on him — the honor of the corps and personal honor as well.

The cadet salutes his superior officers; he touches elbows with his fellow cadets; he gives commands to his subordinates. Doing these things he learns the rights and prerogatives of each — what is implied in authority and how he may use it but never abuse it.

Respect for law, obedience to authority, self-control, and the power to command are the invaluable assets of those trained in our military schools and colleges — the resultants from the training they receive in their school and college life. The wise admixture of military principles and organization with the essential education along academic lines produces the finest type of citizen-soldiery — the citizen whose chief aim it is to give of his best to the development of his country, but who will, also, if occasion demands, go to his country's defense.

Every rational and conscientious person the world over joins in the wish and the hope that there may never be another war and that it may never be necessary for our citizens to defend their country. This hope is closer to realization to-day than ever before. Through the ages we have fought and striven onward and upward to establish and maintain justice, mercy and liberty. If necessary, we will fight to maintain them so that the largest measure of happiness may be enjoyed by all.

But with the progress of education, the sound education for citizenship which I uphold, it will be increasingly unnecessary. Education in the science of war is, paradoxically, education toward the art of peace.

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Harpers Magazine

THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN CULTURE

SOME REFLECTIONS IN A MACHINE AGE

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE future of America is the future of the world. Material circumstances are driving all nations along the path in which America is going. Living in the contemporary environment, which is everywhere becoming more and more American, men feel a psychological compulsion to go the American way. Fate acts within and without; there is no resisting. For good or for evil, it seems that the world must be Americanized. America is not unique; she merely leads the way along the road which the people of every nation and continent are taking. Studying the good and the evil features in American life, we are studying, in a generally more definite and highly developed form, the good and evil features of the whole world's present and immediately coming civilization. Speculating on the American future, we are speculating on the future of civilized man. If I were a prophet, I would describe that future, would say whether it was to be rosy or dark. But lacking the prophetic eye, I can only guess. And even of guessing I shall be chary. I shall confine myself mainly to a safer and, on the whole, a more profitable task. Prophecies of the future, if they are to be intelligent, not merely fantastic, must be based on a study of the present. The future is the present projected.

Every present event or existence possesses some sort of significance, however small, for the future. If I turn on the gas to boil my morning's coffee, that means that the world's coal supply will be exhausted some minute fraction of a second before it would have been exhausted if I had not turned on the gas. And so on. Literally everything in the present has some significance for the future. The prophet must make a selection of the facts that are most significant, that will have the greatest effect on the greatest number of future human beings. Even the greatly significant facts are very numerous. To discuss them all one would have to write volumes; one would have to possess the

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most varied kinds of special knowledge. Lacking both space and knowledge, I am forced to make an arbitrary selection from the mass of significant materials. I shall discuss in the most general terms a few of the great facts of contemporary life—machinery, political and social institutions, education—showing the ways in which these things affect and are likely to go on affecting the inner life of man, how we may expect them to be modified, and with what results. I shall try to show the potentialities for good and evil implicit in the contemporary facts and how these potentialities may be expected to develop into future actuality.

The benefits conferred by machinery on the human race are too well known to need a long description. Machinery has made possible the payment of a higher wage for shorter hours and less drudgery. Thanks to machinery, the common man enjoys to-day an amount of leisure undreamed of by his predecessors, lives, and brings up his family in a style which would have seemed to them almost princely. Leisure and prosperity (at any rate in moderate quantities) are good in themselves; it is right that the animal in man should be well fed, comfortable, and not overworked. But, good in themselves, leisure and prosperity are still better for what they make possible. For those who desire such things, they make possible the acquisition of culture, they permit of life being lived on its highest levels. Not that they automatically produce these blessings. It is as well to insist on this, since some enthusiasts for progress seem to imagine that wealth and leisure result in the higher life as surely as intense cold results in ice. The most superficial study of history shows that they do not. At the most, they make the higher life possible for those who want to live it. Whether the possibility will be realized in fact depends, of course, on the individual taste and the social environment.

The progress in mechanical invention has given something more than wealth and leisure. Cheap and rapid transport has enormously enlarged the human horizon. Travel, in the past, was a luxury which only the very rich could afford. The majority of men and women were born, lived, and died in the same place. They inhabited a universe ten miles wide; beyond its borders lay the unknown. To-day even the poor can take small journeys; the moderately prosperous are familiar with whole continents. The mind is nourished by its impressions from without; to enlarge one's physical world is to enrich one's mind. Machinery, in the form of modern transport, is providing for larger and ever larger numbers of human beings a form of liberal education.

Nor must we forget the more direct educational contributions of machinery. Efficient methods of printing have made possible the dissemination of information and ideas on an unprecedented scale. Knowledge of the visual arts can be spread by means of cheap-process reproduction. Music can be recorded and reproduced with extraordinary verisimilitude by the phonograph. And every form of noise, from the political speech to the symphony concert, from the jazz band to the sermon, can be broadcast over a continent. Machinery, then, has created leisure and multiplied the number of impressions which men and women can receive. Universal leisure and variety of impressions make possible a rich universal culture. Machinery has set up a tendency towards the realization of fuller life.

II

Now for the reverse of the medal. I have been careful to insist that leisure makes culture possible, but does not automatically create it. Machinery has brought leisure to America and the rest of the Western world, and that leisure will certainly tend to increase. But can we honestly say that this leisure has given birth to a corresponding culture, or that there are any clear signs that culture is

destined to spread in the immediate future? We cannot. Leisure makes culture possible; but this possible culture has not in fact become actual. Let me advise anyone who believes in the near approach of the social millennium to go to any great American or European city and note what the majority of men and women do with their new-found prosperity and leisure.

That increased leisure does not lead to increased culture among the leisured is due to two main causes, one hereditary and the other environmental. A great many men and women—let us frankly admit it, in spite of all our humanitarian and democratic prejudices—do not want to be cultured, are not interested in the higher life. For these people existence on the lower, animal levels is perfectly satisfactory. Given food, drink, the company of their fellows, sexual enjoyment, and plenty of noisy distractions from without, they are happy. They enjoy bodily, but hate mental, exercise. They cannot bear to be alone, or to think. Contemporary urban life, with its jazz bands, its negroid dancing, its movies, theaters, football matches, newspapers, and the like, is for them ideal. They can live out their lives without once being solitary, without once making a serious mental effort (for the work which most of these people do is mainly mechanical and requires little or no thought), without once being out of sight or sound of some ready-made distraction. The notion that one can derive pleasure from arduous intellectual occupations is to such people merely absurd. More leisure and more prosperity mean for them more dancing, more parties, more movies, more distractions in general. Most of the inhabitants of ancient Rome belonged to this type; so probably do most of the inhabitants of modern New York and London. And unless some system of eugenics is practiced in the interval, there is no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the great cities in the year 3000 A.D. will be radically different. Machines are giving universal leisure, and universal leisure makes universal culture a possibility. But a large proportion of human beings are so constituted that they do not want to actualize that possibility.

This obstacle in the way of the beneficent tendency inaugurated by machinery is constitutional and cannot be removed except by some slow process of natural or artificial selection. But there is another obstacle, not inherent in human nature, but resulting from the particular circumstances of the case. The machines themselves supply the means of checking the progressive movement which they have made possible. The machines give leisure; but at the same time they give what is almost a guarantee that, except by a fortunately situated and well-endowed minority, that leisure shall be misused. Machinery creates prosperity and leisure by enabling men to manufacture enormous numbers of exactly similar objects in a short time. Mass production is an admirable thing when applied to material objects; but applied to the things of the spirit it is not so good. It might be good if the spiritual wares retailed by our mass-producers of the mind were of high quality. But they are not. As things are at present, mass-produced material objects are of much better quality than mass-produced ideas and mass-produced art. The material standard is higher. A boot factory whose finished products were as thoroughly shoddy as the products of the average idea- or art-factory would go bankrupt in a few months. Everybody objects to leaky ill-fitting boots; but only a small minority objects with anything like the same intensity to imbecile ideas and vulgarity in art. The really passionate haters of mass-produced stupidity do not go to the ordinary idea- and art-factories for their goods. They are strong-minded enough to create and consume an exclusive product of their own.

But between the born culture-haters and the born culture-lovers, between the half-wits and the one-and-a-half-wits

there exists a great mass of human beings whose rather indeterminate nature is ready to receive the imprint which circumstances may set upon it. Environmental forces can push them towards culture or away from it. In the Americanized world of the present and the immediate future those forces are set against culture. A little reflection will show that this is almost inevitable. Proprietors of newspapers and theaters, directors of movies and radio companies are naturally as anxious to make money as anyone else. They find themselves living in a world in which a substantial percentage of the inhabitants are definitely haters of culture, while another substantial percentage are more or less neutral between the culture-haters and the culture-lovers and can be persuaded by judicious propaganda to move towards one side or the other. The born culture-haters are much more numerous than the born culture-lovers. Consequently, the mass-producers of ideas and art are anxious to bring the neutrals over to the culture-haters' side. The rotary press, the process block, the cinema, the radio, the phonograph are used not, as they might so easily be used, to propagate culture, but its opposite. All the resources of science are applied in order that imbecility may flourish and vulgarity cover the whole earth. That they are rapidly doing so must be obvious to anyone who glances at a popular picture paper, looks at a popular film, listens to popular music on the radio or phonograph.

The mere standardization of ideas made possible by modern machinery is in itself another obstacle to culture. One of the blessings of machinery, as I pointed out, is that it enables human beings to move about the surface of their earth with an unprecedented ease and rapidity. Travel has been, and still is, a liberal education. But newspapers, the radio, and elementary education are making all human beings more and more alike. One can anticipate a future in which men will be able to travel round the world without finding an idea or a custom different from those with which they are familiar at home. In 3000 A.D. one will doubtless be able to travel from Kansas City to Peking in a few hours. But if the civilization of these two places is the same, there will be no object in doing so.

There is another way in which machinery adversely affects culture. It removes man's incentive to amuse himself. In the past when people needed recreation they were compelled to a great extent to provide it for themselves. If you needed music you had to sing or play an instrument. If you wanted a pictorial record of some person or scene you had to draw and paint. If you lived in a village or out of the way town and wanted drama you had to act, yourself. To-day you need do none of these things. You turn on the gramophone or the radio when you need music; you click your Kodak when you want a picture; you go to the village movies when you want drama. Recreation is provided ready-made by enormous joint-stock companies. The play-instinct, which found active expression in the past, is now passive. In the days before machinery men and women who wanted to amuse themselves were compelled, in their humble way, to be artists. Now they sit still and permit professionals to entertain them by the aid of machinery. It is difficult to believe that general artistic culture can flourish in this atmosphere of passivity.

III

Our final conclusion about machinery must be something like this: Machines have already greatly diminished human drudgery and increased prosperity and leisure, and there seems to be no reason to suppose that they will not continue their beneficent work. We may look forward to a future when the ordinary man and woman will be able to lead a life almost as free and leisured as that led in the past by the masters in a slave-owning society.

Giving leisure and wealth, machines make general culture possible. There can be no doubt that many people, who would otherwise have longed in vain, are now permitted, thanks to machinery, to satisfy their longing for culture. On the other hand, there are many more people for whom leisure and prosperity mean merely more opportunities for leading not the higher, but the lower life. Machinery makes culture possible but does not necessarily produce it among those who do not want to have it.

Finally, machinery makes it possible for the capitalists who control it to impose whatever ideas and art-forms they please on the mass of humanity. The higher the degree of standardization in popular literature and art, the greater the profit for the manufacturer. The economic policy of the mass-producers of spiritual goods is to secure the greatest number of buyers for the fewest possible products. Their tendency, therefore, is to disseminate ideas and art of the lowest quality. For the lowest will be enjoyed by the huge culture-hating section of the population, while the neutrals between active culture-haters and active culture-lovers can be driven by propaganda and suggestion (made practicable by machinery on a hitherto unprecedented scale) to accept the lowest. There seems to be no reason why this state of affairs should change for the better in the immediate future. The tendency of what may be called the spiritual industries is to coalesce into great combinations. Iron, oil, and textiles are controlled by a few great trusts. The same is coming to be true of newspapers, the cinema, the radio, the phonograph. The great trust eliminates small individual ventures and aims at securing the maximum number of customers for the fewest products. Hence, its advantage is always to produce what is lowest.

The American political and social scene reveals the same conflicting tendencies towards good and bad. America started life with a clean slate. The Old World inherited from its past history a burden of monarchies, aristocracies, and established religions, whose utility, though once indisputable, has been for the last two hundred years steadily diminishing. Some sort of a case may be made for all these traditional institutions. But it would be true to say that, in the modern world, they are a source of more harm than good. Those who doubt it should read Ludwig's biography of Kaiser William the Second. It is a really terrifying book. Americans may feel profoundly thankful that their history has spared them the calamity of being ruled by such a man. The inappropriateness to modern conditions of the surviving medieval institutions has been everywhere realized. For the past half-century, and with increasing rapidity in the years since the War, the peoples of the Old World have been busily engaged in abolishing or modifying them. They have, up to a point at any rate, imitated America. But that does not mean to say that American political institutions and American standards of social value are perfect. Monarchy and hereditary aristocracy may be a permanent source of corruption; but so is plutocracy. To pay respect to a king or a duke may be preposterous and unmanly; but is it much nobler to pay respect to a millionaire? Monarchical governments have been very corrupt; but can the governments of plutocratically controlled republics, such as France and America, produce a cleaner record? It may be doubted. The great merit of the American system consists solely in this—that careers are open to the talents. Under the medieval regime dignity belonged to a more or less closed hereditary caste, who wielded power and annexed its spoils. In America anyone with the luck or ability to make money can claim the respect due to a plutocrat and can take his share in the governing class's power and loot.

The medieval system, which still survives in a modified form in the Old

World, was a hierarchy graded according to a very definite standard of social and spiritual values. The scale of social values culminated, as we have seen, in monarchy and hereditary aristocracy. At the head of the spiritual hierarchy was the ascetic saint and the man of learning. Theoretically, at any rate, it was by a divine, inborn right that the aristocrat headed the social hierarchy. A king was always a king, even when beggared and in exile; his royalty depended, not on material circumstances, but on his own inward essence. Spiritual eminence was equally independent of worldly circumstances. The essential virtue in the saint and the man of learning was disinterestedness. All this has been changed in America. The plutocrat is what he is by virtue solely of his material position in the world. If an accident should remove him from that position, he disappears into nonentity. Success is the test of social eminence. In spiritual matters disinterestedness is no longer the sign of superiority. Nothing is more remarkable than the recent American tendency to exalt the ordinary man, occupied with ordinary worldly affairs, at the expense of the exceptional man who takes no interest in such affairs. I have seen it baldly stated by American spiritual leaders that "Business is religion." The identification of business with service permits the worldling to identify himself with the Christian saints. This tendency to raise the ordinary, worldly man to the level of the extraordinary and disinterested one seems to me entirely deplorable. The next step will be to exalt him above the extraordinary man, who will be condemned and persecuted on principle because he is not ordinary—for not to be ordinary will be regarded as a crime. In this reversal of the old values I see a real danger, a menace to all desirable progress.

With regard to political democracy, its disadvantages are becoming daily more apparent in America as in all other countries which have adopted it as a system of government. Nobody can honestly suppose that a system which permits of such things as Mr. Thompson's election to the mayoralty of Chicago, with all its grotesque and outrageous accompaniments, is desirable or even in the long run practicable. The revolt against political democracy has already begun in Europe and is obviously destined to spread. There will be no return to autocracy, of course. Government will tend to be concentrated in the hands of intelligent and active oligarchies. The ideal state is one in which there is a material democracy controlled by an aristocracy of intellect—a state in which men and women are guaranteed a decent human existence and are given every opportunity to develop such talents as they possess, and where those with the greatest talent rule. The active and intelligent oligarchies of the ideal state do not yet exist. But the Fascist party in Italy, the Communist party in Russia, the Kuomintang in China are their still inadequate precursors. Owing to the strength of her democratic tradition, America will probably be one of the last countries to change her present form of government. But in the end the change will come. A country cannot go on indefinitely being afflicted by Thompson elections and anti-evolution laws.

But here the good democrat and humanitarian will interrupt me. Thompson elections and anti-evolution laws, he will affirm, are destined to disappear automatically with the spread of education. And this launches us into the third division of our prophetic theme. What is to be the future of education in America and elsewhere?

IV

The eighteenth-century political theorists believed that men were congenitally equal and that education was all-powerful to make or mar them. According to Helvétius, any child could be turned into a Newton or a Shake-

speare at will; it was just a question of giving him the right kind of training. Only Behaviorists agree with Helvétius now. The rest of us feel certain that children are not born with equal capacities, and that nature has as much to say in determining character and achievement as nurture—probably more than nurture, in fact. But this has not prevented every reformer for the last hundred years from clamoring for more and yet more education—"liberal" education at that—for all children, regardless of their abilities, their tastes, their natural bent; this has not prevented governments from giving effect, in considerable measure, to the reformers' demands. In all Western countries all the children receive the preparatory rudiments of a liberal, abstract education, while a certain percentage of them remain at school and college to acquire something more than the rudiments. It cannot be said that the results of our educational policy are particularly encouraging. The only striking effect of having taught everybody to read and write is that the human beings of lowest intelligence are now vocal instead of being dumb, as they were in the past. The great achievement of universal education is to have called into existence the contemporary popular press. I have spoken earlier in this essay of the way in which most men and women spend the leisure which machinery has given them. If education were effective, these people would lead—or at least desire to lead—that higher life whose beauty is the theme of all the homilies of all the teachers of the world. That they do not make any attempt to lead the higher life is sufficient proof that our present system of education is faulty.

The education of the future—like its politics, its religion, its social organization—will be based on psychological realism. Men will take the trouble to find out the truth about their own souls and will then make social institutions to fit human nature. At present human nature is too often compelled to fit social institutions devised abstractly, in an intellectual void remote from all living reality. Contemporary educationists behave as though all human beings were by nature the same. The fundamental principle of future education will be that human beings are not the same, but belong to a variety of widely different types. To our fathers, and to a lesser degree to ourselves, it seems just and reasonable to give all children the same abstract, liberal education. This principle has been practically applied, and its disappointing results have made us begin to wonder if it is a sound one. To our children and grandchildren it will without doubt seem fantastic and absurd. They will give different kinds of education to different kinds of people. Children belonging to the various psychological types will receive the sort of training by which they can profit. The child with a concrete, practical mind will have a predominantly practical education; he will not waste his time, as he does at present, trying to learn abstractions which he cannot understand, trying to acquire a literary and pure-scientific culture which does not interest him.

It is for the purposes of education that human beings will first be officially divided up into different psychological types. But the process will not stop there. All political and social institutions will be reorganized so as to fit the psychological reality. One can imagine the evolution of a new social hierarchy, based on the facts of human nature and not, as was the old medieval hierarchy, on a system of more or less arbitrarily chosen artificial values. The new state will be democratic in so far as all men will be equal before the law and will be given every possible opportunity to achieve the career for which their capacities have fitted them. It will be humanitarian in so far as all will be guaranteed a certain respectable minimum of material comfort and all will have the education which they are fitted to receive. But political democracy,

as now practiced, will be unknown; our descendants will want a more efficient and rational form of government. The humanitarianism that professes to regard all human beings as equally endowed with moral worth and intellectual ability will be looked upon as an archaic absurdity. Countries which, like America, are traditionally wedded to the old-fashioned democratic and humanitarian ideas of the eighteenth century will probably resist the new tendency. But the force of circumstances will be too powerful for them. The growing incapacity of political democracy to deal intelligently with the ever-more-complicated problems of modern world-policy will force them to change their ideas about government. The wastefulness and inadequacy of the present educational system will compel them to change their ideas about education. The social chaos resulting from the breakdown of the ancient standards of value will make them desire to set up a hierarchy more natural and therefore stronger and more permanent than the old. The changes may be resisted; but they will be made. For it is fate that will impose them.

SERENDIP AND TAPROBANE

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

SERENDIP and Taprobane—
Words as argent-chimed as rain,
Words like little golden beads,
Apple and pomegranate seeds,
Strung upon a silver thread,
Little drops of lacquer-red,
Tintinnabular and sweet.
Little words with crystal feet
Running lightly through my mind.
If my lazy wit could find
Gilded phrases to express
Their perfected loveliness,
I would make a cage of words
Where, like bright heraldic birds,
They should strut and flaunt and preen,
Scarlet, silver, gold and green,
Elegantly strange and vain—
Serendip and Taprobane.

SOOTH

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THERE was no road to follow, not even a wheel-track; the rise and fall of the ground, matted inches deep in wild cranberry, gave to the car the feel of a boat rushing over the swells of a hidden sea. Her hands loose on the wheel and her dilated eyes fixed on the boiling column of the headlights, Mathilda let it run free through the moonstruck mists lying on the island moor.

She was just turned twenty. The man beside her was in the thirties. It was his car. Moreover it was his neck. But this was not what bothered Erd. "What can the child be thinking of, in that head of hers?" This was the question that ragged him and made him feel awkward and futile.

What Mathilda was thinking was: "That stuff Roy Glaze is carrying tonight is pallid. I couldn't get a kick out of a quart. I can't get a kick out of anything, though, any more. . . . Step on it, girl! A little speed! If we hit a fence, good-night!"

Erd leaned nearer. "You won't get back to the club in time for the fox-trot, Tilly."

She lifted her bare shoulders, shook her cropped hair in the wind of their flight, and gave the car more gas.

In a hollow full of white blindness there was a sudden hail of brush whipping the mudguards.

"'Bout far enough, Tilly."

"Yellow!"

The invisible ground sloped sharply upward. As the girl brought all her weight on the accelerator and the engine roared in answer, Erd leaned forward, found the ignition-switch in the dark, and snapped it off. He pulled the brake-lever back as the car came to a standstill; then he lighted a cigarette, the match shaking a little in his hand.

Her eyes narrowed. "Say, where do you get that? 'Fraid of your bus? Dad'll buy you a new one. You dead man! You poor *corpse!*"

Erd flushed. The insult was not in the words; it was in the fact that, of a generation still in the full of youth, he should be made by this child to seem middle aged and prudent hearted. Opening the door he stepped out and nodded ahead. "Come look."

"Not with you!"

Scrambling out the other side she ran. As she ran the grass and huckleberry tangle drenched her to the knees and sent fine waves of chill up her body. The lines about her mouth softened and vanished, her lips parted, she held her arms out, palms up, and lifting her chin she gave the length of her throat to the impact of the particles of the mist.

"Not on your life!" she cried when the man, overtaking her, caught at her wrist. "You let me go, or I'll—I'll—"

He released her only when she stopped struggling and looked around.

"If you want to know where we were bound, Tilly, see there."

From the top of the rise to which their little dash had brought them the ground broke off in a twelve-foot precipice; beneath it, beyond a narrow beach rounded like the back of a breaching whale, the

water came up and curved over in a lazy surf.

"That's where we were headed, forty an hour. Like that!" He made a graphic swoop with his hand.

"I wish we had. Oh, I wish to *God* we had. We'd have got a kick out of *that*."

He looked at her quickly. She made a sad mouth. "I wish I'd been alone." Producing a little gold vanity-case she snapped back the mirror, took out a stick of carmine, and pursed her lips in the pale light. Then rebellion carried her away again. "It's all too deathly pallid!" she cried, clapping the trinket shut and throttling it in a fist.

Meeting Erd's troubled stare she shrugged her shoulders and gave her hair a fling. "Well, then, if you don't want me to talk this way and tell you the truth, come take me back to the merry-go-round."

She turned, and he turned with her. It was clear on the rise here; the fog lay only in the hollows of the moor. Two miles away Gravel Hill stood up like an island, topped by the Riding Club with its streaks of veranda lights and the arcs of wheeling motor cars.

Erd laughed, not knowing what else to do.

"You'll hardly get back for the dance you promised—what's-his-name."

"That egg? He slobbers!"

She went on with a sudden heat, "*Life* slobbers, Erd. It's *too* pallid! All that silly squirm they call dancing; all the sweet cocktails and the bum Scotch and the fuddling and fondling and the stories they've simply got to tell you behind the lilac bush! I guess I'm fed up with it, that's why: I've swigged it to the dregs and the kick's gone. I'm flat, Erd, *flat!* . . . And yet—where do I go from here?"

Studying her from the corners of his eyes, this creature toward whose perfection all things had worked—a conquered continent, laboriously gathered wealth, old colleges—seeing her standing there in the attitude of the revolt of youth satiate, Erd felt a stirring of hope.

"I'm glad you're beginning to see—"

"Oh, sush! *you* can say that, man. But look at me; I'm not ready to settle down and wither away quite yet. Life owes me a few thrills yet. I've got a few experiences coming to me. I have! I *have!* And I'm not a kid any longer, either. They've got to be wilder than a petting-party or a gulp out of some lizard's flask behind the lilac bush. They've got to *hurt!*"

She looked Erd in the eyes, her own narrowed.

"I'll tell you what I need. If this sticky, loathsome, pallid summer will ever go and the shooting season ever come around, then maybe I'll be more like myself again. Yes, yes, don't look like a fish; *yes!* I'd feel like a million dollars right now, and I know it, with the weight of a gun in my hands and a cold old wind blowing and the ducks flying. Erd, there's a kick left there. A bang, and a kick, and a duck—"

Her mood changed swiftly. Her eyes lost their luster, and the brief animation went out of her tone.

"Ducks and rabbits! That's *some* wild adventure for a *grown* woman." She began to wail in real anguish, "Oh, Erd, I could cry like a babe—that's got away from me too, that's pallid too." Gripping the man's forearm in both her hands she shook it savagely. "It's got to be bigger than ducks! It's got to be wilder and fearfuller than Molly Cottontails; *I want it to kick!*" She stood there shivering. "That's that!"

Erd's face was red. He was embarrassed and he felt helpless.

"Come on, let's get back now." There was a hint of bluster. "I *told* you to bring a wrap. You're catching your death. Come!"

"There?" She nodded toward the clubhouse. "Not for perfect *worlds!*"

She pulled her elbow from between his fingers. Her skirts ballooning about her and her arms like fantastic wings, she was over the bank behind him and down to the beach in an avalanche of clods and sand.

He followed and caught up in the heavy going. "Let's walk then, fast."

"Let's run! Miles! Like fools!"

Presently she slackened pace. "Who's that, ahead there?"

"I don't know, Til. He's been standing there the past long while. Coast-guard, I guess; he's in uniform, anyhow."

Mathilda trilled. "Leave me, fellow. I *devour* uniforms!"

Ben Agate, the patrol from the Never's station, glanced around with impatience at the sound of their footfalls behind him. Then, having grown a bit hardened in six years on the island to the kind of birds the summer seasons brought, he passed a hand over his mouth, spat to the left, and returned his attention to the point of rocks that broke the beach some twenty yards or so from where he stood.

Mathilda came up softly to his shoulder. She had forgotten her moods.

"Rum-runners?" she queried in a stealthy tone.

Agate shook his head.

"What, then?"

"You scared 'em. Be quiet and maybe they'll be comin' out again."

By and by the girl touched his sleeve. He forestalled her impatience, whispering out of the corner of his mouth:

"Look sharp, now. Keep your eyes glued onto that long flat rock just inside the end there and don't stir. They're having another try."

It was like staring at the black squares on the white ground of a chessboard and suddenly seeing them white squares on black. The first illusion was that the rock itself had come to life; that the whole of it moved slowly, turning wet facets to gleam in the moon's rays. Another wave, the seventh among sevenths, smothered the shelf, and the shapes that emerged from the draining green-white foam were three—three round sleek heads, three torsos, dark as basalt on the dark surface of the ledge, half-reared and swaying. In the distortion of the misted light, ranged all around by the pallor of the water and by the sound of it threshing in the crevices, the effect of their muteness and the mystery of their oscillating movements, like blindness trying the void, was magnified.

"But what on earth?" breathed Mathilda.

"Seals. What d'y' think?"

"You don't mean—honest-to-God *seals!*"

"Why, sure." Agate was gratified. "Don't you know a seal when you see it? You're s'prised they're here this time o' year, eh? They're only strays. They was in night before last; Ed Whalen seen 'em. Here they be, sure enough. Two cows and a bull—an' he's a good one, ain't he? Ain't he, though?"

Mathilda let her breath out in a sigh. "What you *will* see when you haven't got your gun along! If that isn't the luck!"

"Luck's right. You shoot one o' them there, and you'd have the law down onto you quick enough. You'd get a good fat fine. Say! What in hellnation—excuse me—but what in time you whoopin' about that way? You've give 'em another scare, Miss, and now I guess they're gone for good!"

"Not for *good*—just for the night, you mean. They'll come again to-morrow night, don't you suppose?"

"Ask *them!*"

Rubbing his wrist over his mouth and spitting once again to the left, Agate lifted his boots out of the sand and resumed his eastward way.

Mathilda wheeled on Erd. Reaching up she pinned his cheeks between her palms and rocked his head from side to side in outrageous glee. She was beautiful. The teeth gleamed between her dark lips, and her eyes, enlarged, were soft around the lids with tears.

"Do you love me, old dear?"

Erd flushed and scowled. "Stop it, you!"

"Adore me, eh? Then take me back to the merry-go-round and dance, to-night. To-morrow night's another night again! We'll bring the guns."

II

The *Two Kates* came in through the shoals at dusk and lay at anchor a mile off-shore. She was a power-sloop, built for swordfishing, but not in the business now. The pulpit still ornamented the stubby bow, and the irons and lines were ready to hand, but the hold was full of Scotch whiskey, billed from the Bahamas for St. Pierre et Miquelon.

The master was an old swordfisherman and he knew these waters well. He knew that, with the glass where it was, he was as safe lying here off the beach as he would have been twenty miles to sea; there were only half a dozen men alive who could have brought a vessel through the labyrinth of shoals behind him, and none of them was in the enforcement fleet. He was so snug here, indeed, that he had gone ashore in the dinghy, himself, partly to see his wife and partly to talk with a man who handled things, leaving his crew of three behind him as confidently as he might have left three rats, no matter what their morals, overnight in a trap.

Al Bede, the Frenchman, and Bloch, the Saba boy, were asleep in the cuddy. Only Hildegarde, the Georgia negro, was awake and about. Part of the time he reclined, lifted on an elbow, on the deck between the wheel-box and the taffrail, staring thoughtfully into the curtain of black velvet covering the sky, or out across the water, black too at this hour before moonrise and almost as flat as a lagoon in the semi-lee of the shallows beneath the soft drift of the southerly wind. Part of the time, driven by restlessness, he prowled the deck fore and aft, peering over the bows, halting at the cuddy-hatch to listen for the snores of his mates, peering over the stern, making the round of the little ship again and again.

In this act of prowling he was as soundless on his naked soles as a phantom, and very nearly as invisible. Clothed only in a pair of tar-stained dungaree pants and otherwise bare to the soft weather, as more tolerable to a man hardened by seasons in the Arctic, his darkness merged with the darkness of the night. Even in the formation of his flesh, which looked round and fat, as is often the case with strong swimmers, there was something of the quality of the night at sea, large, smooth, formless, hiding its power.

He was glad when, treading noiselessly in the dark, he could feel himself invisible. He wished he *were* a ghost, very often. Hildegarde was not his real name. He had gone by dozens, self-given; with every change of ship in the years of his wanderings he had rechristened himself, taking infinite pains with his papers. And this was a strange thing, since he had never committed a crime. His need of an alias, and one never too old, came from something buried more deeply in him than fear of the law. It would have made a white man laugh.

When he went back to throw himself on the deck near the wheel he put his elbows on the low rail and, resting his chin on his entwined fingers, stared straight down against the surface of the water, faintly vitreous under the cloud that cloaked the stars.

Presently, as he continued staring, as though his stare had been a solid to break and penetrate another solid, the surface was no longer there between his eyes and the depths; his vision, piercing it and passing on down through another atmosphere, began to pick up, glimmer by glimmer, the slow flight of things alive, the drift of creatures gelatinous and tiny, coruscating with pale phosphorescent fires, the lazy blur of flounders cruising the bottom, the sudden wheel of a greater fish, throwing out an arc of stars.

Once again, as on all such nights, it stirred the trouble in his mind. So it must have been that the eyes of the yellow woman had been able to penetrate the surface of the crystal ball she had held in her hand on that never-to-be-forgotten night, and to see moving within the depths of its other atmosphere things luminous to her alone.

For years it had been too occult a mystery even to puzzle about. Now, after other years of these rare nights when, with the stars darkened and the wind in the south, he had found it in himself to be capable of dissolving the faintly vitreous outside of the water by a simple trick of staring, and of reading all its hidden events in scrawls of flame, it began to seem to him that he could lift at least a corner of the veil which had hidden from his youth the powers of that yellow woman who was known as Zara the Great.

And so it was true and doubly true that what the soothsayer had said was sooth.

A school of mackerel streamed out from beneath the keel and upwards across the man's inverted sight. Hundreds became thousands, till the sea for fathoms away on the beam was streaked with hairs of light, all combed out straight from the sloop's waterline, in terror. The reason for terror showed itself. In the midst of the faint threads a greater light flashed, turned on itself in a swoop of blue and was gone, leaving empty blackness behind.

"Sha'ks," the negro cogitated.

Again the hairs of light appeared and gathered, streaming in another direction a short toss off the quarter; again and again that whiplash of fire cracked and sent them vanishing in dim rays.

"Though I neveh seen no sha'ks swim like that befoh," he mused aloud.

He got up and walked toward the bows. Loitering a moment at the cuddy-hatch to hearken to the sleepers, he passed to the port rail and stood erect there, gazing down the side.

A milky cloud appeared beneath him. It floated toward him, increasing in size and brightness, till it touched and broke the surface of the water. In that instant, by one of those freaks inherent in the phenomenon of phosphorescence, it sloughed off its cloud and became a silhouette, drawn in clinging beads of flame.

Hildegarde, when he had blinked once or twice, withdrew from the rail. Reaching behind him, he found and lifted from its chocks on the side of the house the swordfish iron that was there. Passing a hand over its length he made sure that the barb was settled properly in the ash-wood shank and that the line ran freely from it to the coil in the tub abreast of the mast. He peeped over the rail once more. The shape still rode there, swaying lazily between the transparent elements. Stepping forward and bringing his right arm over his shoulder in the same motion, he flung the lance straight down.

A streak shot away from the boat's side; for a moment then there was no sound but the whine of the line coming out of the tub. Marking this with a practiced ear, Hildegarde flipped a bight of it presently over a nearby pin and began to snub. The pressure eased sooner than he had expected. The iron must have bitten very near to the heart.

He began to haul in, hand over hand. Bede's head was thrust out of the cuddy. "W'at ze 'ell? You weesh to wake up ze devil?"

"Gi'me a hand here. I got somethin'."

The Saba boy tumbled out too, not quite knowing where he was. Among them they brought the carcass home and heaved it out on the deck, where it lay enormous in the narrow space between the rail and the house.

"That's no fish!" said the Saba boy.

The negro made a scornful sound, half chuckle, half grunt.

Shielding it from shoreward, the Frenchman scratched a match and let it shine on the prize. "*Corps du diable—un veau marin!*"

Hildegarde got down on his knees beside the seal and passed a hand over the hide, laughing with glee: "Befoh God, this heah one is a big one!"

Now that the Saba boy was fully awake his Dutch blood reasserted itself; it was he this time who made the scornful sound. "You expected you had a great prize, what? That seal is no good to

you. You expected you had fetched up a fine fur coat, eh, old chap? That's a *hair* seal. A cat would have been better." He yawned, shaking his head. "You may just heave it overboard yourself; you've made me lose enough sleep already with your foolishness."

Bede, an impressionable fellow, ready to follow anyone's lead, yawned too, went off with an angry shrug, and let himself down the ladder after Bloch. For a few minutes Hildegarde heard them discussing him below in scurrilous tones; then abruptly all was still again.

The moon had risen. Blurred by the thin mist, its light fell diffused and weak, throwing no shadows. When he had stretched himself on his stomach on the house, Hildegarde rested his chin on his crossed arms and gazed down at the dead seal. His lips moved in amusement tempered by indignation.

"That Bloch, he's a Bloch-*head* foh shuah. What he think? He think I don' know the diff'nce between one kine o' seal an' 'nothah kine o' seal? He think I stick this heah crittah foh to git a fuh coat? He think *that* why I kill 'im?"

Well, then, why *had* he killed this seal? The question, following the other as two follows one, presented itself to Hildegarde's troubled imagination. And as three follows two: Why did he do any of the thousand strange things he did? Why did he live the life he lived, a fugitive from no pursuer, a man of peace unable to find peace?

"Wha'-foh ain't I like folks? Tell me that."

This was the never-varying train. Whenever, on a night like this, he began by staring down through the black skin of the water, sooner or later he would end by trying to stare in through the black skin of himself.

"Wha'-foh? How-come?"

Memories stirred. His mind passed back over his voyages, his brutish, ill-paid and thankless labors, the succession of his aliases, like a succession of bulkheads slammed shut before the creeping of an impalpable flood; Hildegarde Dixon, Barrymore Wills, Wilson Barry, Algernon James, James Andrew Alger—and so on through the others—on down the monotonous years of his adventurous past.

Each one of these men that he had been had lived a life, brief but separate. They were like cards in a well-worn deck that he could riffle under the thumb of his memory.

Barrymore Wills went to the Arctic.

Wilson Barry went to Australia in a Danish brig.

James Andrew Alger was in the Arctic too. He was a sealer. But that was not the memorable thing about Jim Andy's thirteen months and thirteen days of life. Among them all it was Jim Andy who had succeeded in daring to rebel. In the city of Seattle he got drunk on sailor gin. From first to last he knew what he was doing, and he was terrified. Even when he had to lean against a lamp-post to keep himself from falling, one part of his head was as clear as crystal, and aghast—aghast at the drunken nerve of this nigger seaman, Jim Andy Alger, who would insist on standing there and daring fate, staring into the faces of white ladies with sullen, bold, defiant, abominating eyes . . . expecting all the while to be shot and killed for his black insolence, nothing less.

Two days later (when he got out of jail) it was a new man, a scared and repentant darky by the name of Algernon James, who shipped in a three-master for Nova Scotia, through the Canal.

It was this same Algy James that was shipwrecked and cast away. Marooned on one of the lesser keys of the Caribbean, for upwards of two months he lived alone. The only voices he heard were those of the sea-fowl. He ran among the flocks and flew with them, leaping from shelf to shelf. Sometimes he swam with the sharks, diving deep, having no fear of the gliding shadows. One of them he killed with his sheath-knife in a battle ten feet deep. Then he came up and sat

on a peak of rock and sang a song without tune or words. He slept among the rocks where the lizards slept. That space of two months, escaped from humanity, the hail-fellow of beasts, was Paradise.

So now, as he lay dreaming over the body of the dead bull seal, his memory ran back over the riffling cards, ran back years and years into the years when he was still his own self, the Georgia nigger-kid, Roboam. And when it had run that far it came to the yellow woman.

She had a fold of soiled brocade on her head, confined by a hoop of silver. At times her face and the glass ball she held before it were cast in a hot red light, at other times in a cold and vivid blue. In the changes the skeleton half hidden in the carpets hung up around her throne seemed to approach and retreat. A curious-smelling vapor was in the air.

The boy Roboam could no longer bear it. No matter what the satanic consequence he had to cry out, as he had cried twice before, "Thah's my two dollahs thah! Wha'-foh foh God's sake don' you-all tell me whah my brothah Japhrum's to?"

Again it was not Zara the Great, but the invisible attendant beyond the brazier that answered. "Sahlence! Kain' you-all see she's tranced? Sahlence, you-all, an' wait!"

Again he nerved himself to wait with patience in this night of no patience, and to keep silence in this silence thronged with distant hubbubs: sounds of feet running in crowds on pavements, sounds of voices, many and confused, or single, lifted in terror, or in idiot exultation, the crackle of flames among the negro shanties, crackle of trolley-car windows, crackle of white folks' rifles shooting to kill, crackle of policemen's revolvers shooting not to kill. . . .

Oh, was Japhrum there, was Japhrum there?

The sweat flowed down the boy's cheeks. His knees pressed together to keep from knocking. Once more he would have had to dare the powers and open his mouth had the conjuress not saved him by opening her own.

"I visions . . . I visions a cullad boy 'bout eighteen yeah ol', got on a brown coat and a payah striped gray pants—"

"Tha's Japhrum! Tha's him, yassuh!"

"Sahlence!" The attendant was moving about. "Kain' you-all see she's tranced?"

Then the strained high singsong continuing, "I visions him comin' 'long through Jim Bayliss' alley-way, I does. Right heah in the mi'st o' this heah magic crystal I visions him true as life. Comin' 'long out o' Bayliss' alley. Trompin' soft in the shadow 'hind o' the Heli'trope Bah-room. I visions him comin' to'a'ds a doah. I visions him comin' *in* at a doah. *I visions it's that thah ve'y doah behin' yoh back—thah—NOW!*"

The boy turned, wave after wave of prickles running up to his scalp, and saw a figure in the incense-clouded dusk. It was Japhrum. For a moment, between terror and joy, he could say nothing. It was Japhrum that spoke.

"I was comin' 'long into heah, aks the conjuh-woman whah-to you-all am, Roboam."

At that there arose a fine soft sound of laughter, sardonic, secret and wise. But when the boys turned to look at the great Zara her lips were tightly closed again in the waning ray of blue from the brazier, her face was as rapt as death, and her eyes engrossed in the globe of glass.

"I visions . . . I visions . . ."

Perhaps it was the dying light, or perhaps it was the deaths in the night, but now it seemed as if a change came over the hanging face. Its aspect was no longer that of the watcher, but of the listener. As though amplified by her own demoniac powers, the voices of black panic and white hate obtruded from the distance, drew closer, loudened and pressed around, till they were pulses booming behind the ears. A rhythmic twitching, little at first but growing in violence, convulsed the skin of the crys-

tal-gazer's face; her lids sank till her eyeballs were no more than dull blue gleams, an epileptic twinge caught up a corner of her lip, baring one long tooth.

"I visions . . . I visions visions I kain't help visionin' now. God an' the Debbil! . . . You-all, Roboam, chil', draw nigh unto Zara and come heah."

If the boy could have turned and bolted, as terror counselled, the life that followed would have been a different life.

"Draw nigh! I says it twice an' I says it thrice! Come heah!"

He approached. The woman's hand imprisoned his neck, holding his head straight before the glass with the strength of an iron vise. The fingers were cold and the palm was hot.

"Roboam, you hol' yoh breaf an' you pray to God an' the Debbil an' you staah whah yoh eyes is!"

There was no breath in him to hold. He stared where his eyes were, but for the shivering life of him all he could see was a glass ball with a film of dim blue light running around under its skin.

"I visions a man grown," he heard her voice in the gloom. It had risen to a queer high note, and there it held, behind her palate. "I visions this man by name Roboam. Look at this man smile an' show his fine white teef. Neveh I lay my eyes on such a man. His muscles, they the same like a stallion race hoss, and his skin it lay oveh 'em as smooth an' shiny as silk an' satin. I visions him walkin' on top o' the yuth an' admiahin' the fruits thah-off. . . . I visions . . .

"An' I visions—heah befoh my eyes I visions—God an' the Debbil, what's this ol' Zara visions—collectin' an' cogallatin' out o' the witch-mist? God an' Debbil, I neveh seen a gal like this, with di'monds in huh eahs! Haih the colah o' ripe fiel' cohn, an' black eyelashes as long an' thick as ropes! An' wha's this heah red rose-blossom gone an' drap its petals onto them cheeks? . . . Tu'n round a little mite moah, white gal. Much obliged to you. Theah! But I's bewildud. This ain't wintah in the mountains now, foh lan' sake! Pshaw, now, you got fooled, ol' Zara; that ain't no snow bank up no'th; tha's a gal's throat. Them thah's two shouldahs an' two ahms. . . . But how-come all this cloud o' mist an' shimmuh? Lan'! that ain't nothin' no moh'n a pore cheap little dance-dress, cost only a thousan' dollahs a yahd in a quality stoah. . . . But how-come you can undehtake to dance, white gal, on two ankles you kain't sca'cely see through a mic'scope, an' two feet get lost on the broad of a man's han'? . . . An' wha'-foh you smile with yoh ripe red lips, an' wha'-foh you cotch a breaf, an' wha'-foh you laugh?—"

III

The negro on the sloop's house lifted his head from his arms with a jerk. The mists had thinned; a fuller light of the moon, sailing high now, described the contours of his shaven skull, his neck, and the suave barrel of his torso, over which the skin lay smooth and shining.

He looked north, he looked south. A rim of white ran all around the iris of either eye. Humping to his knees, he crawled off the cuddy and began to pace the starboard deck. He moved without a sound, but he was no longer invisible.

He knew from long experience the futility of trying to fight off this reasonless cringing of the nerves when he recalled the yellow woman's prophecy; still, the instinct to resist was there. The cuddy was dark enough; he thought he would go below and lie in his bunk. His resolution failed. Turning away, he retreated aft and flung himself down and stared at the water, a furrow between his brows.

He could no longer look through the skin of the sea; it had become opaque and bright. His attention, catching at anything, fixed upon a thread of scum-rings left by bursting bubbles a little way off the stern. Deepening the furrow on his brow, he set himself deliberately to wonder what manner of fish it might be that had left that filament of rime to

betray its passage through the blue gloom of the sea.

Another thread appeared, slightly to the left, a dozen bubbles, mirroring each a bead of moon before it vanished. And suddenly a head was thrust from the water, shaking drops away and turning, as Hildegarde's own head might have turned inquiringly, on a short thick neck.

The negro flattened on the planks. "Ol' Mistah Seal got a wife."

He hazarded another peep and ducked again. "*Two* wives, by gol! Cruisin' roun' han' in han', mistrustin' roun', spec'latin' roun' whah they ol' man done gone ascended into heaven to. . . . Damn! Wha'-foh I ain't got that thah iron handy *now?*"

He could have wormed his way along the deck to the harpoon, but he felt it would have taken too long; once he were to show himself above the line of the hull he knew that the cows, curious but shy, would be gone with a flick of flippers.

His hand came on something on a ledge of the wheel-box. It was a knife used for cutting gear, the blade as fine as a skewer from long whetting. The seals were drifting toward the port side all the while. Creeping to the starboard rail and sliding over it like a big soft inch-worm, he let himself down.

Not a sound and hardly a ripple marked his entrance into the water. Holding the knife between his lips he sank. The sloop's bottom, foul with a long season, gave his fingers a purchase; turning on his back he handed himself down to the keel; once under it he gave the oaken beam a kick and sent himself out into the submerged moonlight beyond in a single long smooth plunge.

Neither of the cows had seen him. He lay face-up a dozen feet below, as he might have lain on a bed of air in half a dream, watching the drift of phantasmal shapes, dark and graceful, sustained in the green-blue dusk of a chamber without walls. He was chilled, but for the moment the numbing of his muscles was not unpleasurable, like being safely dead yet vividly alive. His lungs wanted air, but he hated to move. It seemed to him that he could have remained here forever and been glad, at rest and at peace in the cold sanctuary of the sea, bathed in light yet hidden, rocked by the buried billows of the tides, the playfellow and the secret-sharer of beasts and mites and monsters, of whom, strangely enough in this fearful man, he had no fear.

Of those seals silhouetted above him, with their sharp dog teeth and their powerful muscles, he was not in the least afraid. Even as they grew larger on his sight, being no longer terrified by anything, he began to forget that he had come to strike terror. The knife escaped his lips and drifted lazily before his eyes; he could have caught it, but he made no move.

The shapes became distinct and enormous. Whether he would or not, the air in his lungs was carrying him toward the air. He was seen.

He was rocked in his bed; the light above him boiled and brightened; under his back passed a current like a streak of wind. He was aware of shadows, wheeling swiftly and lost, swooping and lost again. Turned on a side, as a log is careened in an eddy, he found himself looking into a face. It was as dark and as glossy as his own. The brow was wrinkled in absurd perplexity, and strings of bubbles, like pearls, ran in the creases. The two eyes, magnified by a trick of moon in water, were full of amazement, inquiry, fascination, and alarm.

Hildegarde's head popped from the sea. Blowing out the stale breath and taking in a clean one he began to laugh. Still laughing, he threshed the water with his arms and legs to start the blood. He looked at the sloop, lying behind him like a high dark wall, shook his head at it, spattering drops in a ring, flashed his teeth in mutinous derision and, laying his face in the water, set off in the opposite direction.

He swam with the trudgeon stroke, leaving a white wake behind. He was no longer cold; the continued rhythmic

play of his muscles and the rush of the water along his body warmed him and soothed his soul.

Here he was a man. Sweeping at easy speed across this kingdom of transparencies he was a lord. Not even the prophetic words of the yellow woman could molest him; here they suffered a magic more potent even than her own, and became witch-babblings remembered from some childhood fairy tale. "Sleeky, shiny, game-shootin' gun!" Those were the yellow woman's words. Fabulous nonsense! What would a gun do here? Sink; that's what it would do. Down, down, down to the bottom, its powder soaked, and nothing more fearful than seaweed "droolin' outen its mouf" . . . and as for "bullet-blood all runnin' out onto the groun'"—that proved it! *Ground!*

He slowed up after a while and rested, treading water, his head in the air. On the silver plain two other heads were lifted. The seals converged and consulted. Presently, trailing faint arrowheads of ripple, they floated nearer, wrinkling their noses in wonder at this bizarre dark creature come up from the ocean's depths.

The man waited, keeping his chuckles in his throat. When they had come to within ten yards of him and began to hesitate he put his toes together and sank. He went down dead for about his own length, then flipped over and swam away with all his strength. He lost a chuckle and it made a bubble. A wild joy of play swept him. He ramped. When he planed up to breathe again his new playfellows reappeared, yards ahead.

He began to upbraid them in whispered glee, "You-all think yoh's so smaht! You-all think yoh's such ripsnohtin' speedy swimmahs! You-all look out for this heah cullad boy; he goin' tweak yoh tailses!"

They fled before his churning charge. He made a ruse of it and had a joke on them; diving, he changed direction and came up far away on a diverging course. When he saw them elevate their heads, mill around for a moment in indecision, then turn to make after him, he smacked his lips and guffawed with the delight of a ten-year-old. That's what he was.

"I's glad I's been a good boy and ain't done no evil. I's glad, oh Lawd, I's glad. . . . You little debbils you, you-all look out foh Roboam; he's full o' tricks."

He submerged once more as the seals ranged up, and at a fathom's depth lay motionless, "playing possum." He watched them wheeling about him in mystified orbits. He was sensible of the beauty of their strong and sinuous shapes and of the flowing grace of their movements; he wished that he too were as beautiful and as lithe and swift as these sea-widows; he wished that he were a seal. When the bolder of the two, or the less wise, backed water in mid-swoop and lay hovering at arm's length from him, studying his face with disturbed soft-brown eyes, he felt of a sudden a bond of alikeness and affection which he had never been able to feel as subsisting between himself and anything alive in the world of every-day. More deeply he wished that it were not merely a strange and beatific interlude; that he were indeed a seal, the same big-shouldered bull he had slain; and that he might go on forever with these twain, striking out boldly on long migrations across the empty seas, diving through green caverns where no man was known, rolling and rollicking in the slant sunlight of lost beaches, riding the tops of storm-billows and laughing at the storm.

Once more his lungs were bursting, and again the light in the purling crystal grew a paler and a purer blue. The words of the soothsayer rang fainter and fainter in his ears.

"*An' wha'-foh you smile, an' wha'-foh you cotch a breaf, white gal, an' wha'-foh you laugh an' stroke the bar'l o' that sleeky, shiny game-shootin' gun you got thah, with the smoke droolin' outen its mouf, an' wha'-foh you suck yoh red lips like they was wil'-bee honey when you look at*

pretty Roboam layin' thah on the groun'—layin' thah in the witch-light, so quiet, so peaceful, doin' nobody no mannah o' hahm? But, God heself an' Debbil heself, Roboam chil', how-come you-all so paltry lazy? Wha'-foh you got yoh big mouf open to the sky? Wha'-foh yoh yoh big teef shinin' to the sky? How-come all this heah bullet-blood runnin' outen yoh skull-pate all oveh the groun'? Dead! Dead! DEAD! . . ."

The head and shoulders of the man who was a seal broke the surface in a white fountain. The sound of his laughter, rich and vibrant, ran over the water and away through the smoke ring of the mists and mingled there with the laughter of lazy surf. The seals dived as they arose, startled; then appeared again, swimming away. The laugher hushed his contentment and followed, using the breast stroke, elbows up, and moving his feet in slow smooth sweeps.

The one fear he had now was that he would lose them. "Don't you-all be scahed," he breathed between his lips. "I wouldn' hahm n' huht you. Soonah cut off my own right han'."

The water lost clarity and took on a milky hue. Strong forces lifted the swimmer and let him fall.

"I's glad I's been good. I's glad I's walk in the road o' the humble an' kep' my eyes on the groun'. Wha's that the preachah's always sayin', 'bout the res'rection an' the life? I done been res'rected, an' this am the life. . . . So, my beauties! So, my angel lovelies! Whah you-all gone to in this heah su'f-watah? Come 'long back a secon', my pretties, show yoh ol' man whah you gone."

A blade of rock heaved out of the foam and struck at him. Evading the thrust by a powerful swerve in mid-breaker, he slid into its lee and lay there, chin-out, his eyes roving over the ribbon of the lost beach of his phantasy and up a blue-gray slope of stone.

"Thah, thah, my angels," he crooned, so low that it was drowned by the wash of the empty sea. "'Tain't nobody but me; 'tain't. You-all knows I wouldn' hahm n' huht you, my pretties; no, no, no, no."

With infinite gentleness he slid his fingers up over the rim of the rock. One of the seals edged higher; the other, fascinated, stayed her ground, half reared, rocking a little from side to side. Still with that infinitude of gentleness he pulled himself breast-out on the shelf.

Lost beaches. . . .

He began to croon again. Resting on one hip and lifting on his elbows, he began to rock with a scarcely perceptible motion from side to side.

Empty seas. . . .

But something had happened. Lightning in the mist. A thud of wind. A thud of thunder. And where the pretty seals had been, before the gun-shot, there was nothing now but rock.

"No, by golly! by damn! No-suh! No!"

He leaped to scramble after them, where they flipped from sight over the edge. His leap was an inch. The thud of wind that had struck his legs had numbed them; they too were nothing but rock. They frightened him; he tried to get away from the dead things, jumping his body along by kicking at the stone with the heels of his hands. He threw himself this way and that with all the enormous strength of his arms.

In the smoky air there was more lightning. Another wind of lead. He heard no thunder this time, for his head had caved in.

His elbows buckled and he began to roll. Over and over he went rolling. He fell off something and into something, and it was dark.

It was not quite dark now. He had fallen into the bottom of a deep cleft outside the shelf. It was full of shadow, and of a sucking sound. When the breakers came it filled half to the brim with water, and when they retired the water drained away. Hildegarde knew nothing of all this.

He knew only that the blue light waned and slowly waxed and waned

again, and in the cold gloom he heard the yellow woman:

"*. . . God an' Debbil, I neveh seen such a gal like this, with di'monds in huh eahs. . . .*"

As, with that curious sucking sound, the gleam from the brazier began to brighten, he perceived that Zara had moved the crystal sphere, lifting it higher. And looking up against its nether side now, of a sudden his eyes did pierce the skin; he did see at last, "collectin' an' cogallatin' out o' the witch-mist," the white shape the conjuress was seeing.

"*Yes. . . . Haih the colah o' ripe fiel' cohn, an' black eyelashes as long an' thick as ropes. . . . Yes. Tu'n round a little mite moah, white gal. . . . Much obliged to you. . . .*"

Perhaps it was the sputtering and sucking sound from the brazier; but now the soothsayer's voice had taken on a new queerness. It was as though it broke in upon itself from moment to moment with other voices.

"*. . . That ain't no snow-bank; tha's a gal's throat; them's two shouldahs an' two ahms.*" . . . "I'm sure I got the big one, Erd. You saw him kick, yourself. Oh, I got him, all right, all right. I could dance! . . ."

"*But how-come you can undehtake to dance, white gal?*" . . . "It was that damn wave, after the second shot. But we should worry, Erd. Why don't you give me a glad look, you fish, you? Smile!" . . . "*An' wha'-foh you smile, with yoh ripe red lips, an' wha'-foh you cotch a breaf in yoh snow-drif' bosom. . . .*"

"I's dreamin' the ol' bad damn dream agin, tha's what I is . . ."

"*. . . An' wha'-foh you laugh . . . an' wha'-foh you stroke the bar'l o' that sleeky, shiny, game-shootin' gun. . . .*"

". . . I feel like a million dollars, Erd. This is the life! Let's go! . . ."

"Whah-to you-all gone to, my pretties, my angels? . . ."

The blue coal in the brazier was turning red now.

"*. . . An' how-come you-all so paltry lazy, Roboam, chil'?* . . ."

As it reddened it darkened swiftly and went out.

THE NATURE OF HOKUM

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT IS seldom safe for anyone over thirty to use a current slang term, for slang is the peculiar treasure of youth. Youth alone, that is, has the suppleness and speed to keep up with the fashions of the verbal underworld. Words disappear before they have time to become well known, much less respectable. Let youth correct me, therefore, if I am wrong in thinking that "hokum" is chiefly applied to sentimental and melodramatic platitudes as they are emphasized in motion pictures, drama, fiction, and verse. "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," "The Miracle Man," "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" are all, I suppose, classic examples. Hokum got into the plastic arts, did it not, with "Burning the Mortgage"? The home-and-mother motive, the prodigal son, the poor-but-honest and the rich-but-wicked conventions, the girl who loved not wisely but too well, all belong, one imagines, to the great school of hokum. Anyone who knows the Bible will realize that the raw material of hokum is often highly respectable and goes back to familiar parables. Sometimes, indeed, one wonders if hokum is not wholly a matter of method rather than of substance.

A friend of mine used occasionally to sing to an enthralled group a song about a policeman and a burglar. The policeman discovering the burglar finds him to be his own long-lost wayward brother. I can unfortunately remember (and perhaps not correctly) only one stanza:

He stands between love and duty,
  Fighting the deadly fight,
For his heart is torn with anguish
  Between the wrong and right.
But a brother's love is still the same,
And though he feels the disgrace and shame,
He lets him go—and who can blame?
  He stands between love and duty!

That ballad, I think, is hokum. But it would presumably not be hokum if Thomas Hardy had written a novel about the same situation. Henry James's "A London Life" is presumably not hokum, though the dilemma is not so very different. No one can deny that a heart torn with anguish between the wrong and right is a classic instance of the moral conflict which is the heart of legitimate drama.

Is hokum, then, all a matter of bad art, an unjustifiable appeal for tears? Was Euripides hokum because he sometimes made (as in "The Trojan Women") an unfair, practically physical assault on the emotions? Does youth howl hokum down because the facts are crudely and unconvincingly presented, or because it believes that the stuff of which hokum is made is untrue to life? Eliza crossing the ice is hokum, one fancies. Certainly the sophisticated citizens of the present day would never be moved by it, on stage or screen. And yet, could it be presented with sufficient art, even they might realize that Eliza crossing the ice was drama. I am quite sure that if Dostoyevsky had made a bitter little story about a young female revolutionist sprinting across the frozen Volga with her child, to get away from the pursuing

Cossacks of the Tsar, no one ("not even the youngest") would call it hokum. It would be "life"—if not propaganda. "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" is hokum, but "King Lear" is not supposed to be. "The Miracle Man" is hokum, but the fifth chapter of St. John is not. "Way Down East" is hokum, but *The Scarlet Letter* is not hokum—the book, I mean, not the picture. Burning the mortgage, welcoming the prodigal son, forgiving the erring daughter may well be morally moving and truly dramatic gestures. The policeman whose brother was his burglar—or whose burglar was his brother—is, I repeat, a perfectly good hero in a perfectly good plight. Why should a policeman be denied dramatic suffering? People make literature, painfully and subtly, out of what is his mere job. He sits cradled in the twisted roots of drama, and eats his daily lunch by Lethe wharf.

The really interesting question to put to ourselves in this connection is: are there any sentiments which, in themselves, should be barred as "hokum"? Are the cynics reacting against false valuations or only against poor technic? It cannot have escaped the notice of the middle-aged that the intellectual drift, in drama, motion pictures, fiction, biography, verse and essays is towards an iconoclasm no sweeter-tempered or more graceful than iconoclasm usually is. All platitudes are assailed by the intellectuals, without regard to their truth. For some platitudes are true. It may be called iconoclasm because the process, as far as one can see, is not an exchange of idols, but a planned abolition of the idolizing attitude. We seem to be told not that we were attaching sanctity to the wrong things, but that nothing is, properly, sacred.

II

It is so obvious that death and birth, success and failure, loyalty and betrayal, marital, parental, and filial relations are stuff of universal joy and pain, that sometimes one feels the problem to be merely one of technic, which is good taste operating structurally. But technic implies—as do all factors in art—an audience; and what gets across to this special audience does not get across to that general one. The casual comment of a friend recently led me to a fascinating re-exploration of the civilized heart. The gesture under discussion was that of the announcer in the Yankee Stadium who, before the Sharkey-Maloney fight began, asked the audience to stand in silent prayer for the success of Lindbergh, at that moment winging alone across the dark Atlantic. This perfectly human person stated that he did not know, when he read the account, whether to be shocked by the gesture or merely ribald about it. Apparently, for him, those were the alternatives. Myself, I had taken it calmly enough, neither shocked nor inclined to ribaldry thereby. It would not have been my gesture, but I saw no harm in it.

During the next days, in such leisure as Lindbergh left us, I brought up the subject to various men and women. All of them were either shocked or disgusted, some one, some another; feeling it an invasion of privacy, a vulgar piece of advertising, a smirching of religion, or a rotten joke. No one, that is, took it as being really what it was ostensibly—a spontaneous expression of the true goodwill that most of the audience was, by all accounts, feeling. To announce to the people in the Stadium that Lindbergh had been sighted leaving Newfoundland was all right; to ask them to stand for a moment and hope reverently for his success was all wrong. All those I questioned admitted that there was probably no person present who did not, at that moment, wish Lindbergh well. If "prayer is the soul's sincere desire," most of them, probably, when the latest news of Lindbergh came through, were, in that sense, praying for his safety. (Mr. Sharkey and Mr. Maloney had not yet entered the ring.) Nor was the objection of my friends based wholly on

the fact that it was fight fans who were being asked to pray. They admitted that the silent prayer (the next day) of the fifteen hundred school teachers convening at the Biltmore was to them every whit as shocking, or disgusting, or whatever.

What one seemed to discover, in all the disagreement as to the motive and quality of the gesture, was a common sense that so intimate or sacred an act as prayer should not be publicly indulged in, except in church; that the public nature of it made it somehow vulgar and unreal. They distrusted the emotion of multitude—feared for its virtue. More than that, they doubted the good faith of the audience. My own conviction is that most of the fight fans would take prayer much more simply, as a phenomenon, than do most of my civilized interlocutors. Most fight fans do not perhaps pray habitually, but I do not believe they would be shocked by anyone's praying, or feel for it anything but tolerance, if not respect. As for the emotion of multitude, are these clever and right-minded people shocked by Urban II and the First Crusade? Does the spectacle of thousands, at Clermont, shouting in unison "*Dieu le veut!*" revolt them? No, they would perhaps say, because those thousands were true believers, even if temporarily hysterical. Yet, when you come down to fundamental psychology, you may fairly say, I believe, that virtually every one of those thousands in the Stadium was interested in Lindbergh, sincerely wanted him to reach Paris, and would not have been at all ashamed or reluctant to emphasize that wish. If by holding up a hand they could have helped him to his goal, every hand, no doubt, would have been gladly lifted. One does not know how many of the fans really prayed—more, perhaps, than we should guess. But that there was any private rejection of the object prayed for, I very much doubt. There was probably unanimity of respect for Lindbergh during those silent instants.

Some of us, after all, feel that neither publicity nor numbers can vulgarize the expression of an impersonal and pure desire. None of my friends, I fancy, would have criticized an individual who chose to pray silently for Lindbergh. The motive and the quality of the gesture became suspect when a great many people were asked to perform the same gesture in one another's company. They doubted the immediate agreement of thirty-five thousand people; but, more than that, they doubted the value of any emotion that thirty-five thousand people can simultaneously feel.

There, it seems to me, is the real root of the scorn of hokum. Hokum is practically not hokum unless it introduces something that thirty-five thousand people can simultaneously feel alike about. To be that, we admit, it must be something very simple, very general, if not universal, in appeal. The event must be typical, not special, to get that vast audience. It must reach something in them that is common to all; something that professor and pugilist can envisage in the same way. There are such things, after all; and if we refuse to admit it—calling "hokum" anything that puts us and the stranger in the street on the same level for the nonce—we lose, we pervert something. It is a mistake to consider all emotions hysterical that are felt by a thousand people together. I know almost no one who even pretended to be thinking about anything but Lindbergh during the last twenty-four hours of his flight. We were all helping him on by every inward hope. But when fifteen hundred people at the Biltmore, or thirty-five thousand people in the Stadium did the same thing in company, it was vulgar, it was hysterical, it was insincere, the emotion was suspect, the gesture was "bunk." "Bunk," I take it, is a general term, of which "hokum" is a more restricted synonym. In life, it is "bunk"; in art, it is "hokum." Any statement may be bunk; only human emotion revealed through an artistic medium can be hokum.

The great human ill is not the fact of death, is not even the fact of pain: it is the immitigable loneliness of the individual. No one, from cradle to grave, is ever, or can be, loved for himself as he really and completely is, for he is never really and completely known; therefore, from cradle to grave, every human being is lonely. The private plight is forever, in last analysis, private, since no other person can ever understand it all. Some twist of it will evade the wisest confidant. For this reason we learn a certain reticence as we grow older—not, I am afraid, for dignity's sake, but because of the vanity of such explanations as can be made. The complicated personal situation stands always alone and apart. My total plight is different from yours, though externally they may look alike. But are my hunger, my thirst, my terror, my hope, my charity, and my greed so dissimilar to yours? In time of war or catastrophe, we stretch out a hand to the next man, and count it true virtue to sink our differences; we are proud to feel that

"Cook's son—duke's son—son of a belted earl—
Son of a Lambeth publican"

are all gripped together within the same state of mind. It is in time of peace and plenty, when we are preoccupied with art, that egotism resumes us, and a common emotion is damned. Just why this snobbishness should be reserved for art, I do not know, but it is. In real life I am constantly told of situations and events that I am supposed to consider moving, dramatic, pitiful, or thrilling, which, if they were the stuff of a novel or a movie, would by the narrator be called hokum. We make demands on art that we have no impulse to make on life itself. We are thrilled to the core by events that on stage or screen would leave us yawning or scornful.

As we are, in all probability, the last wave of a dying civilization rather than the rising tide of a new one, our ennui, our curiosity, our perpetual demand for something new, in art are doubtless natural. We want a new sensation because, as a tribe, we have exhausted so many. We will go far for a new thrill, indeed—quite beyond the conventional limits. Considering the paucity and antiquity of what we find beyond those limits—for the new perversities are oldest of all, and Greece and Rome could throw away tricks and still set us—it is almost a pity that we cannot re-fashion our susceptibilities a little. We may not cease the eternal romantic search for the unique, but as the unique is (to say the least) infrequent, we might re-valuate the general fund of feeling, the shareable emotions. Are we not deliberately destroying sources of legitimate pleasure? Is there no "kick" to be had from the perception of universality, from feeling like people instead of feeling different? There are not wanting, to be sure, authors and playwrights who write eternally round the truism that man is a mammal. There are plenty of books and plays going which are intent on proving that man is nothing but a mammal. But men and women have more interesting and subtle things in common than bodily appetite, and there may be some truth lying between uniqueness and bestiality.

III

To the charge of sentimentality and hypocrisy brought against a lot of our popular novels, plays, and movies, one has this to say: Sentimentality and hypocrisy are both forms of misstatement, and the conscientious among us are out for truth. We care no more, some of us, for the late Gene Stratton Porter's false transcriptions of life than Mr. Mencken does; and we care even less than he does about the other kind of lie—Theodore Dreiser, say, or Sherwood Anderson. Mr. Mencken's school scrutinizes highest common factors a little more sharply, perhaps, than it does lowest common denominators. . . . The noble hero of the dime novel and the sentimental romance, being spurious, casts discredit on heroes in general, on

literature, and oddly enough on life itself, since any lie tends to discredit the thing lied about. So does his opposite, the ignoble hero. This has all been said before, and need not detain us. The point, for us, is that even a good crusade can destroy too much, and that the legitimate fight against loose sentimentality attacks proper sentiment as well. I am no friend of the public tear, and if we could re-discover reticence I should be glad. But I can see no sense in the little trick of applauding any emphasis on common vices because they are common, and decrying any emphasis on common virtues equally because they are common. You cannot have it both ways: you cannot (logically) delight in proof that lust, cruelty, selfishness are in some degree characteristic of all men, and loathe proof that loyalty, affection, courage are likewise, in their degree, characteristic. One emotion is no more convincing or important, for being shared, than another. And while part of our scorn of hokum derives from poor technic, a good deal of our scorn comes, I fear, from the fact that hokum depends for its effect on some joy or some sorrow "in widest commonalty spread."

Technic, no doubt, counts heavily. Much of "Henry V" is purest hokum, and is saved by Shakespeare's supreme rhetoric. Much of Shakespeare is in substance hokum, anyhow—divine hokum. When youth howls down bad art and sentimental falsehoods, one is glad. But does not youth carry cynicism a little too far, deriding what is not derisible, and refusing to discriminate between the convention that is false or temporary and the convention that is built out of dear-bought and much-confirmed experience? The raw stuff of "King Lear," for example, may be hokum, yet Lear is one of the universal tragedies, repeated constantly both in life and in art. It is not altogether because some modern adumbration of the Lear tragedy lacks Shakespeare's diction that it is despised, but partly, at least, because it is Lear—and universal. Note, if you please, the difference between a movie audience on Broadway and a movie audience in a college town. Movies are the natural home of hokum, since a big film, to make money, must be beheld (I am told) by several million people. If you must have an audience of several millions, you naturally cut out, in the beginning, any dangerous catering to the sophisticated. You aim at the common mind, the common heart—at the emotion that those millions can be counted on to recognize and share. The sole plea that the friendly middle-aged person would make is that there are legitimate emotions which can be thus shared. I am delighted to hear undergraduates being ribald about sentimental miracles and incredible nobilities. That is sane and prophylactic—and why should they not be cleverer than Broadway? But sometimes they are ribald over matters that deserve respect, did they but know it; and if Broadway sits silent through a dramatic moment of forgiveness, reconciliation, sacrifice, instead of raising the roof with laughter, it is not wholly because Broadway is ignorant of technic—it is partly because Broadway has lived longer, and knows better what things can be. All art is, consciously or unconsciously, an appeal to experience, and hokum gets across, not always because people are untutored fools, but sometimes because they have lived and, therefore, can refer the gesture on stage or screen or in a printed book to some part of life which they themselves have darkly known. They are aware that lives are made or broken by just such simple facts as these. There have been white-haired mothers and erring sons in precisely the situation shown, who were making drama of the finest and most pathetic. Of them, amid the laughter, one thinks. The laughter denies not only this mother and son but all mothers and sons. The parental-filial tragedies are all hokum—no more need be said.

One must ever be grateful for evidences of a critical and tutored sense, in whatever audience. Yet perhaps our

cleverest arbiters go a little too far. Their distrust of all dramatic plights save the perverse, the special, the novel plight, is a little dangerous, since most disasters and delights come to human beings in the old, old ways. No one who cares for art or truth wants his portrayals cheaply, dishonestly, or foolishly done. In so far as hokum is cheap, dishonest, or foolish, away with it! Yet we may as well admit that if there were not a lot of things that a large number of citizens can feel alike about, there could be no society—no abiding city, indeed. Perhaps we had better set ourselves to learn not to be ashamed of feeling like the next man, acknowledging the empire of some emotion that he, too, can feel. Perhaps we had better not hold it indecent to pray for Lindbergh, just because thirty thousand other people are doing it. Perhaps —even—we had better stop calling everything hokum that we have heard of before. For, whatever our dreams, our destinies are pretty sure to be commonplace, and the only glory most of us have any right to hope for is the glory of being normal.

THE OLD LADY, CONVALESCENT

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

THE day being warm, she has brought her chair
Into the garden. The sun on her hair
Makes yellow of white, and even her shawl
Is transfigured with light. She ignores the call
Of her daughter's children. She ignores at her feet
The sinuous cat. She ignores the heat,
And even the flowers. Still and serene
As a dragon-fly that has crawled from his mail,
As a snake that has sloughed his skin, and green,
Lies in green grass: so, satiate, frail,
The old woman, warmed through with sunlight, sits
And quietly there in the garden knits—
Knits herself gently back into life,
She who has nothing more to do,
Being old, yet somehow newborn too
From the hands of pain, the dark midwife.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NATIONALISM

THE NATIONALISTIC FALLACY AS A CAUSE OF WAR

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

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THE persistence of wars in modern civilization is a tragic paradox. Comparatively few people want war. Everyone is aware of the unmitigated suffering which it brings, with a final outcome scarcely less devastating to the victor than to the vanquished. War contradicts the ethical foundations of social order and betrays both the fruit and the spirit of art, science, and religion. A zealous array of peace societies is springing up throughout the civilized world; and the genius of our ablest statesmen has been enlisted to contrive institutions which shall supplant armed conflict. Yet wars have continued throughout history, and are occurring to-day. Between modern democratic countries wars are presumably waged by popular wish and consent. Why do nations as wholes consent to do that which human beings as individuals abhor? If two neighbors sincerely desire to live at peace they will adopt some orderly rule for settling their grievances and will adhere at all costs to the resulting decision. Why cannot human beings as nations do the same? Is there a mind or will of the "Nation" as distinct from individuals? Is such a will anything more than that which is expressed in the behavior of those who compose the nation?

The explanation is sometimes advanced that man has an inborn tendency or instinct to fight which must occasionally be given expression in spite of the ethical ideals which he has evolved as a part of his civilization. This view, in the opinion of many psychologists, is now discredited. Although there are undoubtedly certain pugnacious individuals, there is no good evidence of an instinct to fight merely for the sake of fighting distributed generally throughout the human race. People who fight do so for some reason; for example, for the protection of their families or their property, or to avenge an insult or an injury. Fighting is a struggle against some thwarting of instinctive cravings or of life needs; it is not in itself one of these cravings or needs.

Another seemingly plausible explanation is to the effect that the citizens of one country become so outraged by the unjust acts of those of another country that they sacrifice their ultimate ideal of peace in order to ward off the present peril or insult. The motive to fight is stronger than the desire for peace. This explanation may have been true for certain defensive wars; but it overlooks the motivation of the aggressor and the invader, without which defensive war would not exist. Furthermore, it is not usually actual injury upon a large scale which leads to a declaration of war, but the fear of such injury. It is not because of an insult to himself that the citizen takes up arms, but upon the more indirect experience of an insult to his country. Agencies of propaganda seize upon these local and relatively minor episodes and, by arousing numerous expressions of anger and fear, cause the

authorities of government to be impressed by the specious appearance of a public opinion in favor of war. War is then declared. While there exists, therefore, a formal justification for the declaration of war, such declaration is the result of the citizens responding, not to the enemy, but to a small group of their own countrymen, the propagandists.

Those who are fond of thinking in sociological terms may ascribe war to an unfortunate social system. *Individuals* want peace, but *society* is organized upon a basis of competing national groups. We are, therefore, the prey of the institution of war. The writer believes that this answer is on the right track; but it should be restated so as to show more clearly what is implied in a "system" or an "institution." The mistaken view seems prevalent that an institution is something over and above men and women, controlling them like an external force. There is, however, no superior power over the citizens compelling them to fight for their country. The modern military state is simply a phrase to express the fact that the citizens *do* fight as a method of settling international disputes. The system will be abolished as soon as we change the behavior of the individuals; and there is no way of attacking it except through the behavior of the individuals. It is a fallacy, therefore, to think of men in democratic countries as slaves to institutions over which they have no control, unless we accept the premise that men have no control over themselves.

There seems, then, to be no escape from the paradox of our self-inflicted militarism. It must be admitted as an inconsistency in human nature. We ardently long for peace, and we work for it; but we have certain deeply rooted habits and attitudes which lead us inevitably toward war. At bottom, of course, science recognizes no inconsistencies in nature. There must be a way of explaining how human beings could have developed these two conflicting trends. The following analysis touches upon some aspects of the problem as seen by a psychologist.

II

The central issue engaging the student of militant nationalism is the question "What is a nation?" Various definitions have been proposed. The nation has been defined as a large group of people having the same racial ancestry, together with a homeland and a common language. All these attributes may be challenged and instances cited proving that none of them is essential to the idea of a nation. Upon one fact, however, writers are in fair agreement: namely, that the main criteria of nationality are psychological. There are certain traditions, historical perspectives, and principles possessed in common by the members of every national group which are both the evidence and the substance of their nationality. If an individual shares these ideals with the others of his group, and like the others is loyal to them, he belongs to their nation; otherwise he does not belong to it, even though he may be of the same race as his fellows, speak the same language, and live in the same territory. According to Professor Pillsbury, the best way to tell the nationality of an individual is to ask him. That is to say, individuals belonging to a certain nation are aware that they belong to it and, furthermore, this awareness is an essential part of nationality itself. The loyal citizen regards his compatriots as valuing the same traditions and upholding the same international ideals as he himself does. Not only is he ready himself to fight and perhaps die for his country; but he also feels that all the others are willing to make the same sacrifice, and that they will expect and approve his own evidence of loyalty.

Intense community of feeling has an important effect upon our thinking which takes possession of us almost without our realization. Not only do

we feel that we are one with the nation, but the nation becomes to us an "over-person" capable itself of feeling and willing. It is a great genius or spirit, to be apostrophized, honored, loved, and protected. That which the citizen feels as more vast and enduring than himself is also greater than any citizen and, therefore, indeed greater than every citizen. Individual Americans have come and gone, but America has lived ever since the early federation of the Thirteen Colonies. Then, again, it is more convenient in discussing international affairs to speak of the nation as a unit than to refer to the separate acts and attitudes of millions of men and women. Insidiously there creeps into our phraseology the usage that the nation has a reality of its own quite apart from the individuals who compose it. From speaking it is only a step to reasoning. We tend to think of nations as great over-persons entering into relationship with other nations. We call in question merely the righteousness of their acts; we do not consider the deeper question whether "the nation" (being merely a figure of speech) can perform any acts at all, and, therefore, who it is who *really does* the acting in question.

To arrive at the heart of the matter we shall place over against this popular metaphysics of the nation a more critical, scientific definition. All usage which treats of the nation as a personal agent is pure metaphor. The "Nation" cannot sign a treaty, establish a foreign policy, contract indebtedness, declare war, conscript citizens for military duty, or conclude peace. However truly it may have these functions from a working legal standpoint, from a realistic point of view the Nation as a super-individual functionary is a pure fiction. It is only *individuals* who can do things. They do them, to be sure, in certain accepted capacities; for example, as representatives of large numbers of other individuals. They do them also "in the name of" the entity called the "Nation." But still individuals, and only individuals, perform political acts. The nation is not some mystical force which settles over men and shapes and controls their attitudes. It is a situation rather than a thing. It stands merely for the point of view from which we see the citizens all behaving in a similar and patriotic manner. We shall refer to the view which regards the nation as an over-person, feeling, speaking, and acting for itself, as the "nationalistic fallacy."

III

The psychology of nationalism cannot be understood without examining the process by which objects come to be used as emotional symbols. By a well-known psychological law, any expression of behavior may, under proper conditions, be reproduced later when the individual is confronted by some significant feature of the situation which evoked that behavior originally. The work of the Russian physiologist Pavlov in this field is well known. He first found a way to measure the flow of saliva which occurs in the dog's mouth upon the sight or smell of food. For a number of feedings a bell was then rung or a light flashed each time the food was presented. After this period of "conditioning" it was found that whenever the bell was rung or the light flashed *without the food* there would be a flow of saliva—a flow, moreover, equal in quantity to that occurring when the food itself was placed before the dog. The salivary response, in other words, had been transferred to an originally indifferent object which happened to have been present in the original situation when the food was given. The functioning of the salivary glands was thus said to have been "conditioned" by the sound or the light. For our purpose it must be remembered that emotions such as fear and anger, and also sentiments and attitudes such as loyalty, obedience, respect, pride, and love are forms of human reaction. They are more complex than the secretion of saliva, but are just as truly functions of

our physiological organs of response. The law of conditioned response is found to hold also with such forms of behavior.

This principle helps one to understand how children of succeeding generations can be taught to respond with affection, obedience, and loyalty when confronted by certain objects which are significant in the teaching of patriotism. The elementary feelings, emotions, and attitudes which have already been developed within the family circle can be transferred to the sight or sound of nationalistic symbols, such as the flag, the pictures of presidents, the names of national heroes, the narration of historic episodes, and the singing of the national anthem. Just as the salivary reaction was evoked and transferred to the sound of the bell, so the response of love and respect which the child has heretofore experienced only toward his parents is extended to the national flag or the national anthem. The child's native country is given emotional meaning to him by speaking of it as his "homeland," or in some instances as his "father" land or "mother" land. Obedience to parental authority becomes, through conditioning, obedience to the "law of the land." To a few objects, such as the Constitution and the tradition of the Founding Fathers, there are attached that awe and reverence which the child has been taught previously to feel toward holy objects. The older doctrine of divine right of kings is paralleled by the modern sanctity of the President. Nowadays eminent statesmen speak of the voice of "The People" as the voice of God.

Not only are our feelings conditioned through the use of symbols, but our processes of thinking and imagining as well. We not only feel toward such objects; we believe in them. A symbol differs from other objects in that it is always employed to mean, or stand for, something else; and it is necessary in the situation because that "something" which it represents cannot generally be seen, heard, or touched. If it were not for the symbol, the thing which it stands for could not be made to seem real. There is furthermore a deep-seated tendency to "rationalize" a symbol, that is, to discover some *logical reason* for feeling toward it as we do. We love the flag, therefore, not as a mere fetish, but because it stands for our country. Our powerful battleships and marines excite our enthusiasm not merely as examples of good fighting equipment, but because they represent to us the might of America. Similarly, in the religious field, the communicant of the Anglican Church reveres the sacred elements because they stand in his mind for the spiritual nature of God of which all partake through partaking of them. Thus do we build up a belief in the reality of the things for which our symbols stand. These "projected" realities are not regarded as the product of our emotions, but as something existing quite apart from us and above us. They are not created by faith; but they themselves create faith in that they are its justification. Without belief in them all rational support for our attachment to their symbols would be lost. In so far, therefore, as we love and cling to our symbols, we are unwilling to permit any question of the realities for which they stand. The attack upon the radical or the questioning pacifist in time of war is thus psychologically akin to the earlier attacks upon the religious heretic or atheist. Just as the fundamentalist pictures a Jehovah whom he can love and trust and who demands from him worship and obedience, so the nationalist thinks of the Nation as a great over-person, the epitome of righteousness, and an object of human loyalty and devotion. In both cases the belief is required and enforced as a self-justification of strong emotional habits which since childhood have colored the thinking of these persons.

We can, therefore, appreciate the profound tendency of the average man or woman to regard the Nation as a tran-

scendent reality, instead of as so many millions of individuals all loyal to a common nation-symbol. The man on the street may, it is true, be led more critically to examine his ideas concerning the nation. When pressed for greater exactness, he will probably say, "Why, of course, in the last analysis I do not mean by America anything more than all the people living in America, together with their possessions and the land itself." Deeper, however, than the logic of verbal statement are the emotional habits which compel one to the presumption of a reality behind one's symbols. While the average man protests that he thinks clearly upon this point, his conduct frequently belies him. While he may not in words acknowledge the belief in such an over-person or entity as the nation, yet in times of stress he will be found *to behave as though he believed in such an entity.* And in national affairs, as elsewhere, it is not what we say we believe that is important, but that which our actions indicate.

IV

But before we show how popular thinking and acting are ensnared by the nationalistic fallacy there is one more thread of motivation which must be unraveled. In his book, *The Behavior of Crowds*, Mr. Everett Dean Martin has pointed out that intense devotion and loyalty to one's group are sometimes subtle methods of being devoted to one's self. Our praise of our group is allowed to pass for altruism without probing into its deeper significance as an indirect form of self-praise. This is because our regard seems to be centered upon our fellows rather than upon ourselves. It is the very fallacy of believing in the whole group as an entity apart from separate individuals which renders this form of self-exaltation possible. If there is something ennobling about Freemasonry which is absorbed and expressed by all individual Masons then, by being a Mason, I am exalted. If, however, all the good in Freemasonry is to be found solely in good individual Masons, then my belonging to this group gives me no claim to special merit. Family pride, fraternity feeling, college spirit, the boosting of the local community are phenomena to which the same formula might be applied. Quite conceivably these group enthusiasms may operate to raise the ideals and conduct of the many toward the standard set by the more excellent within each group. But the other side of group loyalty is also important. Lauding the virtues of family, local, and national heroes probably helps the more obscure citizens to acquire a consciousness that they also partake of these noble and dramatic qualities. It is common to hear children boasting of the superiority of the American soldiers and sailors in recent military campaigns. When a small boy the writer made it a point to fight in playground battles upon the side of the United States, rather than among those weaklings who were compelled to play the role of the opposing power.

Even more important than the feeling of self-elation are the rights and prerogatives which are often claimed in the name of the Nation. There are, of course, high-minded souls who may sincerely think of their nation as a divine agency for promoting human welfare. But others are animated by unrecognized motives of quite a different sort. Selfish claims are given respectability by making them in the name of one's country, and under the ægis of patriotism. We might, for example, uphold the law preventing land-holding by Orientals in California and the anti-Oriental immigration law upon the ground that without these laws the unity of our national life would be threatened. America must be kept free from contamination by alien influences. To untangle the problems of cultural friction and racial prejudice which enmesh the merits of this issue lies beyond the scope of this article. Unsettled biological questions regarding racial characteristics and race-

mixture lie also beyond our province. We are here merely pointing out that the fine-sounding nationalistic fallacy of "the integrity of the Nation" may cover over, in idealistic language, the bald fact that by keeping out Asiatic competition we may enjoy unhindered the vast territories and resources of the country among ourselves.

The same reasoning may apply to our treatment of the people of smaller American republics and the claim of extra-territorial privileges in weakly defended parts of the globe. Here again, the assumption of special benefits through membership in a certain group (the nation) is possible only so long as we believe in that group as a reality superior to individuals. Reduce the nation of America to a hundred million concrete and separate persons, and it loses at once that majestic cloak of sovereign right under which these individuals are privileged to enjoy the good things of the world more freely than those to whom a different national label is given. Neither special praise nor special favor can we claim by virtue of our group when the eye of justice sees not the group but only the individuals. And thus we find another reason why human beings desire to believe in that mystical, superior personage, the Nation.

In the preceding paragraphs we have contrasted the popular and the scientific conceptions of the nation. The former accepts uncritically a reality projected behind our national symbols and conveyed to us in the language of metaphor. The Nation is a great Being in which the destinies of individuals are merged and for the sake of which individual interests must be sacrificed. Scientific analysis, on the other hand, formulates the nation as existing solely in the behavior of its individuals. There are fairly clear reasons why the popular view has taken a stronger psychological hold than the scientific: first, because it carries the force of emotional habits conditioned early in childhood by the use of symbols; second, because it affords a socially approved method of raising an individual's estimate of himself; and third, because it is an unrecognized manner of obtaining, under the guise of patriotism, certain special privileges. Although the average citizen will deny that he personifies the nation or believes in its independent existence, there is, in the writer's opinion, a widespread tendency of citizens to behave as though they were animated by this belief. We turn now to the task of verifying this assertion.

V

Let us project a comparison which, though hypothetical, will be accepted as probable. A sentry on military duty near the border of his country quarrels with a fellow-sentry and is shot and killed. There may be a short notice of the event in the newspapers. The usual investigation will be set on foot, leading to a court-martial and the punishment of the offender. Aside from the military authorities and the immediate relatives of the slain man, no one in the country will feel especially concerned about this matter. There will be no universal clamor for the punishment of the one who committed the deed. Consider now another event which, though hypothetical, is in some respects similar to a recent episode on the border between two Balkan countries. We shall suppose that the citizens of the two countries, though not at war, are strongly nationalistic and mutually suspicious. A sentry strays over the line and is shot by a sentry of the opposing force. Immediately public opinion is aroused in the country of the slain soldier. A hasty ultimatum is sent. Then the army of the offended nationals invades the country of its enemies and begins its work of pillage and destruction. Many people are killed and the lives of hundreds more are placed in jeopardy. In each of the two instances cited one man was slain by another. Each murder was the result of ill feeling, and each brought the same kind of loss to the relatives and

dependents of the victim. What difference of fact exists between these two situations? How can we explain the striking difference in the behavior of the citizens involved?

One might reply that in the first instance everyone could be reasonably certain that the murderer would be brought to trial and punished; whereas in the second case he might go scot-free. But does this fully explain the difference? Why are citizens not equally concerned over the failure to detect and punish many homicides occurring yearly within their own borders? Rich or influential criminals when brought to trial have been able to thwart justice and escape with light punishment or with none at all. Such instances, though they may evoke expressions of indignation, do not arouse citizens to concerted or violent action comparable to a military invasion or a declaration of war.

Turning to an analogous situation nearer home: Why are the people of the United States so stirred by the threat to the lives of American citizens in Mexico, Nicaragua, or China that they must send military expeditions to these countries? "It is the duty of a government," the average citizen will reply, "to protect the lives and property of its subjects." This may be true. But why should we be so sensitive to minor and temporary perils abroad, and neglect the constant danger of the citizen who walks the streets of Chicago or New York, where the rate of crime is greater than in almost any other part of the civilized world? Are not American lives at home as valuable as American lives in foreign countries? Who, moreover, *is* this over-person, the "Government," to whom we metaphorically attach such rights and duties? Is it not really, in a democracy, the people themselves? If so, the obligation of the government to protect citizens is nothing more than the truism that individuals should defend themselves. The notion that it is the duty of a Government to protect its subjects may serve as a euphemism for the fact that by banding together, employing an army, and operating under the symbol "American," we can secure protection individually when we travel abroad. And so the average man finds it useful at times to *behave as though* his Government, like his Nation, were a kind of superior personal Being.

It is clear that the psychology of international retribution has other elements beside the mere desire for universal justice. When one of our nationals has been killed abroad it is not a mere man, but an *American*, who has been slain. It is in a sense our flag which has been insulted. The symbols which the loyal citizen has learned from infancy to hold sacred have been profaned by *aliens*. The affront seems deeper and wider in scope than a mere outrage to personal feelings. Through our tendency to project a reality behind our symbols an attack upon the symbolic object becomes an attack upon that for which the symbol stands. The killing of one of our citizens by an alien, or upon foreign soil, is thus not merely a crime against that person, but an insult to our Country and a blow at the sovereignty and honor of our Nation. The offended nationalist thus feels that he has a rational as well as an emotional provocation to anger, and that to uphold the governmental policy of drastic and summary action is not only his natural impulse but his sacred duty.

One of the most potent influences, therefore, in support of war is precisely that fallacy, which in clearer moments the average citizen will disclaim, namely, the belief that the nation is something independent of and greater than its individuals. Without this belief it would be hard to stir him to action on behalf of a cause remote from him both in distance and in personal interest. The individual does not feel himself *personally* insulted by an attack upon his countryman abroad. He feels it as an affront to his "national honor." That is to say, he would not feel insulted at all if he did not believe that his "Nation"

was somehow belittled in the eyes of the world. Extending this psychological fact now to every individual (for the individual mentioned above was representative of all), we have the curious situation that *no one* in the nation is personally insulted, but *each* is offended on behalf of the Nation. Clearly, if the nation is made up entirely of its individual members, there is no one left to be insulted. The claim, therefore, of an offense against the "honor of the Nation" vanishes into thin air. While *logically* it so vanishes, it remains, however, *psychologically*, retaining its hold upon popular thinking and serving as a powerful incentive in the direction of war.

Just as one accepts the reality of one's own nation through loving its symbols, so one can reify the opposing nation though hating its symbols. The nationalist personifies the "Enemy" just as he personifies his own country. Blame for the grievances leading to war is thus extended to every citizen who bears the label or the symbol of the hostile nation. The war guilt which the Allied nationals have heaped upon "Germany as a Nation" still weighs heavily upon the self-respect, as well as upon the purse, of the German citizens. They cannot feel as individuals that they were responsible for the War; yet neither are they willing to allow the precious symbol of their country to carry the reproach. Laying aside the nationalistic fallacy, we may ask, Who *really* is to blame? Clearly, the guilt must fall either upon certain specific individuals upon whom it can be proved, or else the notion of blame will have to be abandoned altogether, and the problem treated upon scientific, rather than upon moral, grounds. The writer believes that this would be a fair solution, but that it will have little chance of acceptance since, on the one side, the Germans feel that their nation-symbol, though struggling under unjust reproach, is of priceless value, while on the other, the Allied nationals find this symbol a convenient formula upon which to hang the guilt of the war. And with the burden of guilt established the demand for reparations logically follows.

From the standpoint of national honor the international situation precipitating the World War will repay consideration. There was, on the one hand, an outrage to the nationalistic feeling of the Austrians through the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, who, as a scion of royalty, was himself one of their most potent national symbols. On the other hand, there was a strong national spirit among the Serbians which caused them to reject the Austrian ultimatum. Though granting most of its stipulations, they could not bring themselves to yield upon certain measures. And these were the demands which were most devastating, not to Serbians as individuals, but to their ideal of the national honor of Serbia. There were, of course, other powerful and unseen factors in the precipitation of the war. We are here merely pointing out the essential role which was played in this tragedy by the emotional power of symbols when combined with a belief in the reality behind the symbol.

For an instructive parallel from history, let us turn to the Crusades of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The motivation of these remarkable episodes was, of course, complex. Monarchs were ambitious to extend their political power; the Pope and clergy were hungry for wider dominion with spiritual and temporal privileges; the trader wanted new commercial opportunities; the knight-errant lusted for adventure and for booty. One great appeal, however, touched young and old, high and low, rich and poor alike, giving the movement an air of divine sanction and uniting all the participants of Christendom into one great army. This was the slogan of rescuing the tomb of Christ from the hands of the Infidel. Without such an appeal no movement comparable in scale to the Crusades could have occurred. The power of this incentive lay

not merely in the feelings it awakened, but also in the acceptance of that *divine order* made so real to the Christian spirit through the symbol of the Holy Sepulchre. Holy wars were not waged through personal feelings over relics; but only when such relics became to the believer the symbol of the living reality of Christ and the Church. Foolish and wasteful romanticism, most of us would call it to-day. Assuming that the sacred tomb could have been found and identified, what did it matter whether a pile of crumbling Palestine boulders was in the possession of Christians or Mohammedans? Yet we, in the twentieth century, are still acting under the same sort of illusion. We, too, fight for the imagined reality behind the symbol. Scoffing at the fanatical "religious honor" of the Crusaders, we cherish the "national honor" preached by our living demagogues.

Nowhere is the nationalistic fallacy more clearly revealed than in the actual business of launching and conducting a war. When an international dispute arises the precise effect of yielding one's country's policy in favor of the other—the effect, that is, upon the *individuals*—is seldom the center of consideration. Our statesmen and publicists speak instead of the "violation of the Country's rights," "the breaking of national treaties," or "the infringement of the Nation's sovereignty." At every step the negotiating nations are personified and treated as super-individual beings. If the situation "becomes aggravated" the ambassador of each country to the other is recalled, a procedure by which "speaking relations" between the "Nations" are severed. A "state of war" is then declared. This is necessary, because otherwise the nationals of neither country would know how to treat those of the other, nor what treatment they might in turn expect. Thus far it is really only the "Nations" which are at swords' points; the psychology of the individuals lags far behind.

True it is that indignation has swept over the country, a wave of anger aroused by alleged offenses to national honor, or by some other cause; but it is a far cry from this abstract and "public" sort of anger to that personal hatred which is necessary to induce one man to go out and kill another. We acquiesce in the war before we are ready to kill. The officials of the government are thus faced by the task of getting the citizens into a fighting mood; and a campaign of "education" follows in which the national symbols and nationalistic fallacy are played upon to the uttermost. The methods of propaganda used in the World War, exaggerated and based in part upon shameless lies, are now too well known to require more than passing mention. Men trained in our military camps were instructed to plunge their bayonets into straw dummies with the vicious feeling that these targets represented the bodies of German soldiers. Youths brought up to believe in the teachings of Jesus were thus led as individuals to slaughter one another in a war conceived and justified as a struggle between mythical overpersonages, the contending Nations.

VI

Our study of nationalism will not be complete until we have suggested its role in co-operation with the more sinister and hidden causes of war. The belief in the reality behind national symbols is sometimes spoken of as the "national will" or "national spirit." While this designation is from one standpoint permissible, it is to be remembered that the attitudes making up this national spirit may be used as a tool for the widespread control of popular thinking and action. To reclaim the Sacred Tomb during the Crusades was not merely an expression of the spirit of Christendom; it was also an appeal which could be used by princes, feudal lords, churchmen, and mystics alike in organizing and launching their vast expeditions of forage. Similarly, our ideal of the nation, while it is on the one hand asso-

ciated with the noblest of human sentiments, is on the other hand an emotional habit through which we fall a prey to the clever manipulations of the jingoist.

The leaders in national affairs are often either protagonists or are unconsciously in the grip of that nexus of political ambition and economic profit which is a potent but unseen cause of military conflict. What such causes are and how they operate are subjects in crying need of investigation. Various writers have pointed to the investment of foreign capital, pressure exerted by owners of war industries, the professional militarists, and nationalistic *blocs* in various governments. The rise of modern nationalism has certainly accompanied the accumulation of capital, industrial inventions, and the expansion of colonial enterprise. Agents working on behalf of these interests would, we contend, be powerless to lead millions of people into war without such effective psychological aids as sensitiveness to national honor and the belief in the reality behind the national symbols. We are not saying that without the nationalistic fallacy all war would be impossible; but in many cases the support it lends is vital to the hidden interests which are vested in international conflict. It is hard to conceive of any other device by which, in modern times, rulers and publicists could stampede millions of people into a war.

We are now beginning to fathom the tragic paradox to which we referred at the opening of this article. It is in the very nature of our allegiance to national symbols and the Nation they symbolize that we find the supporting ground of international warfare. Our nationalistic fallacy is adopted unconsciously and is well rationalized under the name of patriotism. Only when we have insight into our fallacies can we challenge and dispel them. It is for this reason that, while deploring war and sincerely searching for every means to prevent it, we are drawn inevitably into its very clutches.

VII

The reader may be inclined at this point to raise the following question: "Let us grant the truth of what has been said—does it still follow that we must give up the ideal of our Nation? The notion of America as something great and real is rooted in our very nature. It seems to us the source of much that is worth while in life. The writer has perhaps not fairly distinguished between nationalism and patriotism. After all, it is not the nationalistic fallacy itself which leads to war, but the way in which it is used. We can continue to believe in the Nation while making our national ideal one of promoting human welfare. Our Nation can be one of peace instead of war; or if war is necessary, it will fight only upon the side of right and in the interest of a securer peace. May we not keep our 'Nation' but purge it of all sinister motives?"

Truly, we would reply, there is no harm in the ideal of the nation in itself; but its hold upon citizens is so subtle, and the ultimate sources of propaganda which employ it are so strong yet so invisible that as long as this ideal is uncritically accepted we shall be a prey to the influences which make for armed conflict. If the emotional element in thinking is a partial cause of war, then the solution lies as much in promoting a clearer insight into our emotional habits as in attacking the forces which are trying to induce war directly. If we assert that our nation shall fight only upon the side of right, there is no sure means of judging which side is more right than the other. And all too frequently, as we have pointed out, the cause which *seems* right to us is that through which we can best vindicate the honor of our national ideal. This is precisely the dilemma we are seeking to escape. If, on the other hand, we should insist that we can make our nation one of peace, the answer is that peace, like war, can be created only by individuals; and it is questionable

whether peace at all costs will be maintained as long as individuals can be controlled by the emotional belief in a reality behind their national symbols. The Nation, in other words, will refuse to fight only when the citizens refuse to fight for the Nation.

"But," some may exclaim, "to refuse to fight for the nation is treason and anarchy! It is a blow against the Nation itself." To quote from an utterance of Major-General Charles P. Summerall: "As long as men and women cherish honor and liberty, they must be prepared to defend them with their lives if need be. When our people are unwilling to pay that price, they will have no more war, but they will also have no more country." But it is not the "country" in the nationalist's sense that it is worth the price of fighting and killing to preserve, but only the welfare of the individuals in the country. We may substitute for General Summerall's military formula the program of realistically educating nationals all over the world so that they will be unwilling to fight for the honor of a fictitious nation. Individuals, if attacked, would of course still be ready to defend themselves. They would, if necessary, organize for this purpose. Neither fighting nor organizing, however, would be done in the name or defense of a "Nation," but only for the protection of the individuals specifically engaged.

True democratic government is not the voice of a mysterious Being called "The People." It is merely a set of rules and decisions reflecting that which the greater number of citizens desire. If war comes as a directly expressed wish of the majority, and independently of any propaganda in the name of the Nation, then the political duty of the citizen would be to fight. If, however, a ruler or a group of legislators decide that the "Nation" should wage war, refusal to fight for that "Nation" personified in their decision should not be called treason but clear thinking—thinking of a type which declines to sacrifice popular government for the sake of a nationalistic fiction. At least one far-seeing statesman is now appealing for a Constitutional enactment through which war can be declared only by direct referendum to the people.

In contrast with world-progress in natural science, technical organization, and industry, a woeful lag is evident in our science of political organization. Living in an age of world-wide communication and international alignment of opinion, wielding inventions which can be turned to the purpose either of good or of colossal destruction, depending as every citizen does upon the industry and good will of citizens in all parts of the world, we are retaining in our process of government a metaphysical view which has been the rallying ground of local and factional jealousies since the Middle Ages. It is a philosophy which has long sustained the ambitious sovereign and the aspirant for power. In religious life we have made better progress. Though preserving a feeling for our religious symbols, we have given up our insistence on prescribing, by the scourge and stake, the reality which may lie behind them. Holy wars and inquisitions are a thing of the past. They were possible only when men labored under the assumption of a transcendental order, of which they were the chosen guardians and beneficiaries. In the political realm we are preserving not only the love of our national symbols, but the militant belief in a reality behind them. This supposed reality is a National Being whom we can neither see nor prove; but yet a Being for whom we must fight, killing those we do not hate and wasting our substance upon an empty dream.

IN SEARCH OF BERGAMOT

A STORY

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

IT WAS Henry Scott's party and Henry, who was mayor of Custis, was determined that Landon and I should be fitly welcomed back to the city where we had been born. He explained that the gin in his cocktails was equal to our metropolitan demands. They were so sure, all these folk whom I could hardly remember, that Landon and I were metropolitan. Adèle Scott, who was stout and just a little flushed from her husband's cocktails, talked brightly, determinedly, ruthlessly to Landon about books a well-informed person should have read and music a cultured person should have heard. The Shakespeare Circle glistened triumphantly in her eyes. And Landon, who was at least metropolitan in the clothes that Toledo's most fashionable tailor had made, did his best in return and was happy to have found old friends.

And now Adèle, starting the phonograph, remembered other obligations of a hostess. She held out her arms and teetered on her too high heels. "The Charleston reached Custis, anyhow, Frank. Maybe you can teach me the Black Bottom. Let's try. We won't let you remember that Mrs. Landon didn't come West with you."

I saw Landon's eyes shift toward Harriet Canaday, who was slenderer, but Adèle had advanced upon him. "Oh, I dance nicely, Frank. Of course, I'm not exactly a Faith Donahue—"

The Mayor, rummaging for cigars that would satisfy our metropolitan palates, roared from the cellarette, "No, Dell, we'll break down and confess you're no Faith Donahue. Not by fifty pounds. But say—she ought to be here, hey? That'd make it Old Home Week, for sure. Still, though, I suppose you Easterners see her every year."

"I bet they do," Adèle said, still holding out her arms. "They knew her."

"I knew her as well as they did," the Mayor boasted. "Didn't I, Professor?"

I was, it seemed, "Professor" to all these people who had been at kindergarten with me, and apparently some answer was called for. "She hasn't danced for ten years, I believe. She was among the first to climb from the Follies into drama. But, yes, I've seen her often. I imagine Landon has, too."

"Hey, Frank?"

"Well, no—fact is, I've never seen Faith since we both left Custis."

"Don't get down to New York very much, I guess," said the Mayor.

Landon bristled. "Some months I've had to go five times. But somehow I never did get round to see one of Faith's shows. I don't know just why—"

Adèle was stamping her pudgy slippers. "If you don't dance with me this minute, Frank, I'm going to ask the Professor."

They went stumbling across the floor, intricately embraced. Of the four hundred pounds of dancing weight, I estimated, Landon's would probably be twenty more than half. Adèle, whom I vaguely remembered as slim and exquisite, was squeezed into a brief canary-

yellow dress that flattened over her hips. It crawled high above stockings of the same shade; and, really, I must have been mistaken about her slimness. My temples began to ache. The room fused. Blues were shrieking from the phonograph, or was it Adèle? Harriet Canaday was smoking a cigarette which she had lighted by holding it to a match as one would a candle. I wondered whether I could find a telephone and have a messenger summon me away. But it was midnight now, and they must go to bed sometime.

Landon seemed to be of my mind, for after he had danced several discs through, he announced, "I'm not the man I used to be. Now don't you folks bother. I've got a car out here and I'll drive the Professor to the hotel." For the first time I liked him.

It was a sybaritic car; it reeked opulence. It slid noiselessly under the shadow of the peaks, the mountains I had not seen for twenty years. Their calm eased my temples. Landon let the car coast to a stop and switched out the lights. We were half-way between the "development" where the Mayor lived and the city proper, in a waste of staked lots barren of arc lamps. I saw him relax behind the wheel and stare toward the long, upthrust ridge that ended in Mt. Paul.

"Hicks, aren't they?" he said. "A man don't like to throw his old friends down." When he had snipped the cigar with something that dangled from his watch-chain, the flare of a patent lighter revealed his flabby cheeks and—I noticed with surprise—something desperately unhappy in his eyes. Suddenly his hand was tight on my shoulder. "Roger, what did you come back to Custis for?"

I had had to think hard to remember him, that morning, when he stormed into my hotel and declared that he had once taken a licking which I deserved. "I'm a historian," I said, unwillingly. "I came West to look over old Territorial records. Probably you'd call it a business trip."

"Well, mine's not. My wife went to Europe again—I went once, but it'd be a good man caught me a second time. The girl's old enough to go with her now, and I sent the boy to camp. I bought a new car and drove out here."

"It's getting late," I suggested, "and the Mayor's gin—"

"Hey, look there." There was such strange gladness in his voice that I glanced in surprise in the direction of his arm. On the tip of Mt. Paul a coral spark fluctuated against the sky. Landon sighed. "Golly! somebody's made the Sunrise Climb. They probably left town, say, seven o'clock. They're there now, cooking a beefsteak on a stick while their hearts slow down and their ears come open again. They'll see the dawn an hour before it hits town. I've done it a hundred times."

I felt a little friendlier toward the fat man who said he had been my friend: it was human of him to have remembered the Sunrise Climb. Evidently the remembrance was not all pleasurable, for I heard him sigh several times.

"Yeh," he said, "easy a hundred times. Did it one night in October and got caught in a blizzard. Once I and Coot Peters—they tell me he's been dead ten years—sat on the peak while a rainstorm came up the valley and slid up that mountain like an elevator. Lightning underneath us, and us there in the sun. Once I made the climb too fast and got sick—I thought I'd never get home. Once, by golly! I made the Sunrise Climb with a girl. You'd never guess who."

"I'm sorry, Landon. I find it hard to remember the names."

"Faith Donahue!" he bragged.

"Very daring in those days, but quite characteristic of Faith."

"Nothing ever scared her, did it? And walk!" He sighed. Clearly he regretted his boast. He kicked the starter-button viciously. The oppressive car moved off, as quiet as a knife drawn through milk.

"Anyway," he said defiantly, after a

while, "you and her and I—we're the only ones from this hick village ever amounted to anything."

"I?"

"Half the alphabet after your name. Anybody else in Custis ever a Ph.D.—or know what it means? Published four-five books— Lord, one of 'em in three volumes."

"Where did you see a copy of *Who's Who*, Landon?"

He chuckled. "In your hotel while you were changing your shirt. You might look me up to-night—oh, I know you were sparring for time trying to remember if you'd ever heard of me. But we'll keep in touch now. Toledo's not so far from your college."

At my hotel—he was staying at the other one, the new and pretentious one—he shook my hand lingeringly. He seemed unwilling to let me go, though I was yawning and obviously tired. I saw in his eyes the same bewildered pain I had seen by the flare of his cigar-lighter. I spoke of the work I must do the next day.

"The Capitol closes at five," he said. "Take dinner with me."

"As for *Who's Who*," I said, "all full professors of reputable colleges are in it *ex officio*."

He felt nothing in my words but shook my hand again and went reluctantly away. Before going to bed I took his hint and looked up his name in the red volume that, with democratic charity, lists college professors among important men. Francis Meeley Landon, it appeared, was equally proud of his graduation from the Custis High School, his presidency of the Landon Cement Company, his directorships in two banks, his membership in a Hunt and Polo Club, his Dollar-a-Year record, and the ribbons his pigeons had won at some show. I read a list of organizations he had joined, other organizations he had addressed, and still other organizations that had expressed obligation to him. He had won a medal for trap-shooting. He was forty-two, and his wife had something to do with an art museum. I went up to gargle antiseptics and erase the taste of the Mayor's gin. *Who's Who in America*, I thought, was a strikingly cynical volume.

But when I had spent torrid afternoons in the basement of the Capitol, fanning up dust that two generations had not stirred, his automobile proved a benison. Faithfully he drove me about the mountain roads, plunging into moist canyons so cool that one forgot the city. I could not, at first, understand why he clung to me when so many men who had been boys with him were about. I saw him sometimes shaking their hands, strutting, telling them the saga of his Toledo greatness. But he avoided the dinners and golf matches they would have heaped on him, preferring those evening drives with me. He related an endless autobiography, and behind it was some dumb frustration that gnawed at him distressingly.

A fat, neat, too well tailored man, with inconspicuous bits of gold in the right places, bewildered, urgent, obtuse. I came to understand why men of his station—the jargon calls them Big Executives—must pay secretaries to listen to them. All my scholarly reticence could not diminish his confidences. They were boastful at first, with the naïveté of a man still marveling at his smartness, but they grew wistful before long and soon they were downright abject. Always there was that unhappiness in his eyes, and his voice, his words, began to match it. And so for the first time I began to be interested in Frank Landon.

Just what troubled him? I pictured the wife he had glowingly described to me: all that the wife of the Landon Cement Company should be, something at the art museum, now in Europe. No—she was appropriate, and he was proud of her. The girl was too young to be a disappointment, and the boy too thoroughly a copy of his father. But here he was, two thousand miles and more from his cement, haunting the

scenes of his boyhood, his eyes shadowed with that unphrased distress.

He took me one night west of the city and led me through cottonwoods to a place where oily water gave back the stars. He sat on a bough that overhung the creek, swung his legs, and looked long at the dim current. Mosquitoes troubled me: I smoked three cigarettes and clasped hands over my ankles. A reek of carrion drifted through the trees, mingling with the odors of moss and mud and water.

"Aren't you appeased yet, Frank?" I asked. "I realize that I swam here long ago and Riley touched your heart with a poem. But when I swam here there was no abattoir just above it."

His mind reached the present in sections, precisely like the unfolding of a telescope. "My boy swims off a float at an antiseptic camp. I have to pay a thousand dollars to have some goggle-eyed Y-man keep him from swallowing water. Why, Roger, he wears a bathing suit!"

Crawling in, heavily, along the branch, he was grieved by my insensibility. "Don't you get any kick at all from remembering?"

"I remember very little. Custis only seems more drab, more dreadful than I had thought."

"Honest to God, I pity any man that wasn't raised a boy here. I think"—he grew sententious—"that a boy here got something that sticks. It's all kind of sunny and golden in my mind."

He did not understand. That was why he was here, to find out if he could why it was all sunny and golden in his mind. It remained so. No sun faded, no gold grew dull. Through the dingy streets of Custis, in his mind, perpetually, ran shouting boys on their way to strip for swimming, to roast potatoes in a bonfire, or to sic enthusiastic mongrels on cats that scooted up the alley in terror.

There was, of all things, an antique shop on the corner where a glamorous livery barn had once been. Landon prowled through it disconsolately, but bought many things his mother would have thrown away. I saw him pounce on an etched and frosted flask, and sniff at it inquisitively.

"What's that?"

He held the empty flask to my nostrils. A faint perfume lingered in it—a softly pungent fragrance that stirred something long forgotten in my mind. I thought strenuously; somehow I caught a picture of my grandmother. "Bergamot!" I said.

"What?"

"Your grandmother laid away her handkerchiefs and wedding dress in it. It was made, of all things, from oranges."

"Perfume?"

"Of a kind. Buy the flask—it ought to serve your purpose."

But he would not—being just then more desirous of a vanished, livery-stable perfume. So, because the scent had oddly stirred me, I bought it instead, resolving to have a druggist find me an ounce of the essence.

He talked, increasingly, about the mountains. His eyes were always straying toward them, and I heard how he had hunted in this canyon, fished in that one, been snowbound here, been lost and terrified there. I marveled that his youth had had days enough to contain all his adventures, but it was a greater marvel that each one of them seemed to have possessed an occult significance.

"I want to climb Mt. Paul again," he said one evening when the full moon rose behind it, notched by the needle of rock. "I'd—feel better if I did. Do you think I could make it?"

I had no need to look at his puffy hands and neck, at the abdomen that mocked whatever the young Frank Landon might have been. "No, Frank, I'm quite sure you couldn't. No man your weight—age—dare put such a strain on his arteries. Besides—"

"Yeh?"

"Besides, you'd be wise to keep your memory of its loveliness."

He brooded. "I know I could.

Why, I've done it a hundred times, easy. . . . It would do me good."

"It would do you in."

"I—I need it. I dreamed I was there, a night or two back. I'd feel, well, different if I went."

I became aware, slowly, that he was curious about Faith Donahue. He had divined, against my intent, that between her and me some bit of friendship had been preserved and deepened during the years. Simply, Faith and I had been able to laugh together. From time to time the wild colors of her life warmed my academic study, and sometimes I was able to bring its sedative calm to her help. We had talked away a satisfying number of hours, in twenty years. But I could not discuss Faith with anyone, Frank Landon least of all.

He began to hint at her and to set naïve traps for me. It amused me, sometimes, to bewilder him with specious information. He was such a quaint bungler, heavy-footed, boisterous, sensitive—what was it all about?

"She never married, did she?" he asked me squarely, one night.

"No."

"Seems to me she could have."

Inwardly, I gasped. Had he never read the divorce news? "The world," I said, "has had no hesitation about offering all its flowers for Faith to pluck. Probably, if she had called on it to, it could have produced a husband for her."

I saw no reason for remarking that marriage was not quite Faith's idiom. I wondered about Landon's memory of her. Sunny and golden—but whose wasn't? What did he think of her? Why was there reason for him to think at all?

He had slowed down the car till it crept like a stalking weasel over the asphalt that whispered to the tires. After a while he breathed deeply and jiggled the wheel. "I know why she didn't."

If this fat manufacturer of cement laid a slur on Faith Donahue I resolved to choke him. But there was no need of my exciting myself.

"But, by heavens, I'm—not going to tell you. I thought I wanted to. I do want to. But it's not fair to her."

I understood, then, that something had disturbed him for more than twenty years. And a night or two later I found the key to Frank Landon and his Western pilgrimage and his distress.

He had been talking about Mt. Paul, and about his great lust to climb it again, and about one or more of the ascents he had made when his waist was narrower. He smoked and talked and fell silent as he always did. And then, suddenly, he said, "Did you ever hear a coyote barking a long way off, miles and miles?"

A coyote! My mind wrenched at itself, frenzied to make some circuit it must make but could not. For a moment I was sick with the effort. Then I relaxed, for I was remembering Faith Donahue. . . . I had had luncheon with her, alone in her suite. A drizzle outside made her one lighted lamp the more gallant. Her new play safely into its second month, as much of America as she cared about was at her feet. We chattered and were silent and sometimes we told things. I heard more than a discreet woman would have told about a certain person who had amused Faith and made copy for the papers.

Completing her most amusing, most indelicate story, she laughed exquisitely. "And between alimony and a new lead, Roger, what manager will hesitate long enough to brush his lapel? I was starred the next season. It was the beginning of the legend that I'm a woman of the world." Here something glowed in her mind and she laughed again—that same throaty chuckle which seduces an audience in the first act when Faith comes on. "How nearly I missed getting out in the world at all! We all did, I suppose. If ever again I hear a coyote howling I'll shudder violently, for I didn't miss by—" she paused—"well, by the circumference of my waist."

"Coyote?"

"It isn't a story or I'd tell you. No

plot—only some ingredients. A night and a mountain and a nice boy who probably runs a grocery store in Custis this minute—he was just too nice, or maybe I shouldn't have escaped. Isn't it amazing how starlight and a nice boy will threaten good plans? For I was a clear-sighted little wench even then and I meant to get just about where I have got. And probably I shouldn't have even started, what with the starlight and all, if he hadn't been nicer than he should have been."

Chuckle seems a prosaic name for that golden and sunny ripple. "I'd be helping out at the cash register on Saturdays. It would have rebuked Heaven, Roger, for God never meant me for the fidelities of Custis. I fancy I've proved that. My fidelities have always been—shall I say selective or episodic?"

So now I understood Frank Landon's unhappiness. A man who had almost been the cause of Faith's going against nature had sufficient reason to regret his inadequacy. My interest blew hot, and before long I got the story of that Sunrise Climb.

"I took her home from the Junior Prom." That would make it early June and the full languor of mountain spring. "And, golly! we'd danced for three hours but neither of us wanted to go in. So I ran a big chance and said, 'Let's make the Sunrise Climb.' Faith just grabbed my hand and squeezed it hard. I saw she wanted to, but those days kids didn't run round all night. My Lord, her folks would have taken a shot at me if they'd heard me. But the more we hemmed and hawed and got scared, the better the idea looked. So she went in to change her clothes and promised to meet me. I beat it home, put on my boots, and grabbed the haversack I always kept filled—coffee and bacon and a lot of tricky, evaporated food. I ran all the way back. I was scared stiff she'd lose her nerve. But there she was, by the rose bushes. I could see her white sweater fifty yards away."

That white sweater seemed to obsess him, for he mentioned it many times. I could understand. Faith, slender, tireless, eager, by his side—that blur of white moving beside him in the pool-like shadows of the trail. There was a westering moon for a while, the vast copper semicircle of June, but before long it set and they had no light but the stars in all that emptiness of high places. The trail climbed the main shoulder of the peak, zigzagging back and forth up the wall of a gulch till it climbed beyond and headed up the ridge. They climbed like veterans, slowly, steadily, almost silently. "She could climb like a man—why, I bet she could have outclimbed nine-tenths the men in Custis." And I have no doubt that her dancer's legs were as good as his.

Much of that climb I had to supply myself, for Landon, though unrebuked by reticence, hardly comprehended all of it. They were alone with loveliness. Intangible night, above them and on all sides were reared up those solid immensities of granite, curved thrust and counterthrust, cliffs touched by the finger of eternity, distorted angles of sky pierced by stars. They climbed above cottonwoods and aspens, above oak-brush and laurel, into the sparse places where only firs stood up above the cramped horizon of the trail. There was no breeze below the ridge, no whisper of evergreens, no wind stalking booted through the canyons below them. Only infinite silence and distance crowding down upon them till they must be eagerly aware of each other. They would pause to catch their breath and let the pounding of their hearts subside. At such moments they would stand together—for your true mountaineer never sits down while on the climb, lest his muscles harden with cramps. Their shoulders touched. He could feel the pulse laboring in her arm. She would move a hand to put back her hair from her forehead, and perhaps her wrist would touch his

shoulder. Or perhaps, reaching for something, she would lean in front of him and her hair would brush his hand. And this was Faith Donahue, to whom God knows how many thousands have surrendered.

So they went on and on. The trail, for an experienced mountaineer, was never dangerous. Higher and higher they climbed till it seemed as if they had crawled along the joists of the world and had only the belfry above them. There would be little to say in the night, under the stars, and Frank had said little. For as they climbed a realization had grown on him—let no two trust themselves on a mountain trail by starlight—a realization that after all he wanted to stay in Custis. Yes, restlessness was over. There was no sense in going East where fortunes might be made. After all, he would come into his father's grocery . . . and, and—to smooth away Faith's hair from her forehead, to urge her arms, those dim white-sweatered arms, about his neck!

So dark it was, so silent, so submerged in peace. At last they were at the summit, for no blank wall bulked ahead, and a furious cold wind was buffeting them. They stood for a moment braced against it, close to each other, panting with triumph and exhaustion. Then they moved down a few feet below the crest, out of the wind.

One must remember Mt. Paul in the nighttime. A mile below them the lights of Custis marking out diminutive blocks. The semicircle of the west only emptiness, black space, and far away the shifting headlight of a railroad engine making for the town. And the other half-circle at their backs, the major peaks, seen only as blackness with a line of luminescence along the top, but as apparent as if a light had played on them. And all about, the night keen and remote and passionless. Two canyons sloped up the shoulders of Mt. Paul and now they grew alive with the rush of the wind that comes before the dawn. It was the sound of a gigantic audience, miles away, clapping their hands all together.

And a coyote was barking. Some trick of resonance or echo brought them this shadow of a sound. It was no more—a mere wisp, the last reflection of a sigh, but still a discernible bark, instinct with all the melancholy, all the frustration of the world. "It made me think of when I was a kid and there was sickness in the house—when I was afraid my mother was going to die." So Frank said. I saw his hands clenched and twisting on the wheel.

Just as it began, the night changed. On the summit of Mt. Paul the dawn sends outriders ahead of it. Before the least gray has touched the east some alchemy dulls the blackness of the night. Gloss goes out of it. You are there bodily in the sky and on all sides, above, below you, night is falling away from you like a swiftly ebbing tide. That consummate moment had come just as the wind brought them the wail of that coyote. It was too much loveliness—and Faith sobbed and leaned toward him. He had turned toward her even before she moved. There was no doubt in his mind now. He could no longer torture himself with going East and making a fortune.

"Faith, Faith, oh, Faith!"

So he had kissed her at last and her white-sweatered arms had locked behind his head. They sat there while the dawn came. Now, I have made the Sunrise Climb and I know how the gray creeps upward to the zenith while the last of night gathers in a pool below you over the city, and I know how the city itself slowly rises through that pool till you can make out buildings and see roads stretching westward among the fields. But Frank Landon and Faith saw none of these things.

Too much loveliness! and, after all, Frank Landon was only a grocer's boy who was to be a manufacturer of cement. He held Faith in his arms and the gray dawn came up behind them. He had tasted all the ecstasy he was ever to get

out of life. She had kissed him, and there they were in the gray dawn and they loved each other. He was suddenly aware that there was more to love than kissing, and be began to tremble. So did Faith. And then he was aware that she was proud and generous, frank in her love, eager to give him—all that might be given . . . in the dawn.

"Something yelled at me inside that I had to get away from this hick town. I had to get East. I knew I never should if—we did. I knew if I didn't get East—oh, my God, I *had* to go."

So Frank Landon, who had been offered Paradise, chose a not inappropriate substitute, Toledo. He moved away from her and began to look for stunted sage roots to build a fire. The gray dawn flowered into gold and scarlet.

He cooked their breakfast, melting snow for coffee. He noticed that she smiled a lot, though he hardly dared meet her eyes—and that the smile was new and a little strange. He didn't know what made it disturbing. Then they went back down the trail they had climbed in darkness. She left him, some distance from her house. He never learned how she explained herself to her family. And before long he had gone East.

So that was the Sunrise Climb. The evening that I got the story I understood Frank Landon's Western pilgrimage. Thereafter, for a while, he would not talk about it, though he grew more determined to climb Mt. Paul. But one evening he harked back to it. We had dined at a canyon inn and were smoking above the spray of the river.

"She never married, you say?"

"No."

I was breathless, waiting to hear him betray himself. "Well," I thought for the moment that his voice had got back its health, "well, I got what I went out after."

"Yes, one is seldom sure," I said.

It was what he needed. "Roger, I'd never have got it if—if we—but when I think that she never married—men never know how much they count with women. Women dream about men. But when I think that she never married—a man don't need more than the evidence."

I clamped my jaws tight over the guffaw that rose from the depths of me. The suppression shook me so visibly that I blessed the deepening twilight.

"A man can have two lives in his hands—I did. It would have been different. All different. Different as hell. I've made out fine."

So fine, I whispered under my breath, that you've sent your wife to Europe so that you can come West and look at a pile of rock. Do you know that? Or do you not even understand your own torment?

"But Faith—she was so—it's been best for her, too, really. It's a lot to be famous and admired. But can you ever teach a woman that, if she's been eating her heart out? Oh, God, Roger, if any woman was fool enough to remember me!"

I had my story and he his memories; so we were silent and the rush of the river came to us through the darkness. His strained and blundering distress seemed the more piquant as I remembered Faith. I knew that she remembered the Sunrise Climb and I thought it possible that she might remember his name. I thought of the twenty-odd adequate reasons, all of them more noteworthy than Frank Landon, why she had remained single, and my heart was full of ribald mirth. But I wondered how many other men had paid a lifetime's discontent for kissing her.

The next evening, after we had called fruitlessly at a drugstore for my bergamot, we came out just as the last pale rose of the afterglow stained the tip of Mt. Paul. Landon stopped squarely in the doorway.

"Roger," he demanded, "if I climb it, will you go, too?"

"I will not. But don't feed your mind on illusions."

"I've got to climb it. There's something making me. I lie awake thinking—and I get to believing that's all I came West for."

No doubt, I thought, he told the truth. If he could go back over the trail, live for one more moment the ecstasy of that night, then there would be peace and a decent chance to manufacture cement undisturbed by poetry. Suddenly I felt sorry for him, as I never had been before.

"You're twenty years too old," I said. "And besides there's a curse on you that can't be lifted that way. You're condemned to go all your life thinking that somewhere along that trail, if you'll only make the climb, you'll be able to see what was never there for anyone but a poet to see. No man is a poet more than once."

"I'm going up," he said. His face was strained.

"Don't be a fool," I said as brusquely as I could, "you'd only kill yourself."

"What if I did?"

I looked at him. He meant it. I said nothing more but when he left me at my hotel, hours later, he said, very wistfully, "Don't think I don't know what you mean, Roger."

He did not come for me the next evening. We had been dining together so regularly that I missed his strange distress and telephoned to his hotel. I put back the receiver, amazed. Mr. Landon was not in, I had learned. He had gone out more than an hour before. He had left word for me: I was to be told that he had gone to climb Mt. Paul.

I ate alone and wandered back to my hideous room. I played awhile with the thousands of notes I had made this month among the Territorial records, but soon I put them away. I went to the lobby for cigarettes and a magazine. Neither distracted me. The truth was, I could no longer laugh at that preposterous stoutness going out to scale the peak which had given him his one ecstasy. He would undoubtedly kill himself. He was too old, too fat. He would go on, clumsily, stubbornly, agonizingly, while his breath came with accelerating pain and the salt taste of blood was in his mouth, till something snapped in him.

I saw him plodding onward in the dark, this fat manufacturer of cement, utterly bemused by the memory of a girl and a white sweater. Well, I reflected, after the consummate absurdity of regretting that he had trapped Faith Donahue into fidelity, at least there was dignity in his pursuit of her shadow. He would find nothing of her along the Sunrise Climb, but I was irrationally glad that he had gone to look. That white sweater had lasted longer than the glory of making cement. It had outweighed the Polo and Hunt Club and outshone the art museum. It had dulled the luster of a wife who could go a second time to Europe. And it was strong enough still to pull him across the continent and up a mountain trail to his death. I hoped that the night would be kind to him, that the illusions he had cherished would bear another one and give him one moment after twenty years. I hoped that he might see that sweater once again, even though twenty years too late. I hoped that he might come through the night in safety and yet find peace from torment. But I thought of his paunch and his unhealthy cheeks.

The next morning I waked to a sharp anxiety. I telephoned to his hotel, anxiously hoping to hear his voice, but he had not returned. At once I was feverish. Should I ask the police to send out a searching party? Did I remember names of Toledo associates who could be notified? How did one reach a wife who was traveling in Europe?

I was nervous and truly grief-stricken when I reached the street. The druggist beckoned me and gave me the ounce of bergamot he had finally found. I came out from his shop and, as before, Mt. Paul stood up commandingly above the lesser peaks, sun-parched, hazy with heat-mirage, and inscrutable. I caught my breath at sight of it, and the pathos

of Frank Landon tightened my throat. That fat, unhappy millionaire, hell-ridden by the memory of one night's beauty, lost and damned his life long because he had kissed Faith Donahue, and now walking himself to death along the way he had walked, that night, with her. Resolution surged up in me. I found a taxi and bade the driver take me as near to the gulch where the trail began as he dared run his car.

I was still a mile from the gulch when I paid him off, with rolling foothills between. I was dressed in a business suit and oxfords, and the sun was intolerable. But I was going on, as far as I could. I shouted with relief when I saw three Boy Scouts heading in the same direction, on one of their inexplicable treks. They were young and tireless, fit to go as far as necessary, and I could hire them to make the search when I gave out. I shouted and waved them to me. They enlisted with me, round-eyed, delighted to have an adventure that matched their handbooks.

At the extremity of my strength I could not keep within fifty yards of them. My legs were agonized, and sweat had wilted my hat and shirt. The gulch was cooler, but its slope at once set my heart pounding. It was up here that Landon had come last night, as twenty years before. Along this hellish pathway of rock fragments he had bent his flabby knees upward to the peak. There had been no wheezing, no agony, twenty years ago—nothing but a white sweater bobbing dimly through the dark. But as I crawled onward I began to feel that he had done wisely. I forgave him his cement works and his idiocies and his illusions. I forgave him everything that had irritated me. For, I saw now, it was fitting that he should die in search of something beyond his understanding —that, after forty, restlessness should come upon him till he had expiated the treason he had done to his own youth. Strange that so great a fool could yet dive down into his own past and find there enough dignity to die well. That counted—it counted heavily. And I felt lonely, pitying him, but glad.

At last we came to the place where the trail climbed up the side of the gulch and struck off toward the peak. I remembered that it curved eleven times, above here, making the great zigzags that took it to the last appalling climb. I felt that I could endure to the first of those eleven curves. There I would wait and send the Boy Scouts on till they found him.

Yes, my reverie went on, almost Frank Landon had solved a secret that eluded most. Almost this fat man had dared to die in search of his own vanished youth and poetry. All the glamour of that one surpassing loveliness had reached out to him across twenty years and dragged him back from Toledo to himself.

At last, my feet swollen and aching, my legs tight as shrunken rawhide, and all my muscles trembling from the effort, we reached the first turn in the trail. I sank down between two stunted spruces and called in my Boy Scouts to give them instructions. But on their way back to me they stopped, gathered in a knot, and began to yell. Groaning, I ran to them.

He was stretching, yawning, lifting his head from the haversack on which it was pillowed. I saw the ashes of a fire in front of him. He lay there and blinked at me.

"Hello, Roger," he said stupidly. "Oh, my Lord, I'm sore. And hungry."

The Boy Scouts ran to make a fire, find water, and assure themselves a well-lived day by boiling him some coffee.

He had given up, it developed, right here, about eleven o'clock last night. He had built a fire and nursed his cramps and bruises till daybreak, when he had fallen asleep. Now, while he ate the Boy Scouts' meal, he howled in pain with each flexion of his muscles. His beard was stubbly. The ridiculous puttees he had bought slipped down on his calves in grimy wrinkles. Loam and moss had got into his hair. Twigs and leaves clung all along his back.

His groans on the way home were

pitiful, but I knew now that dying was no part of his role. I was sorry for him as one is sorry for all fat men in distress —just that. We found a telephone at the first house and summoned a taxi. At his hotel I could forget my own blisters long enough to help him undress. I rolled up the puttees, the breeches, the flannel shirt, and the preposterous hat, and dropped them into the wastebasket. He sat on the bed, shuddering as he fingered the outraged muscles of his legs and shoulders. They were, I knew by my own, efficient avenues of pain.

I set the hot water going in his bathtub. "It's what you need, Frank," I said. "Hot water is enough to cure you of everything that's wrong."

And indeed while he lay parboiling and I relaxed on his bed, comfort did come back to him. I heard his sighs and groans of satisfaction as the heat relaxed his muscles. I could guess at the less material healing.

He had been half an hour in the tub and I had been able to doze, when he spoke. I noted that already he was shouting again, though the door was not closed.

"Want to drive back with me, Roger? I'll show you a first-rate job of how to handle the niftiest straight-eight on balloon tires. By golly! I tell you—you come on to Toledo. I'm stagging it, and we'll have a hot time. Polo club, country club, sail on the lake, anything you say. What's your handicap? Ever been round in less than a hundred-twenty? Neither have I."

"You're going home, then?"

"Lord, a man can't stand Custis forever. Sure. Yep, by golly! I'll start to-morrow."

For just a moment the clangor of his voice dulled with a suggestion of the gloom with which I was more familiar. "I'll come back sometime and climb that damn peak. All a man needs is training. What? What did you say, Roger?"

"Nothing, Frank, nothing at all."

"You think I won't? You bet your sweet life I will. All it needs is training. Ow, God almighty!—rub my legs, will you? Massage them there below the knee."

I leaned over. The bottle the druggist had given me that morning fell from my pocket and smashed on the floor.

Landon sniffed drowsily from where he lay, relaxed in hot water that was healing him of his grievous hurts. "Hey," he said, "what's that smell?"

"Bergamot."

"Oh, yes. Say, what did you tell me it was?"

"Nothing," I said. "Only an old-fashioned perfume."

THE TRAINING OF YOUNG CHILDREN

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

ONE of the chief differences between modern educational theory and that of earlier times (except for the Jesuits) is the greater emphasis which the moderns place upon the first years of life. In this change practice has led the way and theory has followed suit. From Pestalozzi and Froebel down to the present day, the technic of kindergartens, children's houses, and nursery-schools has been more and more developed, not without a theoretical background it is true, but without the background suggested by modern psychology. I shall begin with the theory, and return subsequently to the practical problems of education.

Two diverse movements in psychology have led to the emphasis on infancy among scientific students of human nature. The two movements I mean are psychoanalysis and behaviorism. Both are part of the wider movement against the intellectualist theories which formerly prevailed among professors, though never among men of the world, statesmen, or love-makers. These men had need of *practical* psychology, and did not content themselves with an abstract appeal either to self-interest or to any other motive. From a theoretical point of view, there is not much logical force in the argument:

> What are all these kissings worth
> If thou kiss not me?

Nevertheless, the argument doubtless achieved its purpose.

It may be said, therefore, in a sense, that modern psychology consists of the discovery by the professors of what everybody else has always known. That is why it is so easy for everybody else to understand. People have always psychoanalyzed those whom they disliked, but the results were considered discreditable because of an official theory as to the nature of decent people's motives. Science has brought about the disappearance of this discredit, with the result that we are coming not to resent the application of psychoanalysis to ourselves. And *a fortiori* we do not mind its results being used to guard against dangers to our children. The study of mental diseases has led to the belief that they very frequently have their source in some emotional shock or bad environment during the first few years of life. The kind of mental damage which has to be treated by an alienist is, of course, exceptionally severe, but it is not different in kind from those minor injuries which produce mild instabilities or phobias or merely tiresome maladjustments and faults of character. In all these cases the cause is likely to be similar in kind to that which brings about really grave injury. Thus, we are led back to early childhood as a period when it is peculiarly easy to do harm to the character, of a kind that can be cured afterwards only by prolonged treatment and then, as a rule, imperfectly. To avoid the conditions which produce these bad results must, therefore, be one of the first cares of those who have charge of infants.

All this, however, is mainly negative. Psychoanalysis, as one would expect from its origin in the study of mental disease, is more concerned to avoid bad

effects than to produce good ones. Consequently, with some of its less scientific students, it has tended towards a new form of the doctrine that the child's nature should be left to develop spontaneously, the role of the adult being almost entirely confined to the provision of nourishment and an environment free from dangers. I do not believe that this is the most that can be done. The first step, undoubtedly, was to discover what *not* to do to the child; but the second is to discover what may be done with advantage. It is here, I think, that behavioristic psychology shows itself more constructive than psychoanalysis.

Whatever may be thought about behaviorism as ultimate truth, there can be no doubt that it supplies the only valid method for the study of animal and child psychology. Behaviorism as a method means two things: first, getting our data by external observation, not by "introspection"; second, seeking laws of externally observable behavior, not of "thought" or "feeling" or anything else not visible to an outsider. The necessity for the first of these is obvious whenever the animal or child concerned cannot speak; and even if a child can speak, he or she cannot be trusted to be accurate in self-observation, so that "introspection" is still not available as a source of data. The necessity for our second limitation, namely that we must not interpret our results in terms of thoughts or feelings, is a matter of scientific caution. What is verifiable about an animal is its behavior; so that a supposed law which brings in anything else is to that extent unverifiable. A man will say, "My dog is glad to see me again." If you ask, "How do you know he is glad?" the man will say, "Because he jumps and gives little barks and wags his tail." But in fact this is all that the man *knows;* he only infers that the dog is glad. You will learn to abstain from this inference if you wish to practice scientific austerity; or else you will give some purely behavioristic definition of "glad" in terms of the functioning of the glands and the viscera. And what applies to animals applies also to very young children, though with diminishing force as they grow older.

Now the behavioristic study of infants, particularly as conducted by Dr. John B. Watson, has shown that they have far less in the way of "instinct" than was formerly supposed, and that a great deal of what was formerly attributed to this source is really due to the influence of the environment, which may be called "education" in so far as the environment consists of or is created by adults of the same species. The whole thing becomes clearer if we contrast human beings with insects, which are the supreme examples of instinct. There are many species of insects in which each generation lives only during part of one summer, so that every member of the species is born into a world in which there are no adults. The insect, therefore, has to get on as best it may without any education at all, and for this purpose it has to rely wholly upon instinct. As a rule, it devotes itself to a life of pleasure and perishes miserably within a few days, sometimes not even interrupting the dance for meals. Among such animals there is no such thing as social tradition and no handing on of the lessons of experience. There are merely mechanisms which cause certain behavior in certain circumstances, this behavior being as a rule sufficient to secure the continuation of the species. But the method has the disadvantage that when circumstances change the animal does not find out how to adapt its behavior to the new environment. This is why, for example, it is comparatively easy to exterminate the mosquito.

Man is at the opposite end of the scale. Birds and mammals, in a state of nature, often receive education from their parents. Many kinds of birds are taught to fly. I have watched young sea gulls standing on rocks trying

to make up their minds to dive as their parents do, with just the same appearance of combined fear and adventurousness as is shown by a boy in a swimming pool. There is evidence that animals often learn from their parents which other animals are their natural enemies, and that they have, in many cases, no instinctive fear of them if they are brought up by hand. Everybody who has ever kept a female cat must be familiar with the spectacle of the mother teaching the kittens to catch mice. Thus, even in the more highly developed animals instinct does not play so great a part as was formerly supposed.

II

But in man this process of substituting experience for instinct has been carried much farther than in any of the lower animals, with a corresponding increase in the possible effectiveness of education. For practical purposes one may say that, in human beings, emotions take the place of instincts. Some situations rouse pleasurable emotions and some the reverse. The human infant—or the human adult, for that matter—tries all sorts of ways to procure the pleasant situations and avoid the unpleasant ones. Acts which have succeeded in either of these aims tend to be repeated, and so habits are formed. The newborn infant has no habits. He has a number of reflexes, and a very few "unlearned reactions," which are what remains to him in the way of instinct. But he acquires habits with remarkable rapidity, and habits once acquired may be very difficult to change. The first steps in education consist entirely in giving to the infant such habits as will be useful to him in later life, or at any rate so long as they persist—for some early habits drop off of themselves when the child learns to walk and talk. Within the limits of physical capacity almost any mode of behavior can be rendered habitual by having pleasant consequences attached to it. The infant is extraordinarily plastic just because his habits are not yet fixed. That is why infancy is of such paramount importance in the education of character—for character, in so far as it is amenable to education, consists almost entirely of the difference between good and bad habits.

In the acquisition of habits, in addition to the pleasure-pain mechanism, a very large part is played by suggestion. Whatever alarms a grown-up person will terrify a child. Tears in a grown-up person will produce a paroxysm of grief in a boy or girl of two or three years old. But the influence of suggestion is not so great in the first months, since it depends upon a certain understanding of adult behavior which comes only with experience. I should say that the force of suggestion is at its maximum between two and three, and after that slowly declines as the child's ego becomes more firmly established. The right use of suggestion and, still more, the right avoidance of it, is a matter of capital importance. An emotion which you are feeling yourself will be communicated to your child even if you are hardly aware of having given any expression to it, while the insincere expression of an emotion which you wish the child to feel remains quite without effect, or even produces the reaction called "negativism" in the books, which ordinary mortals call cussedness. The moral of this is: feel genuinely the emotions that you wish your child to feel; if you can't, entrust his education to someone who can. The first occasion of a new experience is especially important. The child's first thunderstorm (after he is old enough to notice it) should not be experienced in the presence of a person who minds thunderstorms, as this is capable of producing a dread of thunderstorms that may last through life. A person who is to be entrusted with the care of children should be placed in environments containing cows and dogs and cats and rats and mice and spiders and disqualified if she shows any alarm.

The same things applies to fear of the dark and other irrational phobias. None of these is instinctive, but all are easily caught from foolish adults.

Negativism is, in a sense, the opposite of suggestibility. It is the tendency of the child to offer opposition to anything the adults urge him to do. This arises partly from the natural desire for independence, partly from pleasure in being the center of a fuss, and partly from the fact that many of the things demanded by grown-ups are tiresome and bring no benefit visible to the child. Anxious parents create negativism by getting into a state of mind when their children don't eat or don't go to sleep. With regard to eating there should never be any difficulty if the right methods are adopted. Never urge a child to eat, but give rather the impression that you think him greedy and are reluctant to give him as much as he wants. Most adults, in fact, think children need more food than they do, and try to compel them to over-eat. If children are let alone they will eat enough, unless the food is bad. If they make a fuss, pay no attention, but seem not to see or hear them until they stop; a fuss that nobody notices soon grows boring.

The art of managing young children is one which requires both science and tact; neither separately is adequate. I do not think myself that it is wise to dispense with a certain element of authority. It is necessary to have meals at fixed times and bed at a fixed time; later, lessons have to be regular if it can be managed without making them hateful. A child will do without reluctance almost anything that he has the habit of doing; it is only in establishing the habit that authority comes in. A child's day—unless it is an exceptional holiday—ought to contain a good deal of fixed routine for the sake of physical health, avoidance of mental strain, and a certain positive happiness that children find in expectedness. This last is due to the fact that human beings feel safer if they can foretell the future; hence the belief in necromancy, divination, and science. Accordingly it gives a child more satisfaction to know when his dinner will be than to have it whenever he feels he wants it. Connected with this is the principle that your dealings with a child ought to proceed according to general rules that the child can appreciate, except in some obviously unprecedented situation. A parent or nurse who is capricious and subject to moods does not give the child the sense of understanding his environment that he derives from consistent behavior. In adolescence young people may want to be understood, but in infancy they want to understand, and for that reason they feel more contentment in an artificially regular environment.

A child's nature is a mixture of adventurousness and sense of dependence. Every healthy child is perpetually trying new things and giving himself small hurts in the process. But all his courage is within the framework of adult protection: away from the adults whom he knows, he will be terrified. The adult must be careful not to allow herself to enjoy the child's sense of dependence too much, because this sense ought to grow less with growth. On the contrary, the child's adventurousness should be encouraged, while the grown-ups take care—as far as possible in ways that are not noticed—to prevent such mishaps as might injure the child physically or spoil his nerve. Trivial mishaps are to be tolerated, since they are essential to the acquisition of skill. If mistakes are made in early education there is grave danger of producing adults with insufficient self-reliance, who will look round for a mother-substitute. Some men find it in a wife who mothers them, some in a routine career with small risks and small rewards, some in theological beliefs according to which they personally are the special objects of divine protection. These bad results may be produced equally by too much danger and by too much coddling. The danger to which a child is exposed should

be proportioned to his strength and skill, so that if he is clever he suffers nothing, and if he is not he suffers only a little. But his pleasures, as soon as he is old enough, ought to be such as he feels that he procures for himself, or at most with the help of other children. Adults will really assist in providing the right environment, but this ought not to be too strongly present to the child's consciousness. In this way enterprise and self-reliance can be developed increasingly as the years go by.

To return to the element of authority in the education of young children: where there exists a community of children, as in a nursery-school, a newcomer can be trusted to adapt himself to its customs through the example of the herd, so that good habits will be self-perpetuating and will require only gentle supervision. But in a family, especially a small family, this method is not available. Generally an adult who is cheerful, kindly, and vital can secure the co-operation of children through the mere force of suggestion, but sometimes this method will fail. In that case it may be necessary, for example, to carry the child to bed without wasting further argument upon the matter. Probably the child is tired and is really glad to get to bed. At any rate, bedtime soon comes to be accepted as a law of nature. But there should be plenty of warning that the time is approaching, and the child should not be interrupted when he is near the end of some construction upon which he has set his heart.

III

A rather difficult part of moral instruction is teaching children to behave well to one another. Left to themselves, they will grab all they can, and the strongest will get everything. I do not see how this problem can be dealt with by means of a purely self-regarding ethic. It is, of course, quite true that in later life if you attempt to be grasping beyond your strength you will be disliked; but if you are both grasping and strong you will be admired, and equestrian statues will be put up to you when you die. But I should not wish to teach a Nietzschean morality to my children, or to allow the superman of five to feel grand in tyrannizing over the slave of three. I should also not wish to teach to the stronger a morality of self-sacrifice, according to which he ought always to give way to the weaker. Such an attitude in a child, though it could be created by moral pressure from the adults, would seem to me morbid and a hindrance to self-development. The proper aim, I should say, is justice. Let the children take turns at anything that they cannot all enjoy at once. They soon come to feel that this is right and learn to do it even when no grown-ups are supervising them.

There is much that is not yet known as regards the moral instruction of children. The old view was that virtue consisted in resisting temptation; the modern view is that, if children are wisely handled, they will not feel any temptations to serious wrong-doing. This goes, of course, with a much greater toleration towards the natural activities of the young. If, for example, you teach them that they must never shout you will produce in them such a physical irritation that they are bound to break out in some undesirable way. They must have full play for their physical exuberance, and there must be as few prohibitions as possible. But granted all this, there remain certain things that must sooner or later be acquired by boys and girls if they are to be satisfactory adults. Perhaps the most important of these are kindness and industry. Let us consider each in turn.

With regard to kindness, I do not think it can be taught except through the medium of other children; kindness from a child to an adult is altogether too artificial except in rare circumstances. In a family kindness can be taught to all except the youngest by showing indignation when an older child ill-treats

a younger one. There is no need to search for reasons why children should be kind to one another; it is quite enough to show that you expect it. I have two children, a boy and a girl, the boy being two years the elder. The only occasions on which he has been spoken to with real severity have been occasions when he hit his sister or was otherwise physically unkind to her. Two or three such occasions sufficed; I do not think he has ever ill-treated her since his fourth birthday. But I do not know quite what the psychological effects have been. When other children are unkind to her he becomes blind with rage and will fiercely attack them even if they are much older than he is; this is the only thing that ever makes him really angry. Perhaps a foundation has been laid for chivalry towards the weak in later life; perhaps, on the other hand, there has been an undue curbing of natural egoism, which may produce an inability to stand up for himself when he should. Moreover, it is of the utmost importance to avoid giving children a sense of sin, and for this reason it is undesirable to employ methods which cause them to feel shame. Any curbing of natural impulses is attended by psychological dangers, and yet in a community of children the weaker must be protected. Even those who are most opposed to discipline in education admit this in practice. We cannot say until we have had more experience of modern methods what is the best way of dealing with this problem. One thing, however, can be said, and that is, that what needs teaching to young children is abstinence from unkind acts, not positive benevolence, which, if it can be taught at all, can certainly not be taught to the very young without turning them into hypocritical prigs.

Industry is a virtue not to be expected of children under the age of five, but the foundations for its later development ought to be laid as early as possible. There are three things that can be done, especially in the fourth and fifth years. First, provide the child with little problems which interest him and which are not too difficult. Secondly, when he has become interested in a problem, whether one that you have provided or one that he has found for himself, do not interrupt him while his interest lasts except for grave reason, such as that the house is on fire. Thirdly, do not help him except at an occasional crucial point, and then only when he is beginning to be discouraged by the failure of his own efforts. All these are commonplaces in Montessori schools and other modern schools for the very young, but they are not yet sufficiently understood by many parents. Careless parents interrupt ruthlessly, and careful ones give too much help. The more one has to do with children, the more one learns to let them alone.

In this connection, there are two schools of thought as to answering children's questions. Some say they should always be answered; others say they should be met by a Socratic attempt to lead the child to find the answers for himself. This latter method is admirable where the matter is one as to which the child could find the answer. But there are a great many things children wish to know—such as the names of flowers and animals—which they cannot possibly discover for themselves. While they are too young to use books such questions, I maintain, ought to be answered. Later on, I should provide them with books of botany, zoölogy, geography, history, etc., and encourage them to find out the answers to their questions for themselves. It is certainly easy to produce a type of laziness by supplying information too easily and too readily. On the other hand, if the effort required is too great, children will not make it and their intellectual curiosity will dry up. The conclusion is that methods must change as the children grow older, more and more being left to their own initiative as they become more proficient.

If one makes a practice of answering children's questions one soon discovers that most of them are not asked with a view to the information conveyed by the answer. There is more pleasure in asking an old question than a new one, because it is interesting to see whether the same answer will be given, especially if different persons are questioned on the two occasions. If the child can get two independent witnesses to a strange story he feels more inclined to believe it. But even repeated asking of the same question to the same person is a pleasure, particularly if the person forgets that he has been asked the question before. Children, like men of science, are pleased whenever they discover an example of the uniformity of nature, and they are delighted if their fathers always give the same response to the same stimulus. Many fathers, when they find out, are annoyed, as they have been priding themselves on their success in adapting their answers to the infant mind. But a father with a properly scientific outlook will be glad that his conduct should afford examples of the reign of law to his offspring.

To return to the question of industry: if a boy or girl is to be industrious at lessons later on it is necessary to avoid nervous fatigue, to provide a fairly uniform routine, and not to permit too many passive pleasures. I mean by "passive" pleasures all those that do not consist, at least in part, of activity on the part of the child. Reading, in later life, is a passive pleasure, but is an active pleasure to a child that cannot yet read with ease. Acting is an active pleasure, but going to a theater is not. Passive pleasures may be very exciting, all the more because they do not supply their own muscular outlet. Those that are exciting should be rare in a child's life, though not wholly absent, since they are capable of stimulating artistic imagination. Altogether, excitement, variety, and distraction are dangerous except in moderation. In particular, they militate against concentration and against intellectual interests. A child needs to grow like a tree, quietly, in one spot, at his own pace and in his own manner. Many a child's intellectual progress would have been satisfactory but for the eagerness of parents and teachers in trying to give too many kinds of things at once. This is perhaps the chief reason why parents of exceptional intelligence generally have *blasé* children. Boredom is not half so bad for a child as over-stimulation.

There is one point that I consider more important than any that I have mentioned so far, and that is that, from the age of two onward, children should spend a great part of their day in the society of their contemporaries. This is impossible in a family unless there are twins. This is the chief matter in which a large administrative change is called for. Children cannot be free in an adult environment: there are things they must not break, taps they must not turn on, hours when noise is forbidden, and so on. To secure a maximum of liberty for them it is necessary to provide the sort of environment that is possible only in a nursery-school. Moreover, most of the necessary education of character comes best from children of the same age. Older and younger children have a part to play, but not nearly so important a part, since they cannot give experience in equal co-operation. And when once good habits have grown up in a nursery-school the example of the others is sufficient for newcomers. Such a school, therefore, needs to grow gradually from a small number who can be carefully watched and trained until it can carry larger numbers along with it by its own momentum. For the physical health and for the mental and moral development of the population, it is difficult to imagine anything more beneficial than the right kind of nursery-school. And this applies to the well-to-do almost as much as to others.

SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

THIS is not a homily on lying. It is a presentation of one of the most difficult questions that confront the physician. Should doctors tell patients the truth? Were I on the witness stand and obliged to answer the question with "yes" or "no," I should answer in the negative and appeal to the judge for permission to qualify my answer. The substance of this article is what that qualification would be.

Though few are willing to make the test, it is widely held that if the truth were more generally told, it would make for world-welfare and human betterment. We shall probably never know. To tell the whole truth is often to perpetrate a cruelty of which many are incapable. This is particularly true of physicians. Those of them who are not compassionate by nature are made so by experience. They come to realize that they owe their fellow-men justice, and graciousness, and benignity, and it becomes one of the real satisfactions of life to discharge that obligation. To do so successfully they must frequently withhold the truth from their patients, which is tantamount to telling them a lie. Moreover, the physician soon learns that the art of medicine consists largely in skillfully mixing falsehood and truth in order to provide the patient with an amalgam which will make the metal of life wear and keep men from being poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, unpleasing to themselves and to those who love them. I propose therefore to deal with the question from a pragmatic, not a moral standpoint.

"Now you may tell me the truth," is one of the things patients have frequently said to me. Four types of individuals have said it: those who honestly and courageously want to know so that they may make as ready as possible to face the wages of sin while there is still time; those who do not want to know, and who if they were told would be injured by it; those who are wholly incapable of receiving the truth. Finally, those whose health is neither seriously disordered nor threatened. It may seem an exaggeration to say that in forty years of contact with the sick, the patients I have met who are in the first category could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The vast majority who demand the truth really belong in the fourth category, but there are sufficient in the second—with whom my concern chiefly is—to justify considering their case.

One of the astonishing things about patients is that the more serious the disease, the more silent they are about its portents and manifestations. The man who is constantly seeking assurance that the vague abdominal pains indicative of hyperacidity are not symptoms of cancer often buries family and friends, some of whom have welcomed death as an escape from his burdensome iterations. On the other hand, there is the man whose first warning of serious disease is lumbago who cannot be persuaded to consult a physician until the disease, of which the lumbago is only a symptom, has so far progressed that it is beyond surgery. The seriousness of disease may be said to stand in direct relation

to the reticence of its possessor. The more silent the patient, the more serious the disorder.

The patient with a note-book, or the one who is eager to tell his story in great detail, is rarely very ill. They are forever asking, "Am I going to get well?" and though they crave assistance they are often unable to accept it. On the other hand, patients with organic disease are very chary about asking point blank either the nature or the outcome of their ailment. They sense its gravity, and the last thing in the world they wish to know is the truth about it; and to learn it would be the worst thing that could happen to them.

This was borne in upon me early in my professional life. I was summoned one night to assuage the pain of a man who informed me that he had been for some time under treatment for rheumatism—that cloak for so many diagnostic errors. His "rheumatism" was due to a disease of the spinal cord called locomotor ataxia. When he was told that he should submit himself to treatment wholly different from that which he had been receiving, the import of which any intelligent layman would have divined, he asked neither the nature nor the probable outcome of the disease. He did as he was counselled. He is now approaching seventy and, though not active in business, it still engrosses him.

Had he been told that he had a disease which was then universally believed to be progressive, apprehension would have depressed him so heavily that he would not have been able to offer the resistance to its encroachment which has stood him in such good stead. He was told the truth only in part. That is, he was told his "rheumatism" was "different"; that it was dependent upon an organism quite unlike the one that causes ordinary rheumatism; that we have preparations of mercury and arsenic which kill the parasite responsible for this disease, and that if he would submit himself to their use, his life would not be materially shortened, or his efficiency seriously impaired.

Many experiences show that patients do not want the truth about their maladies, and that it is prejudicial to their well-being to know it, but none that I know is more apposite than that of a lawyer, noted for his urbanity and resourcefulness in Court. When he entered my consulting room, he greeted me with a bonhomie that bespoke intimacy, but I had met him only twice—once on the golf links many years before, and once in Court where I was appearing as expert witness, prejudicial to his case.

He apologized for engaging my attention with such a triviality, but he had had pain in one shoulder and arm for the past few months, and though he was perfectly well—and had been assured of it by physicians in Paris, London, and Brooklyn—this pain was annoying and he had made up his mind to get rid of it. That I should not get a wrong slant on his condition, he submitted a number of laboratory reports furnished him by an osteopath to show that secretions and excretions susceptible of chemical examinations were quite normal. His determination seemed to be to prevent me from taking a view of his health which might lead me to counsel his retirement. He was quite sure that anything like a thorough examination was unnecessary but he submitted to it. It revealed intense and extensive disease of the kidneys. The pain in the network of nerves of the left upper-arm was a manifestation of the resulting auto-intoxication.

I felt it incumbent upon me to tell him that his condition was such that he should make a radical change in his mode of life. I told him if he would stop work, spend the winter in Honolulu, go on a diet suitable to a child of three years, and give up exercise, he could look forward confidently to a recovery that would permit of a life of usefulness and activity in his profession. He assured me he could not believe that one who felt no worse than he did should have to make such a

radical change in his mode of life. He impressed upon me that I should realize he was the kind of person who had to know the truth. His affairs were so diversified and his commitments so important that he *must* know. Completely taken in, I explained to him the relationship between the pain from which he sought relief and the disease, the degeneration that was going on in the excretory mechanisms of his body, how these were struggling to repair themselves, the procedure of recovery and how it could be facilitated. The light of life began to flicker from the fear that my words engendered, and within two months it sputtered and died out. He was the last person in the world to whom the truth should have been told. Had I lied to him, and then intrigued with his family and friends, he might be alive to-day.

II

The longer I practice medicine the more I am convinced that every physician should cultivate lying as a fine art. But there are many varieties of lying. Some are most prejudicial to the physician's usefulness. Such are: pretending to recognize the disease and understand its nature when one is really ignorant; asserting that one has effected the cure which nature has accomplished, or claiming that one can effect cure of a disease which is universally held to be beyond the power of nature or medical skill; pronouncing disease incurable which one cannot rightfully declare to be beyond cessation or relief.

There are other lies, however, which contribute enormously to the success of the physician's mission of mercy and salvation. There are a great number of instances in support of this but none more convincing than that of a man of fifty who, after twenty-five years of devotion to painting, decided that penury and old age were incompatible for him. Some of his friends had forsaken art for advertising. He followed their lead and in five years he was ready to gather the first ripe fruit of his labor. When he attempted to do so he was so immobilized by pain and rigidity that he had to forego work. One of those many persons who assume responsibility lightly assured him that if he would put himself in the hands of a certain osteopath he would soon be quite fit. The assurance was without foundation. He then consulted a physician who without examining him proceeded to treat him for what is considered a minor ailment.

Within two months his appearance gave such concern to his family that he was persuaded to go to a hospital, where the disease was quickly detected, and he was at once submitted to surgery. When he had recovered from the operation, learning that I was in the country of his adoption, he asked to see me. He had not been able, he said, to get satisfactory information from the surgeon or the physician; all that he could gather from them was that he would have to have supplementary X-ray or radium treatment. What he desired was to get back to his business which was on the verge of success, and he wanted assurance that he could soon do so.

He got it. And more than that, he got elaborate explanation of what surgical intervention had accomplished, but not a word of what it had failed to accomplish. A year of activity was vouchsafed him, and during that time he put his business in such shape that its eventual sale provided a modest competency for his family. It was not until the last few weeks that he knew the nature of his malady. Months of apprehension had been spared him by the deception, and he had been the better able to do his work, for he was buoyed by the hope that his health was not beyond recovery. Had he been told the truth, black despair would have been thrown over the world in which he moved, and he would have carried on with corresponding ineffectiveness.

The more extensive our field of observation and the more intimate our

contact with human activity, the more we realize the finiteness of the human mind. Every follower of Hippocrates will agree that "judgment is difficult and experience fallacious." A disease may have only a fatal ending, but one does not know; one may know that certain diseases, such as general paresis, invariably cause death, but one does not know that to-morrow it may no longer be true. The victim may be reprieved by accidental or studied discovery or by the intervention of something that still must be called divine grace.

A few years ago physicians were agreed that diabetes occurring in children was incurable; recently they held that the disease known as pernicious anæmia always ended fatally; but now, armed with an extract from the pancreas and the liver, they go out to attack these diseases with the kind of confidence that David had when he saw the Philistine approach.

We have had enough experience to justify the hope that soon we shall be able to induce a little devil who is manageable to cast out a big devil who is wholly out of hand—to cure general paresis by inoculating the victim with malaria, and to shape the course of some varieties of sleeping sickness by the same means.

I am thankful for many valuable lessons learned from my early teachers. One of them was an ophthalmologist of great distinction. I worked for three years in his clinic. He was the most brutally frank doctor I have known. He could say to a woman, without the slightest show of emotion, that she was developing a cataract and would eventually be blind. I asked a colleague who was a co-worker in the clinic at that time and who has since become an eminent specialist, if all these patients developed complete opacity of the crystalline lens.

"Not one half of them," said he. "In many instances the process is so slow that the patient dies before the cataract arrives; in others it ceases to progress. It is time enough for the patient to know he has cataract when he knows for himself that he is going blind. Then I can always explain it to him in such a way that he does not have days of apprehension and nights of sleeplessness for months while awaiting operation. I have made it a practice not to tell a patient he has cataract."

"Yes, but what do you tell them when they say they have been to Doctor Smith who tells them they have cataract and they have come to you for denial or corroboration?"

"I say to them, 'You have a beginning cloudiness of the lens of one eye. I have seen many cases in which the opacity progressed no farther than it has in your case; I have seen others which did not reach blindness in twenty years. I shall change your glasses, and I think you will find that your vision will be improved.'"

And then he added, "In my experience there are two things patients cannot stand being told: that they have cataract or cancer."

There is far less reason for telling them of the former than the latter. The hope for victims of the latter is bound up wholly in early detection and surgical interference. That is one of the most cogent reasons for bi-yearly thorough physical examination after the age of forty-five. Should we ever feel the need of a new law in this country, the one I suggest would exact such examination. The physician who detects malignant disease in its early stages is never justified in telling the patient the real nature of the disease. In fact, he does not know himself until he gets the pathologist's report. Should that indicate grave malignancy no possible good can flow from sharing that knowledge with the patient.

It is frequently to a patient's great advantage to know the truth in part, for it offers him the reason for making a radical change in his mode of life, sometimes a burdensome change. But not once in a hundred instances is a physi-

cian justified in telling a patient point blank that he has epilepsy, or the family that he has dementia præcox, until after he has been under observation a long time, unless these are so obvious that even a layman can make the diagnosis. We do not know the real significance of either disease, or from what they flow—we know that so many of them terminate in dementia that the outlook for all of them is bad. But we also know that many cases so diagnosticated end in complete recovery; and that knowledge justifies us in withholding from a patient the name and nature of his disorder until we are beyond all shadow of doubt.

Patients who are seriously ill are greedy for assurance even when it is offered half-heartedly. But those who have ailments which give the physician no real concern often cannot accept assurance. Not infrequently I have been unable to convince patients with nervous indigestion that their fears and concern were without foundation, and yet, years later when they developed organic disease, and I became really concerned about them, they assured me that I was taking their ailments too seriously.

There was a young professor whose acquaintance I made while at a German university. When he returned he took a position as professor in one of the well-known colleges for women. After several years he consulted me for the relief of symptoms which are oftentimes associated with gastric ulcer. It required no elaborate investigation to show that in this instance the symptoms were indicative of an imbalance of his nervous system. He refused to be assured and took umbrage that he was not given a more thorough examination each time that he visited me. Finally he told me that he would no longer attempt to conceal from me that he understood fully my reasons for making light of the matter. It was to throw him off the track, as it were. No good was to be accomplished from trying to deceive him; he realized the gravity of the situation and he was man enough to confront it. He would not show the white feather, and he was entitled to know the truth.

But the more it was proffered him, the greater was his resistance to it. He gave up his work and convinced his family and friends that he was seriously ill. They came to see me in relays; they also refused to accept the truth. They could understand why I told the patient the matter was not serious, but to them I could tell the facts. It was their right to know, and I could depend upon them to keep the knowledge from the patient and to work harmoniously with me.

My failure with my patient's friends was as great as with the patient himself. Fully convinced his back was to the wall, he refused to be looked upon as a lunatic or a hypochondriac and he decided to seek other counsel. He went from specialist to naturopath, from electrotherapist to Christian Scientist, from sanatorium to watering place and, had there been gland doctors and chiropractors in those days, he would have included them as well. Finally, he migrated to the mountains of Tennessee, and wooed nature. Soon I heard of him as the head of a school which was being run on novel pedagogic lines; character-building and health were the chief aims for his pupils; scholastic education was incidental. He began writing and lecturing about his work and his accomplishments, and soon achieved considerable notoriety. I saw him occasionally when he came north and sometimes referred to his long siege of ill-health and how happily it had terminated. He always made light of it, and declared that in one way it had been a very good thing: had it not been for that illness he would never have found himself, never have initiated the work which was giving him repute, happiness, and competency.

One summer I asked him to join me for a canoe trip down the Allegash River. Some of the "carrys" in those days were rather stiff. After one of them I saw that my friend was semi-prostrated and flustered. On questioning him, I learned

that he had several times before experienced disagreeable sensations in the chest and in the head after hard manual labor, such as chopping trees or prying out rocks. He protested against examination but finally yielded. I reminded myself how different it was fifteen years before when he clamored for examination and seemed to get both pleasure and satisfaction from it, particularly when it was elaborate and protracted. He had organic disease of the heart, both of the valve-mechanism and of the muscle. His tenure of life depended largely on the way he lived. To counsel him successfully it was necessary to tell him that his heart had become somewhat damaged. He would not have it. "When I was really ill you made light of it, and I could not get you interested. But now, when I am well, you want me to live the life of a dodo. I won't do it. My heart is quite all right, a little upset no doubt by the fare we have had for the past two weeks, but as soon as I get back to normal I shall be as fit as you are, perhaps more so."

We returned to New York and I persuaded him to see a specialist, who was no more successful in impressing him with the necessity of careful living than I was. In despair, I wrote to his wife. She who had been so solicitous, so apprehensive, and so deaf to assurance during the illness that was of no consequence wrote, "I am touched by your affectionate interest, but Jerome seems so well that I have not the heart to begin nagging him again, and it fills me with terror lest he should once more become introspective and self-solicitous. I am afraid if I do what you say that it might start him off again on the old tack, and the memory of those two years frightens me still."

He died about four years later without the benefit of physician.

III

No one can stand the whole truth about himself; why should we think he can tolerate it about his health, and even though he could, who knows the truth? Physicians have opinions based upon their own and others' experience. They should be chary of expressing those opinions to sick persons until they have studied their psychology and are familiar with their personality. Even then it should always be an opinion, not a sentence. Doctors should be detectives and counsellors, not juries and judges.

Though often it seems a cruelty, the family of the patient to whom the truth is not and should not be told are entitled to the facts or what the physician believes to be the facts. At times, they must conspire with him to keep the truth from the patient, who will learn it too soon no matter what skill they display in deception. On the other hand, it is frequently to the patient's great advantage that the family should not know the depth of the physician's concern, lest their unconcealable apprehension be conveyed to the patient and then transformed into the medium in which disease waxes strong—fear. Now and then the good doctor keeps his own counsel. It does not profit the family of the man whose coronary arteries are under suspicion to be told that he has angina pectoris. If the patient can be induced to live decorously, the physician has discharged his obligation.

IV

I recall so many instances when the truth served me badly that I find it difficult to select the best example. On reflection, I have decided to cite the case of a young man who consulted me shortly after his marriage.

He was sane in judgment, cheerful in disposition, full of the desire to attract those who attracted him. Anything touching on the morbid or "unnatural" was obviously repellent to him. His youth had been a pleasant one, surrounded by affection, culture, understanding, and wealth. When he graduated he had not made up his mind what he wanted

to do in the world. After a year of loafing and traveling he decided to become an engineer. He matriculated at one of the technical schools, and his work there was satisfactory to himself and to his professors.

He astonished his intimates shortly after obtaining a promising post by marrying a woman a few years older than himself who was known to some of them as a devotee of bohemian life that did not tally with the position in society to which she was entitled by family and wealth. She had been a favorite with men but she had a reputation of not being the "marrying kind."

My friend fell violently in love with her, and her resistance went down before it. His former haunts knew him no more, and I did not see him for several months. Then, late one evening, he telephoned to say that it was of the greatest importance to him to consult me. He arrived in a state of repressed excitement. He wanted it distinctly understood that he came to me as a client, not as a friend. I knew, of course, that he had married. This, he confessed, had proved a complete failure, and now his wife had gone away and with another woman, one whom he had met constantly at her home during his brief and tempestuous courtship.

I attempted to explain to him that she had probably acted on impulse; that the squabbles of early matrimony which often appeared to be tragedies, were adjustable and, fortunately, nearly always adjusted.

"Yes," said he, "but you don't understand. There hasn't been any row. My wife told me shortly after marrying me that she had made a mistake, and she has told me so many times since. I thought at first it was caprice. Perhaps I should still have thought so were it not for this letter." He then handed me a letter. I did not have to read between the lines to get the full significance of its content. It set forth briefly, concretely, and explicitly her reasons for leaving. Life without her former friend was intolerable, and she did not propose to attempt it longer.

He knew there were such persons in the world, but what he wanted to know from me was, Could they not, if properly and prudently handled, be brought to feel and love like those the world calls normal? Was it not possible that her conduct and confession were the result of a temporary derangement and that indulgent handling of her would make her see things in the right light? She had not alienated his love even though she had forfeited his respect; and he did not attempt to conceal from me that if the tangle could not be straightened out he felt that his life had been a failure.

I told him the truth about this enigmatic gesture of nature, that the victims of this strange abnormality are often of great brilliancy and charm, and most companionable; that it is not a disease and, therefore, cannot be cured.

In this instance, basing my opinion upon what his wife had told him both in speech and in writing, I was bound to believe that she was one of the strange sisterhood, and that it was her birthright as well as her misfortune. Such being the case, I could only advise what I thought might be best for their mutual and individual happiness. I suggested that divorce offered the safest way out for both. He replied that he felt competent to decide that for himself; all that he sought from me was enlightenment about her unnatural infatuation. This I had only too frankly given him.

Two days later his body with a pistol wound in the right temple was found in a field above Weehawken.

That day I regretted that I had not lied to him. It is a day that has had frequent anniversaries.

THE LITTLE GIRL FROM TOWN

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

"I WONDER who that is coming here," Mrs. Sieverson said looking out of the kitchen window.

"Somebody coming?" Mr. Sieverson asked from the sink. "Oh, I guess that's Dave Lindsay, ain't it? He said he'd be out."

"Yes, but he's got someone with him. Oh! I believe it's that little girl from back East somewhere that's visiting them. Leone! Children!"

Mr. Sieverson went outdoors, and then Mrs. Sieverson and, by the time the car stopped, rounding the drive, all four children were on hand from somewhere. Even Marvin and Clyde, the two boys.

"Anybody home?" Mr. Lindsay called out jovially.

"You bet!"

They were all looking at the little girl in the car beside him. They had heard about this little girl, and how "cute" she was. Her mother was some relative of Mrs. Lindsay. Leone and Vila looked at her eagerly. The boys hung back but they wanted to see her. Mr. Lindsay was proud. He said:

"Well, sir, I've got somebody along with me!"

"I see you have!" Mr. Sieverson answered with shy heavy jocularity and Mrs. Sieverson asked, "Is this the little girl been visiting you?"

"This is the little girl! But I don't know whether she's visiting or not. I've just about made up my mind I'll keep her!"

They all laughed appreciatively. Leone pulled her mother's dress. She wanted her mother to ask if the little girl couldn't get out and play with them. "Now, don't. We'll see," Mrs. Sieverson whispered. The little girl was so pretty sitting there with her soft golden-brown hair and her cream-white dress that Mr. and Mrs. Sieverson were both shy of saying anything directly to her. Mr. Sieverson cried, still trying conscientiously to joke:

"Well, ain't you going to get out?"

Mr. Lindsay asked, "Well! — shall we, Patricia?"

The little girl looked gravely at the other little girls, and then nodded.

"All right, sir! Patricia's the boss! I've got to do as she says."

She consented to smile at that, and the two boys giggled. Mr. Lindsay lifted her out of the car. She put her arms around his neck, and her little legs and her feet in their shiny black slippers dangled as he swung her to the ground. The children felt shy when he set her down among them. Mr. and Mrs. Sieverson didn't quite know what to say.

"*There* she is! This is the first time this little girl has ever been out to a farm. What do you think of that, Marvin?"

Marvin grinned, and backed off a few steps.

"Yes, sir! But she and Uncle Dave have great times driving round together, don't they?"

The little girl looked up at him and then smiled and nodded her head with a subtle hint of mischief.

"You bet we do! We have great times."

The Sieversons all stood back in a group shyly grinning and admiring. Leone's eyes were as eager as if she were looking at a big doll in a store window. They had never seen any child as pretty as this one, and Mr. Lindsay knew it and was brimming with pride. Her short dress of creamy linen, tied with a red-silk cord at the neck and embroidered with patches of bright Russian colors, melted its fairness into the pure lovely pallor of her skin. The sleeves were so short that almost the whole of her soft, round, tiny arms was bare. Her hair was of fine gold streaked and overlaid with brown—the color of a straw stack with the darker richer brown on top—but every hair lay fine and perfect, the thick bangs waved slightly on her forehead, and the long soft bob curved out like a shining flower bell and shook a little when she moved her head. Her skin wasn't one bit sunburned, and so white and delicately grained that there seemed to Vila, in awe, to be a little frost upon it . . . like the silver bloom on wildflower petals, picked in cool places, that smudged when she rubbed it with her fingers.

Mr. Lindsay became businesslike now that he was out of the car. "Well, Henry," he said, "you got it all figured up and ready to show me? I think we've got Appleton where we can make a deal all right."

"Yeah, I guess it's ready."

While the two men talked the little girl stood beside Mr. Lindsay, her hand still in his, with a grave, trustful, wondering look. Leone, smiling at her, was getting closer. Mr. Lindsay seemed to remember her then and looked down at her.

"Well, Patricia, what about you while I'm looking after my business?" He smiled then at the other children. "Think you can find something to do with all these kids here?"

Leone looked up at him and her blue eyes pleaded brightly in her eagerness. "I guess they's plenty of them to look after her," Mr. Sieverson said shyly but still grinning. "They can entertain her," Mrs. Sieverson put in. She could do the baking without Leone this morning, she thought rapidly but feeling hurried and anxious.

"You going to play with them for a while, are you?" Mr. Lindsay felt responsible for Patricia. All the same he wanted her off his mind for a while until he had finished his business. "I don't know whether—"

"Oh, Leone'll look after her," Mrs. Sieverson assured him, and Mr. Sieverson repeated, "Sure! She'll be all right with Leone."

Leone came up now, smiling eagerly and with a sweetness that transformed her thin freckled face. She shook back the wisps of uneven, tow-colored hair. She took the little girl's hand protectingly and confidingly in her hot palm that had a gleam of dusty perspiration along the life-line and the heart-line. The tiny hand felt like a soft warm bit of silk—or a flower.

"That's right! Uncle Dave won't be gone long. Don't take her out where it's too hot, kids. You know she isn't used to things the way you are."

"No, you be careful," Mrs. Sieverson warned them.

"Will you go with Leone?" The little girl did not say that she would or wouldn't, but she was courteous and did not draw back. "You'll be all right! *You'll* have a good time! Oh, I guess Uncle Dave didn't tell these kids who you were, did he? This is Patricia."

"Can you say that?" Mrs. Sieverson asked—doubting if *she* could.

Vila drew shyly back, with one shoulder higher than the other; but Leone laughed in delight. "I can say it!" She nodded. She squeezed Patricia's hand.

"You can say it, can you? All right, then. Well now, you kids can show this little girl what good times you can have on the farm. That so? All right then, Henry."

Mrs. Sieverson went into the house to get back to her baking. She had a lot to do to-day. She wasn't at all worried about leaving their little visitor so long as Leone was with her. But she turned to call back to the children, who were still silently grouped about Patricia in the driveway:

"You better stay in the yard with her. Mr. Lindsay won't like it if she gets her dress dirty. Leone! You hear me?"

"I heard. Do you want to come into the yard, Patricia? You do, don't you?" Leone asked coaxingly.

Patricia went soberly with her. Her eyes, gray with threads of violet in the clear iris, were looking all about silently. Her little hand lay quiet but with confidence in Leone's. The other children followed, the boys lagging behind, but coming all the same.

"There now! Here's just the nicest shady place, and Patricia can sit here, can't she, and just be so nice?" Leone placed Patricia in the round patterned shade of an apple tree, and spread out her linen dress, making it perfectly even all around, and carefully drew out her little legs straight in front of her with the shiny black slippers close together. "There!" she said proudly. "See?"

She sat down on one side of Patricia, and then Vila shyly and with a sidelong confiding smile sat down on the other. The boys hung back together.

"Leone!" Mrs. Sieverson called from the house. "Ain't you got something to entertain her with? Why don't you get your dolls?"

"Do you want to see our dolls, Patricia?"

So far Patricia had been consenting but silent. "You go in and get them, Vila," Leone ordered and when Vila whined, "I don't want to!" she said, "Yes, you have to. I can't leave her. I have to take care of her. Don't I, Patricia?" But when Vila came back with the scanty assortment of dolls Patricia looked at them and then reached out her hand for the funny cloth boy doll in the knitted sweater suit. The boys laughed proudly and looked at each other, the way they had done when the swan in the park at Swea City took the piece of sandwich they put on the water for it. "Isn't that doll cute, Patricia?" Leone begged eagerly.

Patricia touched its black-embroidered eyes, and its red-embroidered lips—done in outline stitch—and then looked up at the eager, watching children and smiled with that gleam of mischief.

The boys laughed again. They all came around closer. "That's mine," Vila said softly. She reached over and touched the big stuffed cloth doll, with the hair colored yellow and the cheeks bright red, that was smooth along the top and bottom sides like a fish but crisp along the edges from the seams. Patricia took it and looked at it. She looked at every one of their dolls—there were five, one of them was a six-inch bisque doll from the ten-cent store—and then smiled again.

"I'll bet you have nice dolls at home, haven't you, Patricia?" Leone said in generous worship. "I'll bet you've got lots nicer dolls than we have."

Patricia spoke for the first time. The children listened, with bright eager eyes wide open, to each soft little word.

"I have fifteen dolls."

Marvin said, "Gee!"

"Have you got them named?" Vila leaned over the grass toward Patricia, and then quickly hitched herself back, frightened at the sound of her own voice asking the question.

"Oh, yes, I always name my dolls," Patricia assured them. "My dolls have beautiful names. They're all the names of the great actresses and singers." And she began gravely to repeat them. "Geraldine Farrar, and Maria Jeritza, and Eva LeGallienne, and Amelita Galli-Curci—"

While she was saying them the boys looked at each other over her head, their eyes glinting, their mouths stretched into grins of smothered amusement, until Clyde broke into giggles.

Leone was indignant. "Those are *lovely* names! I think Patricia was just wonderful to think of them!"

Vila stretched across the grass again. She touched the cloth doll and drew back her fingers as quickly as if it were hot. "Her name's Dor'thy," she whispered.

After Patricia's gracious acceptance of the dolls the children wanted to show her all the treasures they had—even those they had never told anyone else about. Everything, they felt, would receive a kind of glory from her approval. They liked to repeat her name now. "Patricia." "She wants to see the little pigs. Don't you, Patricia?" "Aw, she does not! Do you, Patricia? She wants to see what I've got to make a radio." Patricia looked from one to the other with her violet-gray eyes and let the others answer for her. But after a while she said with a cool, gentle, royal decision:

"No. I don't want to go anywhere. I want to stay right here in this round shade."

The children were highly delighted. They began to bring their treasures to her. Vila had run off to the edge of the garden and dug up two glass precious stones she had buried there, but when she came back to Patricia she was too shy to show them and kept them hidden in her hot little hand that got sticky and black from the earth clinging to them. The boys were getting quite bold. Marvin said:

"I bet you never saw a mouse nest, Patricia."

"Patricia doesn't care anything about that," Leone said impatiently. "I wish you boys would go off somewhere anyway and let *us* look after Patricia."

"I can show it to you, Patricia."

"*She* doesn't want to see that!"

"Yes, I do," Patricia assured them with an innocent courtesy that made Clyde giggle again.

The boys ran off to the woodshed to get it. It was all made of wound-about string and little bits of paper and a soft kind of woolly down. Patricia examined it with her large grave eyes. She reached out one finger toward it delicately, and drew the finger back. She looked up at the boys.

"What is it?" she breathed.

"A mouse nest," Marvin said nonchalantly.

He held it carefully in his brown sturdy hands, partly to keep it together, but more because he liked to have Patricia's soft little fingers come near his. They were as smooth as silk, and rosy at the tips as the pointed petals of the dog-tooth violets he had found near the little creek in the woods, when he was out there one day last April all alone. A happy shiver went over him at the thought of their touching him, silvery and cool.

"Do the mouses—*mices*—live in it?"

"Sure! They did before we took it away."

"Oh, but can't they live in it any more? What will the mices do?"

"Gee! What can they do?" Marvin swaggered. Clyde giggled.

Her pink mouth opened into a distressed O. She looked from one to the other for help, and the violet in her eyes deepened. "But they won't have anywhere to live! You must put it back." She was very serious.

"Shoot! Why, they've run off somewheres else by this time!"

What did it matter about mice anyhow? Gee, they were something to get rid of! Why did she suppose pop kept all those cats and fed 'em, if it wasn't to get rid of the mice? But she looked so distressed that Leone, with an angry glance at the boys, assured her hastily, leaning over and hugging her:

"No, they haven't, Patricia! Boys just like to say things like that."

"Aw, gee—!"

"But what will the mices *do*?"

"The boys'll put the nest back, and then the mice'll come there," Leone warmly promised her. She didn't care if it wasn't true.

The boys had never heard anything so funny in their lives. Gee whiz! They

despised her for such ignorance, and could hardly keep from laughing, and yet they felt uneasily ashamed of themselves for they didn't quite know what. They had just wanted to bring her the mouse nest to make her interested and then to show her, too, that they weren't afraid of things most people didn't want to touch. But they seemed to be out of favor. They hung around while the girls talked a lot of silly talk, and laid all the dolls out in the grass in front of them.

"I'll bet you've got awful pretty clothes for your dolls, haven't you, Patricia?"

Patricia didn't like to say, or to talk about her dolls because she didn't really think that these dolls' dresses were one bit pretty. Leone went on questioning her, with naïve admiration, and Vila listened with her eyes glistening.

"I'll bet you've been into lots of big stores, Patricia. Did this dress you've got on come from a big store?"

They both bent and examined the creamy shining linen with its coarse silky weave and the large roughened threads that Vila scarcely dared to touch with her fingers all dirty from the precious stones. Patricia graciously let them touch and see until, gently but with a final dignity, she drew the cloth out of their fingers.

"Now you mustn't touch me any more."

The boys giggled again at this, admiring but feeling abashed.

A striped kitten came suddenly into sight at a little distance—became motionless, saw them—and flattened and slid under the cover of the plants in the garden. Patricia gave a little cry. Her face bloomed into brightness.

"Oh! Do you have a kitty?"

"A cat! Gee!" They all laughed. "*One* cat! I bet we got seventeen."

"Really seventeen kitties? Did your father buy them all for you?"

"Buy them!" The boys shouted with laughter. "Gee, you don't buy cats!"

"Oh, you do," Patricia told them, shocked. "They cost twenty-five dollars, the kitties that sit in the window in the shop."

"Twenty-five dollars! Pay twenty-five dollars for a *cat!*" *Cats*, when you had to drown half of 'em and couldn't hardly give the others away! The boys were hilarious with laughter over such ignorance.

Leone couldn't help knowing that Patricia was ignorant, too. But she gave the boys a hurt, indignant, silencing look—it was mean of them to laugh at Patricia when she didn't know! Anyway, she was so little. Leone put her arm around Patricia in warm protection.

"But they do!" Patricia's eyes were large and tearful and her soft little lips were quivering. It was dreadful to have these children not believe her, and she couldn't understand it. "Some of them cost a hundred dollars!"

"Oh, gee—!" the boys began.

"Maybe some of them *do*," Leone said quickly. "You don't know everything in the world, Marvin Sieverson." She knew, of course, that cats couldn't —but then, she wasn't going to have the boys make fun of Patricia. "Come on now, Patricia," she pleaded. "We'll go and see our kitties. Shall we?"

The boys watched anxiously. They didn't want Patricia to be mad at them. They wanted to take her out to the barn and have her look at everything.

She considered. Her eyes were still large and mournful and a very dark violet. At last she nodded her head, held out her hands trustingly to Leone to be helped from the grass, smoothed down her skirts—and the whole tribe went running off together.

Patricia had to climb up the steep stairs into the haymow one step at a time. She felt along the rough sides carefully with her little hands. The boys would have liked to help her and were too bashful, but all the time Leone was just behind her, telling her, "Don't you be afraid. Leone's right here, Patricia. Leone won't let you fall."

When they got up into the haymow Patricia was almost frightened at first; it was so big, and there were such shadows. A long beam of sunlight fell dimly and dustily golden from the high window in the peak, across the great beams and the piled hay, and widened over the great stretch of wooden floor.

"Haven't you ever been up in a haymow before?" Clyde demanded.

"Of course she hasn't," Leone answered indignantly.

Patricia looked around at them, and her face was pale with awed excitement. "It's like the church!" she breathed.

"Gee, a *hay*-mow!"

Still, it really was. Even their voices and the way they walked sounded different up here. The boys were tickled and a little embarrassed that Patricia had thought of that.

"Is this where the kitties live?"

"The little ones do. Where are the little bitty ones, Marvin?"

"*I* know!" both the boys shouted. They leaped up into the sliding mounds of hay, calling back, "Come on if you want to see, Patricia!"

"I'll help you, Patricia," Leone encouraged her.

She boosted and got Patricia up on to the hay pile and helped her flounder along with her feet plunging into uncertain holes, and the long spears of hay scratching at her bare legs above the half socks, and the dust making her eyes smart. Then Patricia began to laugh. She liked it!

"Here they are!" the boys shouted.

A bevy of half-grown cats suddenly fled down the hay like shadows. "No, no!" Patricia screamed when the boys tried valiantly to catch a little black cat by its tail. Leone was assuring her, "Never mind, they won't hurt the kitties, Patricia."

"Look here! Come here!" the boys were calling.

Patricia was almost afraid to go. The boys had found the nest of little kittens. They had got hold of the soft, mousy, wriggling things and were holding them up for her to see. Fascinated, she went nearer. The little kittens had pink skin fluffed over with the finest fur, big round heads, and little snubby ears, and blue eyes barely open.

"Oh! . . . " She looked up at Leone with her pink lips pursed. She loved the little kittens but she was afraid of them. "Oh, but they aren't kitties! They don't look like kitties."

The boys were highly amused. "What do they look like?" Marvin demanded. "What do you think they are? Cows? Horses?"

She said tremulously, "No, I *know* cows are big. But their heads look the way little baby cow heads do in the pictures. They do."

"I think they do, too," Leone asserted stoutly. She coaxed, "Touch them, Patricia. They won't hurt you."

The boys grinned at the way Patricia put out her fingers and drew them back. How could these little bits of kittens hurt her? Didn't she know they couldn't bite yet? Their little teeny teeth couldn't do anything but nibble. It was fun to feel them. Marvin caught up the white one and held it out to her, and they all kept urging her. He hoped her fingers would touch his. She cringed back, her mouth pursed in wonder.

"Oh, but they have such funny tails!"

"No, they ain't. They got tails like all cats got."

"Oh, no, Marvin. In the show the kitties had tails so big, and they waved them—just like the big plumes on men's hats, riding on horses."

The boys doubled up with laughter. "Who'd put cats in a show?"

"Oh, but they are!" Patricia looked at them in distress.

"Why shouldn't they be?" Leone demanded.

Of course she knew why, as well as the boys did. Nobody would pay to see a cat! Patricia had meant the tigers. She was so little she didn't know the difference. The boys were not to tease her though! Clyde was giggling. Gee, if she didn't have the funniest notions!

At last they got her to touch the kitten. She did it first with just the pink tip of one finger—then it felt so soft, so little and fluffy, with tiny whiskers like fine silk threads, that she reached out her hands. Marvin felt the brush of her fingers, as if a cobweb had blown across his hand, and a shiver of joy and pain went down his backbone. Patricia laughed in delight, and looked from one to the other of the children with her large shining eyes, to share her wonder.

"Take it!" Marvin urged.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't!"

"Why not? Go on and take it!"

She shook her head.

"She doesn't have to if she doesn't want to," Leone said warmly.

"Yes, she does!" Marvin thrust the kitten into her hands. She gave a little shriek and squeezed it by its soft belly, while the weak pinkish legs wavered and clawed out of her grasp.

"I'm going to drop it!"

"No, you won't!"

Its fluffiness filled her with ecstasy. "Oh, see its claws! They look like little bits of shavings from mother's pearl beads!" The boys grinned in amusement and delight at each other. Vila laughed happily. "Oh, and inside its little ears! Just the way shells look inside—only these are *silk* shells!" The boys grinned broadly. She caught the kitten to her cheek and held it wildly wriggling. "Oh, kitty, I love you! I want to have you to take home!"

"You can—you can have it," the children all urged her eagerly. Marvin said, "Gee, we got all kinds of cats, and that old gray one—" Clyde pinched him. "Shut up!" He grinned and blushed. Patricia laid the kitten gravely and reluctantly back in the rounded nest. She shook her head until the fluffy bell of shining hair trembled. She said solemnly, and as if she had forgotten that the others were there:

"No. I won't. Because all its other little sisters and brothers would be lonesome for it. And its mother would."

The boys stood grinning but they said nothing.

What were the kittens' names? Patricia asked. She was horrified that they had none. "Gee, we call 'em kitty," Marvin said; but Leone hastened to add, "Well, we call that one we have Old Gray." Patricia said:

"Oh, but they must have names! That's wicked. Nobody goes up to heaven to our Lord Jesus without a name!"

The boys just barely glanced at each other. They kept their red faces straight with agony. Then Marvin went pawing and rolling through the hay over to the other side of the pile where he buried his flushed face and snorted.

"I'm going to give every one a name," Patricia asserted solemnly.

"What are you going to name 'em, Patricia?" Leone and Vila were impressed.

"I'm going to give them jewel names. Because the cats make me think about things like jewels. This is what I'm going to call them. I'm going to name this one Pearl because it's white, and this bluey one Sapphire, and the other bluey one Turquoise, and this little pinky one Coral, and this one . . . Jade!"

"Aren't you going to name one Di'mond, Patricia?" Leone asked eagerly. Vila thought that, too.

"No." Patricia was very decided. "Cats don't look like diamonds. They look like colored jewels."

The boys giggled. Besides, that one she had named *Pearl*—gee, they had already looked at these kittens and they knew very well that one was a he-cat! If she wasn't funny!

Vila was looking at Patricia so intently that she trembled. Now she said, "Patricia's eyes are jewel eyes, too. They're—they're . . ." She didn't know how to say it, and yet she felt what she meant and wanted to say—felt it so that it hurt! The whites of Patricia's eyes gleamed, and a little blue spread out into them from the circles of the colored parts, and in these there were all sorts of threads of color woven

together, the way they were inside the glass of marbles—bluish and violet-colored and gray, and a sort of golden! All just as clear . . . Vila reached out and took Patricia's wrist quickly and with shy ardor, but then she only smiled and couldn't think of anything to say . . . she would have been afraid to say it, anyway.

"Now she must see all our places!"

They went through the big barn. "Look here, Patricia!" "Patricia can't. She's looking at this." She looked at everything, but when they urged her, "Touch it! Go ahead!" she wouldn't quite do that. When they went out of the barn they all took hands and ran pounding down the long slope of heavy boards and out into the farmyard. Patricia was afraid at first and then shrieked with laughter and wanted to do it over again.

"Now we mustn't do it any more," Leone said after the third time. "Her little face is all red. Let go her hand, Marvin! Now, darling, stand still, and Leone'll wipe off her little face."

They thought it was funny the way she ran when the chickens came near her. "Oh, gee, if we had time we'd go down to the pond and show her the geese. Wouldn't she run if that old goose got after her!" Leone said, "Marvin Sieverson! We shan't go there."

But the very best place was the orchard. Even the boys were not so wild and noisy there. Their feet made only soft swishing sounds when they went through the long grass. The boughs were loaded, some broken and sweeping the ground, and the sky was patterned with leaves.

"Patricia!" Marvin hinted, tempting her, holding out a little green apple.

Leone snatched it from his hand. "Why, Marvin Sieverson, shame on you! Do you want to make little Patricia sick?"

"Aw, gee!" He had just wanted to see if she would take it. He and Clyde had both been hunting through the grass for some apples that Patricia could really eat.

Only the yellow transparents were ripe. The large apples had a clear pale color against the leaves that were only slightly darker—mellow and clear at the same time, a light pure yellow-green through which the August sunshine seemed to pass. Patricia took the big yellow apple that Marvin picked for her and carried it all around with her. "*Eat* it, Patricia, why don't you?" But she wanted to hold it. "Oh, thank you!" she said very earnestly for every single thing the children gave her—the red dahlia, and the tiny bunch of sweet peas, the bluebird's feather. Whenever she saw a bird she stopped. She put her little silky hand on Leone's wrist. "Look!" "It's just a bird." She stood and watched with fascinated eyes until the bird was lost in the sky and she had to turn away dazzled with blue and gold.

"Do you wish you could stay here and belong to us, Patricia?" Leone asked her wistfully. "We'd play you were my little girl, wouldn't we?"

Patricia wished that she could stay. There were streaks of dust down the shining linen dress and on the soft little arms, a damp parting in the lovely wave of the bangs, and around her mouth there was a faint stain of red from the juicy plums the boys had brought her to suck. Oh, yes, the country, she said, was *nice!* She looked about with shining innocent eyes of wonder. She loved the animals. In the city, she told them, animals weren't happy. There were the beautiful green birds in the shop—just the color, almost, of these apple-tree leaves!—but her father wouldn't buy them for her because he didn't believe in keeping things in cages, and he wouldn't get her the big gray dog because it wasn't right to take dogs out on chains.

"Oh, if I lived in the country," she cried, "do you know what I'd do? I'd just run around and run around—"

"You'd play with *me*, wouldn't you, Patricia?" Marvin cut in jealously.

"I'd play—"

"Children!"

The grown people were calling them. Disaster showed on the children's faces. "Oh, we don't want Patricia to go home!" There were so many things still that they hadn't shown her. But Mr. Lindsay came into the orchard calling out jovially:

"Well! Here she is! Ready to go home now with Uncle Dave?" He took it for granted that she was. He took her reluctant little hand, and the other children trailed after them. When they reached the farmyard, he said, "See what's going with us!"

Patricia looked in awe and wonderment. "What is it?" she breathed.

"Don't you know what that is?"

Mr. and Mrs. Sieverson, standing back, both laughed. The children too were grinning.

Patricia ventured, "A baby cow!"

Then they all laughed to think that she had known.

"That's what it is, all right. But don't you know what baby cows are called? Calf! That's a calf! Well sir, do you want this little calf to go with us?"

Patricia didn't know whether or not Uncle Dave meant that for a joke. But the little calf was so sweet—she loved it so terribly the instant she saw it—that she couldn't help risking that and begging, "Oh, yes!" Its head really was shaped like the tiny kittens'. But its eyes were very large and colored a soft deep brown under a surface of rounded brightness, so gentle and so sad too, that it seemed to her as if the color showed in each eye under a big tear. The calf turned its head toward her. Its frail legs bent inward, to prop it up. Its coat looked like cream spilled over with shining tar. There were curls, like the curly knots showing in freshly planed wood; and the shining ends of the hair looked as if they had curled because the whole coat had just been licked by the mother.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Dave! Is it going *with* us?"

"It's going to be our back-seat passenger. If the boss permits?"

It made Mr. Sieverson laugh—feel tickled—to see how the thought of riding to town with that calf pleased the little girl. But he said dutifully to Mr. Lindsay:

"Now, if that calf's going to be any nuisance to you—"

"No, no. As long as I've got the old car, put it in. Tie it up."

Patricia saw the rope then in Mr. Sieverson's hand. She cried, "Oh, not *tie* the little calf!"

"Sure," Mr. Sieverson said, grinning kindly at her. "You don't want it to jump out, do you?"

She looked at Uncle Dave for confirmation of that. He said:

"Sure! Calves won't go riding any other way."

The two boys laughed.

Patricia stood back close to Leone but not saying anything more. She looked frightened. Mr. Sieverson said, with some feeling of reassuring her still more:

"You don't want to let this calf get loose or you won't get any of it!"

She didn't understand that.

"Get any of it to eat. This calf's going to make veal."

"Eat it?" she cried in horror; and she earnestly put him right. "Oh, no, I wouldn't *eat* it." Mr. Sieverson was joking.

"Why, sure!" he said. "Don't you eat good veal? You're going to take this calf to the butcher."

"Oh, no!" He meant that! Patricia was suddenly wild with crying. They all stood back, shocked, never expecting such a storm as this. "Oh, no! The little calf isn't going to be killed! I won't! I won't! No!" She put out her hands blindly and turned from one to the other for help. Mr. Sieverson didn't know what to do. She turned to him and beat the air with her little fists, shrieking, "Oh, you're *wicked!*"

He couldn't stand that. His face got red. Even if she was just a child, he demanded, "Don't you eat veal?"

"No! No!" Patricia shrieked.

"What, then?" he demanded.

She had to look at him. Her little pink mouth was open and her bright eyes drowned. She quavered, "Other kinds of meat . . . I'll eat chicken," and turned piteously to Uncle Dave.

Mr. Sieverson didn't like to be called "wicked" by anyone. The injustice, when he had just been trying to be nice to this little girl, too, hurt him. His wife murmured, "Well, now, Henry—" But he insisted, "Don't chicken have to be killed before you can eat it?"

But even Mr. Sieverson, although he was in the right of it, felt ashamed when he saw the little thing cry. Mrs. Sieverson gave him a look, stroked Patricia's hair, and said, "They won't take the calf." Mr. Lindsay hastened to promise, "No, no. Of course we won't take the calf." They were all trying now to reassure her. Vila was crying too. The boys were pleading, "Patricia!" although they didn't know just what they would say to her in comfort if they got her to look at them. "No, no, it isn't going. It won't have to be tied up. See, he's put away the rope." The two men settled the thing with a look above her head. Patricia looked up at last, with piteous drowned eyes, as dark as wet violets. She broke away from all of them and, running to the calf—fearful of touching things as she was—she threw her arms in protection around its neck and stared fiercely at the shamefaced people.

"Oh, no, we couldn't take it!" Mr. Lindsay muttered. He cleared his throat.

The children surrounded Patricia again. They were begging her not to cry. Her cheek was laid against the little calf's silky ear, and she was telling it, in her own mind, "Don't you care, don't you mind, precious little calf, I've saved you." She let herself be drawn away but said "No!" when Mrs. Sieverson wanted to wipe the tears from her cheeks, and held up the little wet face trustingly for Leone to do it. That pleased all the Sieversons greatly.

"So now we can go! Hm?" Mr. Lindsay asked her.

She seemed to have forgiven them. She didn't want to look at Mr. Sieverson, but when she said good-by to Mrs. Sieverson she touched her little skirts and made a curtsey. Clyde pinched Marvin to tell him to look. The children watched her with as great delight as they had watched the tightrope walker in the "show." Mr. Lindsay lifted her into the car. She smiled faintly at the children, but there were stains of tears on her pearly cheeks, and her eyes were still as dark as violets.

"You children go get her something—apples or something," Mrs. Sieverson whispered.

"We have, mamma! We've got a whole lot of things for her."

They began piling presents into her lap. "Don't forget your little feather, Patricia!" Marvin ran off to find something else. The wilting flowers, the apple, the six rosy plums, the bluebird's feather she carefully took again. Marvin came panting back with his new game of "Round the World by Aeroplane." But Mr. Lindsay wouldn't let him give her that.

"No, no, my boy! You keep your game. She's got more things at home now than she can ever play with."

Now she seemed happy and appeased. The children crowded close to the side of the car and pleaded, "Come out again, won't you, Patricia?" Vila whispered in her shy voice, "I'll take care of Pearl and Samphire and those others, Patricia." Marvin said fiercely, "If any tom cat comes round, I'll—" and ground and gnashed his teeth and made fiercely appropriate motions. Leone gave him a look for making her think about the tom cat! But Patricia was still smiling and happy and hadn't understood. Now, in her relief and in the flurry of going, she was more eager and talkative than she had been all afternoon. She promised everything they asked.

"I will. I will, Leone. I will, Marvin. Thank you for all the beautiful things."

In the midst of it Mr. Lindsay leaned over to say in a low tone to Mr. Sieverson, a little ashamed, "Well, somebody else'll take that in for you, Henry, if you can't go."

"Sure. That's all right, Mr. Lindsay."

"Well now, my little girl, tell them all good-by."

"Good-by." "Good-by, Patricia!" They called and waved madly to her, all standing back together. She answered them. At the very last minute, just as the car was going out into the driveway, she leaned out with her shining hair mussed and blowing in the breeze, and cried:

"Good-by, calf! I forgot to say good-by to you."

Marvin laughed in delight, and then Clyde echoed him.

Mr. Sieverson stood looking after the car. That "wicked" still rankled. He said, as if very much put out, "Well now, I'll have to find another way of getting this calf in or else take it myself before night." Then he said, as if ashamed, "Gosh! I don't know. I almost hate to take it. That little thing put up such a fuss." He couldn't help adding, "She was a pretty little kid, wasn't she?"

Mrs. Sieverson did not answer at once. Then she said in an expressionless tone, "Well . . . maybe you better take the other one, then."

He looked at her and seemed to want to assent. Then he cried, "Oh, no! We can't do that. This is the one we'd picked on." He looked angry, and yet in his light-blue eyes under the shock of lightish hair there was a hurt, puzzled look. "Oh, well," he muttered. "Folks can't be foolish!" If ever folks were to start thinking of *such* things . . .

He went forward resolutely, saying "Hi! Stand still, there!" as he took hold of the calf. His wife stood back watching him and saying nothing. The calf turned, bolted a little way, and then let him take hold of it again. It did not seem to know whether to be afraid of him or not. Its eyes looked up into his. In the large eyes of dark mute brown and the smaller eyes of light blue there was much the same reluctant bewilderment in some far depths. But the man knew what he was after, and the calf did not know what was to come.

"Come on here!" Mr. Sieverson said sharply.

He put the rope around the calf's neck.

BIGGER AND BETTER MURDERS

BY CHARLES MERZ

IT WILL soon be time for another Crime of the Century. This is the same century, but it needs a new crime. It has been weeks since the front page really smoked and the same Bestial Deed, the same Positive Identification, the same Master Mind, the same Little Woman, the same Alleged Confession, and the same Grim Prosecutor brightened the fireside of every home in this great throbbing country. The efficient mechanics of the modern press make it possible for sixty million people to read of any important event at the same moment and in the same amazing detail. When it comes to focusing the attention of the whole nation searchingly upon a single subject, and giving it a single set of facts on which to test its moral values, it is doubtful whether anything really unifies the country like its murders.

Unwritten Law, Peremptory Challenge, Broken Home, Illicit Love-Nest, Jazz-Mad Generation, Aged Mother: twice a day, at the same hour of the morning and at the same hour of the evening the same hot-from-the-griddle headlines tell their stories in millions of homes in every village street, every city avenue, and every tenement alley in the country. Everybody knows at the same hour that Material Witness, Smiling and Confident, Balks Prosecution as Alibi Fails. Everybody knows at the same hour that Tiger Girl, Stolidly Indifferent, Maintains Calm While Courtroom Gasps and Sleuths Comb City. No detail of these vast affairs is permitted to escape the attention of the nation. A vast amount of money, a perfect organization of many thousands of men, and an incredible amount of ingenuity are devoted to this purpose. While great presses pant for the five-star final in the cellars of a thousand papers the linotype machines stand by to wait for a flash from leased wires leading straight to Scene of Trial. The flash comes, in the sharp click of an electric typewriter. At the same moment the whole country learns State Rests, Naked Truth All Stubborn Defense Asks of Arbiters of Fate in Impassioned Plea, with Women Barred from Courtroom.

II

At 9:33 on the evening of August 25th the home of Wilbur Harris in Highland Falls, a suburb of New York, is rocked by an explosion. Police, firemen, and reporters hurrying to the scene find the Breakfast Nook in ruins. The kitchen is a mess. Plaster is still dropping from the ceiling. Across the stove lies the body of Wilbur Harris, badly shattered. The gas is on. But this has been no gas explosion. Investigation proves instead that one of the trays of the electric refrigerator intended for making cubes of ice has been filled with trinitrotoluene. Chapter One, of the great Ice-Box Murder.

Now an Ice-Box Murder is an Ice-Box Murder. It is distinctly news, and as the first such news in the annals of modern journalism no editor can overlook it. Next morning's papers tell the story. It was Wilbur Harris's habit to strike a match when he went to the ice-box looking for a cheese. His wife knew this.

So did Lieutenant Mortimer Robins, stationed at the Wellfleet Arsenal, where he is in charge of the high-explosives section. The two admit conspiracy. The story grows. And as a matter of news no harm is done by the fact that the dead man's widow is a girl of twenty-one, blonde, bobbed-haired, and vivacious, with slender ankles, too full lips, and exceedingly white shoulders. Details follow as the arrests are made, and an illicit love affair begins to be uncovered. By the afternoon of the second day the copyrighted pictures of Mrs. Harris as Bo-Peep in a church tableau at the age of twelve and the diagrams of the Harris kitchen with X marking the spot where the body was found have reached St. Louis. By the afternoon of the third day Lieutenant Robins has confessed that his love for Mrs. Harris dates from an evening when she sang "Over There" in amateur theatricals at an army post; Dr. Godfrey Lewis of Massachusetts Institute of Technology has discussed the explosive properties of trinitrotoluene in a simultaneously released statement for three Boston papers, and one of the New York tabloids has begun Life Chapters of the Ice Queen.

This is a many-sided story. It has novelty, passion, mystery (Wilbur Harris was killed by an explosion in an ice-tray, but who turned on the gas?), and somewhere a deep moral purpose. Moreover, it is manifestly true that both Blanche (only the tabloids call her the Ice Queen) and Lieutenant Robins are ordinary, everyday people of the sort we all know and all count among our friends; and a note of commonplace, familiar things pervades the story. All of us have known lieutenants, all of us have known discontented wives, all of us have seen electric ice-boxes, and all of us have admired the neat cubes of ice. In these circumstances it becomes the duty of the press, holding the mirror up to nature, to place the full facts of this very human story in its readers' hands. This it does to the best of its ability, at times sacrificing space which might otherwise have been devoted to reports of the Tacna-Arica boundary commission and debates in the opium conference at Geneva. New facts develop. It is learned that the petcock on the gas range had been tapped open with a block of wood so as to leave no finger-prints, that Wilbur Harris had for some time been encouraged to develop a habit of eating something after dinner, and that Blanche had taken out insurance on the ice-box. The police sergeants who made the arrests discuss the motives of the crime; the prosecution announces what it will say to the defense; the defense rehearses its reply, and two camera men, who hide in a bush, snap the dead man's mother talking to a grocer. With all these facts the press keeps pace, its public now having acquired an interest in the case which it has no warrant to ignore. The Sunday papers contribute parallels from the World's Great Loves, essays from psychologists on the nature of temptation, and special articles on the history of great explosions. The tabloids interview the families of both defendants, print composite photographs of electric ice-boxes changing into electric chairs, offer prizes for the best letter of twenty-five words on the cure of crime, start campaigns to stop the selling of mechanical refrigerators, and develop three schools of phrenologists who differ as to what the bumps on the Ice Queen's head mean. A Fundamentalist minister in Kentucky preaches a sermon on death as the wages of sin and jazz as the cause of crime, and twenty-seven liberal editors in nine different States defend the younger generation.

On a Tuesday morning in the sixth week following the death of Wilbur Harris the court of Highland County begins picking a jury for the Robins-Harris trial, a process requiring time since the rank and file of prospective jurors is now so expert on the whole history of the case from first to last that it differs only as to the probable psychological reflexes of the defendants on the

morning after the commission of the crime. One week later the trial begins. This is the signal for the world's largest portable electric switchboard to come wheeling into action.

III

Now this switchboard is a famous institution. It is the property of the Western Union Company, the pride of the news profession, and the only portable electric switchboard in existence which is capable of handling twenty thousand words an hour. It is a gigantic metal box into which one hundred and eighty wires can be hooked at once, opening direct and instantaneous communication with newspaper offices in every section of the country. This great machine requires weeks for its installation and, like all really wonderful things, is brought out only on occasions worthy of its hire. It is to an Ice-Box Murder what the Crown of St. Edward is to the coronation of a George V. Murder trials are its chief interest, though it is not used exclusively for murder trials; it went to Philadelphia for the Dempsey-Tunney fight before it was shipped to Somerville, N. J., for the opening of the Hall-Mills case. Between such times as really spur it into action it rests majestically in the central offices of the Western Union Company, scorning the small-fry of average news and waiting for some foe worthy of its mettle to bring it snorting from its warehouse like a dragon from its cavern.

The installation of the switchboard is the first important move in the reporting of a national murder trial. It is followed by the remodeling of the courtroom to permit the introduction of press tables, the setting-up of flashlight equipment on either side of the judge's bench, the allocation of seats for the reporters, the installation of leased wires in the basement, the enlistment of a motorcycle corps to carry photographs to the nearest rapid-transit station, the reservation of hotel rooms for special correspondents sent to the scene from other cities, and, if the trial is held in a small town like Somerville, the setting-up of faro games, patent-medicine stands, and Oriental tent-shows for the large army of tourists who may be expected to flock into town in the hope of seeing one or both defendants, or at least bringing home from the Court House a No Smoking sign, or from the field in which the deceased met death a sprig of poison ivy.

This is the mechanical equipment assembled for a trial of national importance. To what use it will be put in the Ice-Box Murder may be judged from the work it has done on other fronts in recent months. At the Hall-Mills trial fifty reporters from metropolitan newspapers and press associations were present at the Grand Jury proceedings; two hundred came for the trial itself; one newspaper in New York (the *News*) had sixteen correspondents on the scene; another (the *Mirror*) had thirteen; fifty photographers were on duty at all hours; until the closing days of the trial ten were stationed in the courtroom; an eleventh fell through the skylight on the day the defense called Mrs. Hall; relays of stenographers and typists rushed the testimony to the telegraph wires; twenty-eight operators manned the portable electric switchboard in the basement; sixty leased wires carried bulletins to the country; eight daily papers leased whole houses in Somerville to accommodate their staffs; and the local market for bed-linen soared when the Hotel Somerset put fifty cots in a ballroom ordinarily thrown open to the public only once a week.

The Hall-Mills case was what the *Daily News* in New York had called "a nice, clean crime." At the Gray-Snyder trial, which some observers considered a more sordid affair, four rows of ten tables with three seats to the table were installed for the reporters; one hundred and twenty correspondents filled them; papers in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Syracuse, Louisville, Cincinnati,

Chicago, and Atlanta sent special correspondents to supplement the press association stories; a microphone on the witness stand poured testimony through a battery of loud speakers; pushing his way through the crowd to see justice done, Assistant District Attorney Froessel had his pocket picked; the New York *Times* carried thirty thousand words of testimony on two successive mornings; and the Rev. Aimee McPherson, covering the trial for the New York *Graphic* from the vantage point of southern California, called on God to teach young men to say, "I want a wife like mother—not a Red Hot Cutie!"

IV

Now it is clear that what is new is not interest in murder (which is something very old) but interest in murder satisfied more abundantly, with richer variety and in warmer tones than was possible before the swift development of modern methods and inventions. The news reel, the loud speaker, the rotogravure section, the tabloid, the composite picture, the telautograph, the great bulk of the forty-eight page paper, the electric switchboard, the great press association in its ultra-modern form, the urbanization of rural areas, and the prompt popularization of interests on a national scale are all developments of very recent years. Time was when the country had to wait for its great national murders until they actually occurred. To-day if a really first-class murder does not come along after a decent interval of time, some second-class murder is taken by the hand, led to the center of the stage and advertised so successfully with all the modern art of ballyhoo that, claiming to be a first-class murder, it actually becomes one. A nationally famous trial for homicide is no longer a startling interruption of a more lethargic train of thought. It has become an institution, as periodic in its public appearances and reappearances as the cycle of the seasons. We could date much of our modern history by epochs: Fourth month, second week, of the Hall-Mills era; Third month, third week, of the Loeb-Leopold; First month, fourth week, of the post-Snyder interim; and so on.

Here, as a nation, is our literature. This is the cradle of our folk-lore. On the first day of the Hall-Mills trial 130,175 words were telegraphed from Somerville. On the second day the number jumped to 200,000. On the third day it jumped to 350,000. Never thereafter did it fall below this figure, and on one day it touched 620,000. At the end of eleven days a total of 5,000,000 words had been sent by wire, breaking all records in the history of journalism. No other story since the discovery of printing was ever given such reporting. At the end of eighteen days the total was 9,000,000. At the end of twenty-four days it was 12,000,000—words enough if put into one newspaper, said the Associated Press, to fill 960 pages of solid reading matter. Words enough, if put into book form, to make a shelf of novels twenty-two feet long. This is the literature of the nation. It is the literature of the nation because it does not wait for its patrons on bookstore shelves or gather dust in libraries, but is sold out, read, and realistically debated within two hours after it comes smoking from the press. It needs no pushing, needs no advertising, needs no criticism; all it needs is "Extra! Willie on the Stand!"

It is a vast literature, and to it contribute not only many expert writers of headlines, many trained reporters, and many of the best masters of shorthand writing in the country, but an ever-increasing army of celebrities. Some of them can write, like Mary Roberts Rinehart; some of them can preach, like Billy Sunday; some of them can act, like Willard Mack; some of them can weep, like Dorothy Dix; some of them can roar, like John Roach Straton. But they can all do something; they are all famous; and so catholic is a truly national literature that it does not ask for more. Mary Roberts Rinehart turns reporter;

so does Billy Sunday, so does Willard Mack, so does Dorothy Dix, so does Natacha Rambova, so does David Wark Griffith, so does Will Durant. Aimee McPherson rolls her own headlines for the New York *Graphic*, Peggy Joyce has her picture taken with a pencil, Doctor Straton covers the Snyder case for Mr. Hearst's New York *American* and finds, "Thoughtful consideration will show that almost literally every one of the Ten Commandments is involved."

Words pile up. The wires hum. It is not every day in the year that Mr. Hearst's *American* has an eight-column headline on Decalogue in Danger. The *Mirror* "scoops" the private arrest of Mrs. Hall. In the interest of seeing justice done, the *Graphic* offers a prize for the best letter of fifty words giving a solution of the crime. The *Journal* polls its readers on the issue of innocent or guilty, and beats the jury to a verdict by two days. More words pile up. Fresh news rattles from the linotypes. Millions of readers argue whether the thumb-print was really Willie's, what Mrs. Snyder wished to do when she unlocked the kitchen door, whether Henry Stevens caught his fish or faked it. Presses roar. The right of the defense to issue peremptory challenges on the basis of mere prejudice is debated by bankers at their luncheons, street-cleaners trading shovels, and housewives shelling peas. The Secretary of War issues a strong statement on the All-American ship canal; but the National Security League, the American Defense Society, and the Military Order of Foreign Wars are too intent on the topography of De Russey's Lane to pick him up on it. The worst pork-barrel bill in seven years goes through Congress with only a few professionals watching it. A crisis with China eases, as the Snyder case turns five million, because it no longer dominates the news and there is something else to talk about. Extra—Extra—Pig Woman's Life in Danger! Extra—Extra—Sashweight Found in Cellar! Extra—Extra—Willie Scores Off Prosecution! Extra—Extra—Still Loves Ruth, Says Gray! With supreme fidelity to a single all-absorbing topic of discussion, millions of Americans in factories, on farms, in kitchens, barnyards, file rooms, filling stations, hay fields, dance halls, vestry-rooms, Turkish baths, and Ferris wheels debate the merits of the latest trial. New records fall. The great American public is off on another national spree, enjoying once more a vicarious thrill in other people's vices and revelling in strange crimes.

This is our Roman Circus.

V

It is a great game, but there is one curious thing about it. The official agency which stages these great shows fails spectacularly to share the profits.

Here are the lawyers in the case. No matter how poor a defense they put up, no matter how badly they bungle their chances and how aimlessly they wrangle, if they are associated with the Hall-Mills case or the Ice-Box Murder—if their pictures grace the press of forty states and their pleas are wired to a thousand papers—then, no matter what the verdict, they will profit handsomely.

Here is the prosecutor for the state. If he wins his case he can have his choice between a lucrative private practice and a career in politics.

Here are the telegraph companies. What they earn from these affairs is private business. But it is worth noting that press rates are a full third of ordinary commercial rates; and when millions of words are sent by wire the full commercial possibilities of the situation may be guessed at.

Here are the newspapers. Periodically some journal here or there experiments in self-denial of its unquestioned legal right to make full use of all this glittering material. For several years the Boston *Traveler* has made it its churchly custom to print no murders on its first page on Christmas Eve (though not on the night before Easter or Good

Friday). The Fayetteville (N. C.) *Observer* tried recently to delete crime news entirely for a fortnight, but brought it back at the end of seven days when its readers voted sixty to one for a restoration. And why should Fayetteville live in an ivory tower? Why shouldn't the press make use of the most sensational and thrilling material in the whole scope of journalism—when it is there for the asking, when the public wants it, when it is part of life, when without it the news utterly lacks proportion, and when it gives life color (and sells papers)?

It is really an extraordinary situation which confronts us, as one great trial follows another across a national scene. The newspapers acquire prestige, buy new presses, and become more indispensable to their publics with the unfolding of each chapter. The telegraph companies make fortunes. The gentlemen of the bar cash in. The successful district attorney becomes an available candidate for high public honors overnight. Only the state fails to profit. Yet it is the state which arranges the whole affair and stages it and holds over it that penalty of death which gives it pace and meaning. It is the state which packs its courtrooms with flashlights and press tables, permits its basements to be filled with wires, co-operates with the press in arranging interviews and schedules, supplies the jail, and tips off the reporters when a thrill is coming. And for these services the state not only fails to receive even a nominal fee, but is put to considerable expense in gathering its evidence, maintaining its court, paying the wages of the district attorney who is now busily becoming famous, and providing the jury with its board and lodgings. When the books of every other party to the proceedings show a profit, the state's books show a loss.

Why should this anomaly be permitted to continue? Why should the state, which does most, profit least? It would be an act of justice as well as a shrewd business move if the state transferred these spectacles from the stuffy, inadequate courtrooms where they are held to-day, staged them in great amphitheaters, and charged admission. Bowls are available in every section of the country. The price of admission could be high—with seats in demand, only one original cast and no road companies. Taxes could be cut. Five spectacles a year, each lasting forty days, would net $100,000,000 in an average bowl accommodating 50,000 people. Syndicate rights could be sold to the press. Muscle Shoals, long idle, could be used to produce nitrates to make celluloid film for the Government's moving picture versions of the story. It might be possible—all sources of revenue considered—to cut taxes to a point where they would disappear and the state begin to show a profit.

It would be a happier existence all round. Trials would come more regularly. Their full dramatic value could be realized by abolishing judges and putting Broadway producers on the bench. As things stand now, Mr. Belasco's heart must break when he sees these amateurs miss chances for great curtains. Meantime the commercial theater itself would become clean overnight. For the Government's own super-productions of super-crime and super-sex would drive the riffraff out of business. As for sectional jealousies: they could be avoided by making each section take its turn and giving the corn belt just as many trials as Wall Street. All of us would have, at last, a political issue we really cared about. "Vote for Jones—Six Trials a Year!"

The Roman Colosseum was a national institution. If we are to have a circus of our own let us develop it with the high purpose and creative effort worthy of a more resourceful nation. Let us have the biggest, jolliest, noisiest, bloodiest murder trials the human imagination can conceive. We are bound to grow.

And the only thinkable alternative is to treat the courts as if they were really meant to be the dignified homes of justice.

THE END OF ETHICS

BY C. E. M. JOAD

THE possibility of Ethics is clearly dependent on the existence of free will. If a man is not responsible for his actions it is absurd either to praise or to blame him for performing them. Now praise and blame are the twin pillars upon which the structure of morality is built; if they fall to the ground, morality falls with them. So true is this that many have analyzed Ethics into a rationalization of the impulse to blame and been content to leave it at that. We all of us feel an impulse to blame people for doing things we dislike. If we are savages we knock them on the head; but being civilized human beings we are under the necessity of convincing ourselves that they are wicked before we can permit our natural feelings of annoyance to have free play. Consequently, we set our reasons to work to prove that what they are doing is wrong, and that we are merely acting in the interests of morality when we take steps to suppress them. The Anglo Saxon, for example, is never at a loss for an argument to prove that he is doing his duty when he wishes to make himself unpleasant. This fact leads foreigners to think that Anglo Saxons are hypocrites; but this belief springs from a misapprehension of our real character, since it overlooks our capacity for deceiving ourselves.

Apart, however, from the idiosyncrasies of the Anglo-Saxon race, instances of the blaming process to which I have referred are sufficiently numerous to give plausibility to the arguments of those who wish to assert that morality is merely a rationalization of the impulse to blame and nothing more. Old men give young men good advice when they are no longer able to give them bad examples, and aging women invent Mrs. Grundy to deter their juniors from the pleasures whose continuance is denied to them by their lack of charm.

I do not, however, wish to maintain in this article the thesis that there is *nothing* in morality but a rationalization of our instinctive disapproval of actions on the part of others which arouse our envy or ill-will. I am not, in short, saying that morality is identical with the impulse to blame; it is sufficient for my purpose to point out that morality is necessarily bound up with that impulse. If, then, morality is to be saved, it is essential that we should be able to praise men for doing good, and blame them for doing ill; and, in order that we may do this with a good conscience, we must feel assured that they are free to perform the actions which we praise and blame. Otherwise moral judgment is merely an impertinent irrelevance. The question, then, that I wish to consider is the validity of this conception of free will in the light of certain developments of modern psychology.

Most people believe that the greatest enemy to free will is the determinism which is based on the materialistic science of the last century. To the nineteenth-century scientist life was an incidental product of material forces, and mind an unimportant offshoot of the body. The business of the mind was to reflect or to register bodily events. Since the mind could not reflect what was not there, nothing could happen in the mind which had not first happened in the body;

in other words, whatever happened in the mind was *caused* by something that had first happened in the body. Since what happened in the body was the result of something that had previously happened in the outside world, the function of the body being merely to react to stimuli applied from outside, it seemed to follow that the human being was completely at the mercy of external forces, and that his belief in free will was a piece of self-delusion born of self-conceit.

Various objections have been brought against this position by those whose interests or desires have made it impossible for them to accept it. These objections have been in the main successful, the general trend of modern science being away from the materialist hypothesis upon which the notion of the human mind as a product and plaything of material forces was based. What is not so generally realized is that the attack upon free will, repelled so far as the scientists are concerned, has been renewed in a more insidious and dangerous form by the exponents of modern psychology. There are prevalent a number of tendencies in psychology to-day which, however they may differ among themselves, issue, nevertheless, in a position of common antagonism to free will. I propose, then, to consider in turn three of these tendencies, namely, the theories of the psychoanalysts, the modern view of the relationship of instinct to reason, and the psychology of the Behaviorists, my object being to show that if the conclusions of these schools of thought are to be accepted we shall have to admit that the human mind has escaped from slavery to matter only to become a puppet of the unconscious, the instincts, and the responses of its body to physical stimuli, according to the theory we adopt.

These conclusions, it is true, are not always drawn by supporters of the schools of thought in question; it is worth while, therefore, to show how their theories do, in fact, issue in this result, however little they may feel inclined to subscribe to it.

II

The plan of the psychological interior of the individual drawn by the disciples of Freud may be likened to that of a two-floored tenement. The first floor is inhabited by a quiet respectable family, poor but honest, dull but decent, anxious to keep themselves to themselves, but determined, nevertheless, to put up a good show before their neighbors. Upon the ground floor, or, if you prefer it, in the basement, there lives a much larger family, dirty, untidy, primitive, obstreperous, and licentious, devoid alike of decency and restraint. Possessing to the full the snobbishness inherent in the lower orders, this basement family is continually striving to raise itself in the social scale, and, partly for this reason, partly from love of scandal and desire for publicity, is desperately anxious to get a footing on the first floor and to mix with the company to be found there. Alarmed and scandalized by these desperate attempts, the first-floor people hire a sort of guardian or policeman, and station him on the staircase in order to prevent the access of undesirables to their floor. Sometimes the policeman is successful in keeping the basement people down; sometimes he is not strong enough to withstand their uprush. In this latter event, however, he usually succeeds in cleaning up the invaders *en route*, washing their faces, giving them clean collars, brushing their clothes, and generally making them fit for company. So respectable do they indeed become that they scarcely know themselves in this new guise. If we call the first floor the conscious, the basement the unconscious, and the guardian on the stairs the censor, we shall recognize in the cleaning-up process what is known by psychoanalysts as sublimation, which may so completely disguise the character of the unconscious wish which appears in consciousness, that a man's unconscious desire to elope with a waitress will appear

in consciousness as a sudden aversion from pickled cabbage.

Now the uprush of these desires from the unconscious to the conscious is a completely unconscious process; so far as consciousness is concerned, we can neither prevent nor control it. In order to control the events which occur in the unconscious, it is at least necessary to know what these events are. But if we knew them the unconscious would not be unconscious but conscious. It is true that a resistance is put up to our unconscious desires by the censor, and a struggle ensues which may result in suppression, and usually results in sublimation. But of this struggle on the stairs we are again not conscious, and for its outcome we are not, therefore, responsible. It seems, therefore, that we cannot be held responsible for the desires that appear in the conscious; we are, in fact, responsible neither for their strength nor for their character. We cannot, therefore, be praised or blamed for the conduct upon which, under the influence of these desires, we embark.

It is this last point which people will feel most inclined to dispute. "What," they will say, "about the will? Surely it is possible to want to do something and yet to suppress your want; to feel a temptation and yet not to yield to it. It may be true, as you point out, that we cannot say we shall want to do this or want to do that, that our desires, in other words, are outside our control; but since we most certainly can resolve that we *will* do this or *will* do that, whether we like it or not, our actions are not outside our control. Anyway, psychoanalysis is all humbug; what is more, it is tainted and suspect humbug; it applies only to neurotics and abnormals, and no amount of sophistry will convince us that we have not got a will to control our desires if we want to do so."

This sounds plausible enough, but I doubt if it really works. The "Will" in which our fathers believed—that terrific engine of suppression which was used to restrain all self-indulgence except indulgence in self-restraint—is to-day rightly regarded with suspicion. It is felt to be something of a hypocrite, an excuse for getting one's way under the guise of doing one's duty. But the question with which we are concerned at present is not so much, "Is the will a hypocrite?" as, "Is it free?" Now in the first place it is very doubtful whether by merely appealing to the majesty of the will we do in fact disprove the psychoanalyst's conclusions. Suppose we assume the existence of this will; it can, nevertheless, only overrule our desires if it is stronger than they are. Yet for the strength of our desires we are not, as we have seen, responsible. Whether, therefore, the conscious will overcomes the unconscious desire, or whether the unconscious desire overcomes the conscious will is a matter which appears to lie outside our control. We may be spectators of the conflict, but we cannot influence its outcome.

This is a distressing conclusion for those who believe in the moral accountability of the individual; and, having regard to the importance for Ethics of the issues involved, we shall do well to examine it in a little more detail. The will, after all, is a somewhat ambiguous and intangible affair, and it may be that the attempt to give it a more precise meaning than it possesses in ordinary language may result in a refutation of the conclusion which we have just reached. The making of this attempt involves us in a fresh start which will enable us to extend our consideration to the second of the theories which, in our view, lead to conclusions inimical to morality.

III

The theory in question is one which deals with the relationship of instinct to reason. This theory, while common to many psychologists, finds its clearest and most celebrated expression in the works of Professor McDougall.

Professor McDougall begins by defining an instinct as "an inherited

or innate psycho-physical disposition, which determines its possessor to perceive, and to pay attention to, objects of a certain class, to experience an emotional excitement of a particular quality upon perceiving such an object, and to act in regard to it in a particular manner, or, at least, to experience an impulse to such action." The upshot of this in non-technical language is that an instinct is part of our initial temperamental make-up, the psychological stock in trade which we bring with us into the world, the very seat and citadel of our individuality.

The form of its expression will, of course, vary according to circumstances, upbringing, and so forth, but the instinct which is expressed is the same in all of us. McDougall holds that there are thirteen separate instincts which may be defined in this manner, and these instincts, with the thirteen primary emotions, each of which accompanies an instinct as the peculiar emotion belonging to that instinct, constitute when taken together what may be called our personal or inherited, as opposed to our acquired, psychology. For this initial psychological endowment it is clear that we are not responsible; we possess it, or rather we possess the potentiality for it at birth, and in reaction to the environment in which we find ourselves it develops and becomes explicit, until in due course it crystallizes into what we call our personality.

The instincts are, according to McDougall, the source and origin of all our activities. He speaks definitely and emphatically on this point.

"The instincts," he says, " arethe prime movers of all human activity; by the conative or impulsive force of some instinct, every train of thought, however cold and passionless it may seem, is borne along towards its end. All the complex apparatus of the most highly developed mind is but the instrument by which these impulses seek their satisfaction."

Now we are all familiar with that view of people's motives which regards the reason as the handmaid of their desires. It is desire which sets the ends of our activities, which determines, in other words, what we want, and reason which plans the steps which are necessary for its attainment. This function reason performs not only in the practical sphere, but also in the theoretical; it not only tells us, in other words, how to do what we want to do, but assures us that what we want to do is right and what we want to believe is true. The reason of David, for example, indicates to him that the way to get hold of Bathsheba is to get rid of Uriah; it also informs him that Uriah is a very excellent general. Thus reason invents excuses for what we instinctively want to do and arguments for what we instinctively wish to believe. That is why, though all men are presented with the same data on which to form a judgment about the relationship between this world and the next, they all succeed in holding different beliefs. We believe what we believe not on the basis of the evidence, but because we desire to believe it; we also find it necessary to believe that it is the evidence which has constrained our belief. Savages who have not brought their reasons to the degree of perfection common to civilized men are not under this necessity of deceiving themselves about their motives. When the savage wants to go to war he goes to war; he does not find it necessary first to persuade himself that he is fighting for liberty and democracy. Thus he is enabled to indulge his instincts without hypocrisy.

Now I am not concerned here either to assert or to deny the correctness of this view of the relationship between instinct or desire and reason. All that I wish to do is to point out that it follows necessarily from McDougall's account of the function of instinct. According to that account, the reason is merely a piece of mechanism; it is the engine of the personality, and desire is the steam that sets it going. Since it can accomplish nothing by itself, since it cannot

even begin to operate on its own initiative, it follows that it can come into action only at the behest of instinct, its master. It is only natural, therefore, that when it does get under way, it should travel along the lines which its master has pointed out to it.

We are now in a position to undertake our proposed inquiry into the nature of the will. Let us suppose that McDougall's view of instinct as the prime mover of all human activity is correct, and proceed to apply it to the case of the will. The philosopher Aristotle used to liken the psychology of the individual to a team of horses engaged in drawing a chariot under the control of a charioteer. The horses are wild and unruly, and each of them is anxious to go his own way irrespective of the wishes of the others. Unless, therefore, the driver were to keep them under strict control, the chariot would follow the pull of the strongest horse at the moment or, rather, its course would be a resultant of the different directions in which all the horses were pulling at that moment, without actually following any of them. In any event the driver would be incapable of keeping to a straight course in a given direction so that, instead of arriving at its destination, the chariot would pursue a haphazard zigzag path, swaying from side to side, if not overturning altogether. In order to prevent this, the charioteer keeps a tight hold on the reins and refuses to give any of the horses his head. This does not mean that he suppresses them altogether, but that he allows to each one only so much of his way as is compatible with the satisfaction of the others and the necessity which the chariot is under of completing its course.

Translating this analogy into the terms of human psychology, we may say that the horses are our individual instincts or desires. Each individual desire is purely self-regarding and, provided that it can obtain satisfaction for itself, takes no thought for the welfare of the rest. But besides these individual desires there is also a desire for the good of the whole, that is the charioteer, which keeps the individual desires in check, constraining them to dovetail their imperious demands and harmonizing them in such a way that no single desire shall obtain more satisfaction than is compatible with the welfare of the human being as a whole. It is this desire for the good of the whole which Aristotle called the will.

The argument sounds, I fear, more convincing than it is. If we consider Aristotle's account of the will in the light of McDougall's theory of instinct, we get the following result: Either the will is itself a form of desire or it is not. If it is not, it is clear that it cannot be brought into operation unless we desire to exercise it. It may be true that we can use the will to suppress inconvenient longings, but we can do so only in so far as we first want to suppress the longings because they are inconvenient. Translating this into McDougall's language, we may say that unless we are instinctively moved to use the will to suppress instinctive desires, the will is helpless. Either, then, the will is itself a form of desire, or it is something which depends upon desire for its operation. But, if the will is only another kind of desire, or is dependent upon another desire, it is clear that it must take its chance along with the other desires. If I desire to stay at a night club and get drunk, but also desire to go home to bed because my conscience tells me that night clubs are wicked, or because I think I shall have a headache to-morrow, we may, if we like, call the second desire the will to suppress the first one. But that should not blind us to the fact that, like the night-club desire, it is itself a desire, or at least depends upon a desire; that a conflict will take place between the two desires in which victory will go to the stronger, and that what we actually do is determined, therefore, by the strongest desire we have at the moment. But for the strength of our instincts and desires we are not, as we have already seen, respon-

sible. It seems to follow that we are not responsible for what we do. We are determined, in short, not by forces external to ourselves, but by forces and impulses —call them instincts, desires, or what you will—that lie deep down at the wellsprings of our nature. This may seem to many a less humiliating belief than that of the nineteenth-century materialists, but it is not free will. What is more, it effectively precludes free will.

IV

I will try very briefly to show how the celebrated Behaviorist psychology leads by a different road to the same result. This is not the place for a discussion or even for a statement of *all* the views of the Behaviorists. It will be sufficient for our purpose to point out that, from the Behaviorist standpoint, mind or consciousness is a phenomenon which it is not necessary to take into account when we wish to interpret and explain the activities of living organisms. The Behaviorist does not indeed proceed to the length of roundly asserting that consciousness does not exist; it is sufficient for him to point out that, if it does, we neither do nor can know anything about it. Why not? Because the only knowledge we can have of the psychology of living creatures is the knowledge we obtain from the observation of their actions; and consciousness cannot be observed.

In dispensing with the concept of consciousness the Behaviorist incidentally denies himself the luxury of a Self to be conscious. Now it is clear that there is much more in this denial than the historic doubt as to the validity of the persistent, continuing Self, which is as old as the philosopher Hume. Hume pointed out that we have no ground for believing in the reality of the Self, since we never meet with such an entity. Try as you may to meet with your Self, what you in fact come across when you make the endeavor is a willing something, a wishing something, a thinking something, or, in the case in question, a something which is endeavoring to discover what it is that wills, wishes, and thinks. You never penetrate through to a unified entity behind these active somethings, which owns them and links them together but is itself other than they.

Pursuing the same line of argument, William James denied the existence of consciousness as an independent, continuing entity. For him there were merely acts of thought and feeling, "experiencings" as he would call them, which possessed the quality of being conscious; but there was no such thing as a continuing consciousness, a sort of permanent pool of mind stuff from which these "experiencings" took their rise, but which somehow persisted independently of them. Now all this may very well be true; we may, I think, admit with a good grace that there is no evidence for consciousness as something over and above the sum total of acts, thoughts, and feelings which are conscious. But the Behaviorist goes considerably beyond this position.

On the question whether there are such things as conscious acts, thoughts, and feelings he maintains a diplomatic reserve; what he insists is that he can get along perfectly well without introducing anything of the kind. Our actions are for him not the results of conscious volitions, but are the automatic responses, whether conditioned or unconditioned, of our bodies to physical stimuli. A word of explanation is perhaps desirable at this point. That much of behavior conforms to the stimulus-response formula is sufficiently obvious. If I stimulate you by kicking your hinder parts forcibly at the top of a flight of stairs, you will respond by falling down them; if I stimulate you with a pin, you will respond by jumping, if with a ghost, by stiffening your hair. Nobody wishes to maintain that in cases of this kind our responses are voluntary; they are as automatically determined by the appropriate stimulus as the production of the chocolate is determined by the stimulus of the penny inserted into

the automatic machine. Now what the Behaviorist in fact maintains is that *all* our actions, however complicated they may appear, can be shown to be of this stimulus-response type, cases in which the response seems to be quite irrelevant to the stimulus being explained by means of what is known as the conditioned response.

The conditioned response was first exhibited for the instruction of psychologists by Pavlov's dog. The psychologist Pavlov tied up a dog and presented it with food, whereupon its mouth watered; just before the food appeared he struck a gong. He performed this experiment on a considerable number of occasions, causing the sounding of the gong immediately to precede or to synchronize with the presentation of the food. Then he sounded the gong without the food, and the dog's mouth watered as before; the gong through constant association with the food had come, therefore, to produce the response appropriate to the food and originally caused by the food only. The gong is now called a conditioned stimulus, and the watering of the mouth following the stimulus of the gong alone a conditioned response. Now it is suggested by Professor Watson that the great bulk of our actions can be explained as responses to stimuli which have become conditioned in this way, and he has done much valuable work in showing how, for example, the three fundamental emotional reactions of children, fear, rage, and love tend as a result of conditioning to be provoked by the most remote and diverse stimuli.

It is maintained that this conditioning of responses in accordance with which the nature of our reactions to a particular stimulus is determined by the nature of the stimuli that have accompanied the stimulus on past occasions is a purely automatic affair. So far are we from being able to control or to influence the character of our responses, that we are often completely unconscious of them. *We may*, of course, be conscious of the responses that we make to the stimuli we receive, but consciousness is by no means indispensable to the occurrences of these responses.

Now it is common knowledge that the Behaviorists extend this treatment of human behavior to embrace the form of activity which is known as thinking; thinking, they say, is merely sub-vocal talking, a series of physical responses of stimuli proceeding from our bodies. But if we need not be conscious of the occurrence of these responses in order that they may occur, it is obvious that we cannot be expected to control them; what is more, we cannot (in view of what has been said about conditioning) be held responsible for the character they assume.

The bearing of this conclusion upon the general question of free will is sufficiently obvious. I propose, however, to consider its application to one aspect of our psychology, upon which I have not previously touched, namely, the emotional. An emotion, according to the famous James-Lange theory, is our psychological awareness of physiological changes occurring within the body. Agreed, says the Behaviorist, with a possible reservation as to the psychological character of the awareness which is, he holds, in all probability, in itself merely a nervous disturbance. Now if an emotion originated in our minds and not in our bodies, if its origin, in other words, were psychological, it is at least conceivable that we should be able to direct and to control it. The will, we are accustomed to think, enables us, if we are sufficiently strong-minded, to keep our emotional selves within reasonable bounds. But if the basis of emotion is not psychological at all but is a physiological disturbance which forces itself, as it were, upon our mental attention, its occurrence is obviously outside our control. We may tell a man not to be a coward, but it is meaningless to tell him not to let his hair stand on end when he sees a ghost; we may insist that he should restrain his temper when his enemy pulls his nose or

runs off with his wife, but it is absurd to command him not to discharge glycogen from his liver and subsequently proceed to break it down into sugar. "Granted," it may be said, "but who ever supposed that we could control our emotions, so far, at least, as the feeling of them is concerned? Feeling, like desire, is outside our control. We may be able to affirm that we will do this or do that, but we cannot say that we will feel like this or feel like that. What is more, nobody ever supposed that we could; and it is not, therefore, necessary for the vindication of free will to prove that the occurrence of our feelings is a matter within our control. What we can control is the expression of them: a man may feel annoyed, but he need not swear; he may feel angry, but he need not break the furniture."

But can we, on the Behaviorist psychology, be sure that he need not? On the Behaviorist view an emotion is after all only our awareness (itself interpretable in terms of a nervous disturbance) of a physical response to a physical stimulus, and breaking the furniture, which is what we call the expression of the emotion, is just such another response. Consciousness, we are told, is necessary for the occurrence neither of the one response nor of the other. Our adrenal glands excrete adrenalin when we see a ghost, and, if the process forces itself upon our attention, we feel frightened; but we are responsible neither for the occurrence of this action on the part of our glands nor for its intensity. It follows that we are not responsible for the physical occurrences which may follow upon the gland action, physical occurrences of which breaking the furniture, in the case of anger, may be one. Therefore, we are no more responsible for breaking the furniture than we are for excreting adrenalin. We have only come to think of the furniture breaking as being within our control because of our assumption that it was the outcome of a psychological event, namely the occurrence of an emotion of anger, whose effects we believed that we could control. This assumption is false, since, as we have seen, the furniture breaking is simply the result of the physical response to an external stimulus of which, indeed, it forms a part. Just as the initial response in terms of gland excretions to the stimulus constituted by the external situation is automatic, so also are the movements to which the response prompts the organism. Stimulus in terms of nose pulling, response in terms of gland excretion, and further response in terms of furniture breaking are indeed all links in the same physical chain, forming a process of which indeed we may be aware, but with which we are unable to interfere. If we do happen to be aware of it we experience an emotion, but this is an incidental unimportant occurrence with no causative power over the physical happenings which go on independently of it, and it is only the mistaken assumption that the emotion *caused* the expression of itself called furniture breaking, that led us to suppose that we could control this expression.

Emotions and their expression in action are, therefore, equally outside our control. Similar conclusions attend the application of the Behaviorist psychology to our volitions, our thoughts, our wishes, and our desires.

V

It will be well to end this article with a brief summary of the conclusions at which we have arrived. These may be most conveniently presented in relation to that celebrated nineteenth-century invention, "the conscience." The Victorians believed that the moral well-being of the soul was guarded by a beneficent faculty known as the conscience. The conscience acted as a sort of "barmaid" to the soul. Faced with the fact that human beings, being fallible, must be permitted a certain amount of rope, she would countenance up to a point (and rather reluctantly, perhaps) the indulgence of desires, but only up to a point. When that point was reached, she would

rap upon the counter and "Time's up, gentlemen," she would say. "We close at 10:30; no more drinking now,"* and proceed to close the bar. If gentlemen continue to drink after closing hours, they get into trouble with the law; conscience, in other words, to revert to nineteenth-century language, would proceed to give them a bad time; this process was known as suffering remorse. It was not suggested, of course, that conscience was always successful in her inhibitory activities; she often—especially if you were wicked—failed. But, even then, you had to pay a price for her defeat; she could always take the sugar out of your coffee, even if she could not prevent you from drinking it.

Now it is clear that if the arguments advanced above are correct, this way of regarding the workings of our mental interior must be given up. If what has been said in the earlier part of this article is true, conscience herself is but the slave of some instinct (or the effect of some stimulus) of whose workings we are and must remain ignorant. If that instinct is stronger than the desire that conscience admonishes (or the will represses), then conscience (or the will) triumphs, and we are considered to be virtuous (or persons of strong character). If not, the desire obtains its gratification, and we are considered to be wicked (or persons of weak character). But we are not in either case responsible for what happens, simply because the part of ourselves that we know and can, therefore, control, is not the part that matters.

It seems, then, that in all we do and think and feel we are the prey of forces hidden deep within ourselves, whose origins escape detection and whose workings evade control. To every given situation there is a fixed and definite way in which we shall react, which is the outcome of these fundamental forces of our nature, and a complete knowledge of these forces would enable us to predict this reaction with as much certainty as an astronomer can, given certain data, predict the movements of the planet Venus. The apparent uncertainty of human behavior is, therefore, merely an illusion caused by our incomplete knowledge of human nature, and human freedom is the myth to which that ignorance has given birth.

Since freedom is the indispensable condition of Ethics, the conclusions of the psychologists whose theories we have considered convict Ethics of being an illogical superfluity. This, however, need not disturb us since, even if our moral judgments are meaningless, we cannot help making them; they are themselves the rationalizations of our own instinctive impulse to disapprove of what shocks or otherwise inconveniences us. We shall continue, then, to feel morally and to enshrine our feelings in moral codes in spite of the demonstrable futility of morality.

I do not myself agree with any of the conclusions that I have enumerated in this article; my concern has been merely to show that they follow from the presuppositions of modern psychology, although they are rarely avowed.

*I am writing only of English consciences as I know them. Another metaphor would now have to be invented to describe the activities of the American conscience.

SONATA ACADEMICA

BY GEORGE BOAS

Allegro. Ma non troppo.

DOCTOR HOLSTEIN was a troublemaker. All Oralia, except a handful of reds, despised him. He was a professor of chemistry and refused to act like a boy scout leader. He wouldn't co-operate. He wouldn't sign a paper until he knew what was in it. He said right out in Faculty Meeting that students didn't come to college to make social contacts. He had no *esprit de corps:* when he served on committees he made everyone work. He was never seen at football games, in the Y. M. C. A., or at fraternity dinners. He never dined out. He was always sneering at things—bitter, cynical, nasty. Never had a kind word for anyone—always criticizing. And as for looks, he wore thick glasses and thick gray clothes, had thick black bushy hair, and was short and thickset.

It was admitted by his chief, Professor Guernsey, with a sigh, that he had made a mistake in calling him to Oralia. He didn't fit in. That was the trouble, everyone agreed. Doctor Holstein just didn't fit in.

Though he didn't fit into Oralia, his place in the learned world was fixed and certain. When you mentioned Oralia in Paris or Berlin or Cambridge, you heard, "Oh, yes, that's where Holstein is."

But of course Professor Guernsey never went to Paris or Berlin or Cambridge. He said that he guessed America was as good as any of those places when it came to real chemistry. By real chemistry he meant industrial chemistry, in which field he said he didn't propose to take off his hat to anyone. As for all that stuff about quanta and relativity and—well, you know, all that theoretical nonsense—he admitted that he knew nothing about it and, what was more, he didn't want to.

Doctor Holstein did some unaccountable things. He was, for instance, a Phi Beta Kappa. When the Oralia chapter suggested that it take in not merely men who were scholastically brilliant but those who were socially presentable he raised such a storm that they had to lay the motion on the table. They weren't able to pass it until he was away on sabbatical leave.

On the Scholarship Committee he refused to give any weight to what his fellows called "personality."

"Personality," he bellowed. "Where should I be if personality counted?"

The answer was obvious, but no one dared give it. As Miss Ribbe, the President's Secretary, said after the meeting, "If he knew how disagreeable he was, why didn't he reform?"

During the War he was more loathsome than ever. He always took the opposite side of every question. He even said a good word for the Huns and always ordered Hamburger Steak at the Faculty Club for lunch after the name had been changed to Liberty Steak. His colleagues tried to oust him, but, alas, it was discovered that he had said just as many good words for the Allies as he had for the Central Powers. A hypocrite, that's what he was.

At the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of Oralia he fell asleep on the platform and snored aloud. His snores came out in jerks, like the quanta he was

so fond of. As he was in the front row it looked very bad. Professor Guernsey stepped on his foot to wake him up, but Holstein, gritting his teeth, gave him a cruel side-swipe with his heel as a horse might brush away a fly with his tail, and went on snoring. A loud snicker passed through the audience.

He once was asked to address the local Rotary Club on contemporary movements in chemistry. He warned them that there would be a certain amount of mathematics in his speech, but was laughingly told that there were three bank tellers in the club who were lightning calculators. He gave them two solid hours on "Shroedinger's Quantum Dynamics in Its Relation to the Matrix Theory." The cashiers emerged wiping their foreheads and cursing. "Mathematics, hell," said one. "Nothing but Greek letters."

There seemed to be no way to get rid of him. For the President, curiously enough, was inclined to be nice to him. The President read the clippings which the clipping bureau sent him and he knew that Doctor Holstein was more often mentioned in them than anyone else. He had great publicity value. "Holstein and the Stadium," he said when alone with a jocular friend.

But Holstein finally left.

The President's wife, Mrs. Carter, was giving her annual reception to the co-eds and faculty.

Her method of giving a reception was very efficient. She simply telephoned Miss Ayrshire, head of the Department of Home Economics, and invited her to take the affair in hand. Poor Alice Ayrshire, who was fifty-two and had a mother of seventy-five on her hands, sighed dutifully and set to work.

Woman professors can never do anything easily—it is an absolute law of the jungle. Their natures require them to do all the dirty work, to wear themselves out, and to have a nervous breakdown once in a while. A woman professor can take more abuse than a punching bag. So Alice gathered her staff about her, tucked up her skirts, and pitched in. She consoled her younger colleagues by saying that after all they weren't doing this for Mrs. Carter but for Oralia. Before she had finished every woman professor had been enlisted in the great work. The gymnasium was decorated with palms and evergreens, millions of sandwiches were piled in leaning towers, little confections topped with red and blue coal-tar products stood waiting to mirror the college colors and ruin the digestion, tea-balls were stuffed with tea, tables laid with silver and fine linen. At three-thirty the women pinned up their straggling tresses with elbows in air and trudged to their rooms to dress for the reception they had prepared in their own honor.

At four they were back, hastily powdered, clothed in those slimsy blue and brown garments which women professors affect. Those who had not time to change pinned a bit of lace about their necks to give their gowns a more dressy air.

At four-ten Mrs. Carter arrived. Alice Ayrshire and her aids waited nervously for a word of approval. Mrs. Carter sniffed here and there like the animal to which she was so often compared in smoking rooms, and found that there was nothing to complain of. She took up her station with the Dean of Women and a few of the wealthier faculty wives opposite the door.

The hungry wolves arrived at four-fifteen. They came in packs with bared fangs and lolling red tongues. Hastily shaking Mrs. Carter's hand, they loped over to the heavily laden tables where they crammed cakes and sandwiches down their esophagi with a gurgly sound. Crumbs of cake and icing gathered in the corners of their mouths. On and on they came, snatching, grabbing, devouring.

Mrs. Carter eyed them uneasily. The mountains of victuals were melting away like drifts of snow under a hot wind. The air was full of the clatter of dishes and tongues. Her head was

spinning, her feet were swollen, her hand and arm were exhausted. She looked toward the door. More and more people. Disgusting. She wouldn't have a bite to eat at her reception.

At length the line grew thinner. Only stragglers now. Soon it would be ended and maybe she could snatch a sandwich or two and one of those frosted cakes that Miss Ayrshire did so well.

And then who should arrive but Doctor Holstein, stout, dark, thick, self-assertive, insolent. She couldn't turn her back on him. (He knew she couldn't and had waited deliberately in the hall until everyone had entered.) There he was now, saying, "Don't run away, Mrs. Carter, I came to be received, you know."

She held out her weary, limp, red hand.

He had the impudence to bend over and kiss it. He was making her ridiculous before all these students.

"I've never had the chance to talk to you at home, Mrs. Carter, and I'm determined that we must know each other better."

Idiot! Thrusting himself upon her.

She tried to bore a hole in him with her bright little eyes. Whoever heard of such ill-breeding!

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I think Miss Ayrshire is beckoning to me."

Doctor Holstein turned his protruding eyes in Miss Ayrshire's direction.

"No," he said, "she's beckoning to the University physician. She's probably going to faint. Works much too hard. Not merely her teaching but all these extra things."

Mrs. Carter's neck shot out to twice its normal length.

"What! Do you think she's overworked?"

Holstein seemed surprised.

"Why, yes, don't you? Everyone's always asking her to do things for them. She never refuses."

Mrs. Carter sucked her left upper canine.

"Been complaining, has she? We'll see about that."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Carter," murmured Holstein suavely, "not she. But everyone else is."

He went on in this vein, hovering over the President's wife like a mosquito. There was no shaking him. It was exasperating. And the horrid things he said! Mrs. Carter for the first time in her life met someone as disagreeable as herself and was unprepared for the shock.

Before he left her the cakes were all gone. Tired, with burning feet and cramped arm, hungry, she reached home in a hissing fury. It seethed within her without vent, choking her until her husband came home.

"How was your reception?" was his unhappy greeting.

Mrs. Carter refused to answer and stared at the clock on the mantelpiece.

The Able Administrator felt that he had made a false step.

"Was it—was it too great a strain for you, dear?" he said in a soft tremolo.

His spouse flounced about in her chair and barked, "Strain? You dare to ask me that, Charley Carter? Strain?"

"I'm so sorry." He went up to her to pat her hair. "You try to do too much."

She pulled his hand off her hair and flung it aside.

"Yes," she cried. "And what thanks do I get for it? Ridicule and abuse. And from your friends, too! Oh!"

The President stepped back lest he be scorched by the jets of fire which issued from her nostrils.

"What do you care if I'm publicly insulted? He said I overworked Alice Ayrshire. Right in front of everyone. Forced himself upon me, tried to make a spectacle of me."

On she went, and her husband knew that there was little sense in speaking until the first fury was spent. So he let her storm. She thrashed about, stirred up a lot of foam, and finally subsided.

"Now," he said, for he finally gathered that Holstein was the guilty party, "now, what do you want me to do, dear?"

Mrs. Carter rose to her feet, expanded her lungs, shrivelled him with a fiery glance, and expelled these words, "A man would know."

She left the room.

The President dropped into the chair she had vacated and drummed his fingers on its arms. Alas, it was clear, Holstein must go. It wasn't that he was rude to poor Mamie, but that he was unable to co-operate. He was incapable of "fitting into the scheme of things at Oralia."

Life to-day, mused Mr. Carter with that profundity of thought which infects able administrators, demands co-operation. We must learn to work together—shoulder to shoulder at the wheel—each his bit—ants—soldiers of progress—the man out of step not merely careless but criminal—you, sir, have done great things in science, but, life is not—and so it is with reluctance, my good fellow, that I—

The President made quite a little speech to himself which he would like to deliver to the culprit. It was, indeed, too bad that the culprit didn't know anything about it, for nothing would have amused him more than to hear it. But unfortunately only that morning he had accepted a chair at Harvard, and his resignation was already in the mails. No one would have regretted having spared Doctor Carter the dirty work of firing him more than he. As a compensation he had the fun of a farewell dinner at which all Oralia vented its relief at his departure and to make sure that he was really going, took him to the train.

II

Andante.

It was the great day of the year at Oralia. All the students, all the faculty, as many of the alumni as were out of work gathered together in Jones Hall to celebrate the founding of their university. It was done every year lest someone forget the founder. And every year after singing "O Mother Oralia" to the tune of "Jerusalem the Golden," they listened to President Carter's noble voice bragging about the great men who laid the foundation of this great institution. He forgot to mention that they were dead.

On the platform sat young Doctor Berkeley, an idealist, freshly hatched from graduate school. His well-washed face flushed with enthusiasm as he heard his beloved commander say to deafening applause, "We stand for Freedom of Teaching, Liberty of Research, and Independence of Thought."

"Give him a cheer, boys!" yelled the cheer leader, and the famous "Ray, ray, ray, ray, ray, ray, Raylia," was given, after which the students applauded themselves, and the meeting adjourned.

Doctor Berkeley went back to his office to finish reading the quizzes in Philosophy I. He brought new zeal to his work. He thought how wrong certain writers were to be always satirizing college presidents. They might be a bit tautological at times but, at least in Doctor Carter's case, they had high ideals. Oralia was going to prove just that university of which he had always dreamed.

Thus musing he read, "And so Socrates carried on the tradition of Parmenides and called himself a midwife . . ."

"Poor misguided boy," said the young philosopher and, sighing, dug a red F into the paper.

He turned to the next.

"Socrates was hanged for drinking hemlock and made a definition by induction."

The philosophic smile faded. He shook his head. Another F.

The next paper. "Socrates, the pupil of Anaxagoras, said, All is water."

"Damnation," muttered Dr. Berkeley and bowed his head like a movie star registering thought.

His duty was clear—flunk he must and flunk he did. It was only just to President Carter. He rose to his feet, lighted a cigarette, and paced the office nervously.

He had asked his class of two hundred and fifty youths and maidens to indicate briefly the place of Socrates in European philosophy, and this was the result. How clear his lecture had been! How full of human interest! His voice as he delivered it had filled with tears and, as he ended the hour with the closing words of Plato's *Apology*, he knew in his heart of hearts that he had made a hit. Before him two hundred and fifty faces looked drawn and pale. He had moved their souls, and he had said to himself, "There are people who sneer at the youth of today and call it callow and indifferent."

As a matter of fact he had gone six minutes over the hour, and his audience was wondering how they would get to their next class on time.

Doctor Berkeley threw his cigarette out of the window and in sadness resumed his task. He handed in a percentage of flunks somewhat larger than the Department of Education would approve of. But he knew that the President would support him. Who could doubt it after his speech on Founder's Day?

Two days after the marks were in there came a rapping at his door. In walked a pair of nervous undergraduates whom the professor invited to sit down. One was a red-haired youth with a congressional scowl, the other a nordic blond of the first magnitude. The nordic occupied himself with turning his large brown-felt hat about his right thumb, letting his innocent eyes rove in mild wonder over the bookcases. Little Rufus, however, drew in his chin, let his forelock fall over his left eye, and delivered himself of the following preamble to a threat:

"We've come down from the Phi Pho Phum house to see about Jake Schmutz's mark in Philosophy I."

"Yes?" said Doctor Berkeley, offering him a cigarette.

"Yes," said Rufus, scorning it.

"What is there to see about it?" asked Doctor Berkeley and tapped the cigarette on the arm of his chair.

"Well, we don't understand it."

Doctor Berkeley moistened one end of the narrow white cylinder and put it in his mouth.

"Doesn't Mr. Schmutz?"

Rufus coughed.

"No, he doesn't. Frankly, we think that he ought to have done better."

Eric the Bold flushed at his friend's candor.

"I think he ought to have, too," said Doctor Berkeley.

"He certainly studied hard over that course," ventured Eric in a Scandinavian voice.

"Like all great art," murmured Doctor Berkeley, "it didn't show."

"Well," said Rufus, wanting to get down to brass tacks, "what can we do about it?"

The professor was becoming vexed.

"A deed once done is irrevocable."

"Won't you even give him another examination?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be fair to the other students."

"Couldn't he write a paper or something?"

"No, not even a paper," Doctor Berkeley said, "would atone for his blood guilt in thinking that Socrates lived in sixteenth-century England." He was equally deaf to other proposals and finally succeeded in pushing his callers out of the office.

He turned back to the *Enneads* of Plotinus with relief.

He was awakened by the sound of the telephone. The Dean's secretary, Miss Spleen. His Worship wanted to see him.

The Dean was the only begotten son of Rotaria.

"What's this fuss about Schmutz?" he asked, holding Doctor Berkeley at arm's length.

"What do you mean?" asked Berkeley's eyebrows.

"Come, come, you mustn't take the letter of the law for the spirit," the Dean continued. He disliked these professors who were always causing trouble by flunking students. They showed no

discrimination. "You must be more human. College is more than the classroom. Human associations—fellowship—ideals of citizenship—don't ever forget that."

"Mr. Schmutz thinks Socrates was Francis Bacon."

"Well, I know—but he was probably not paying attention. We're all liable to mistakes. The poor boy is all upset over this thing. You don't know how keenly he feels the disgrace of failing in your course. He took the work under a misapprehension in the first place—not particularly interested in philosophy—had an empty hour at that time—must make allowances."

"How about the other men who failed? Don't they feel the same disgrace?"

This was the fauxest of faux pas.

"I'm not discussing the other men; we'll cross bridges when we come to them. Discussing Schmutz. Why, the boy's mother has been to see me about it. She came while I was eating dinner last night. His father is Schmutz of the Schmutz Sugar Refinery. Fine people; done all kinds of things for the university. Are we to reward them by flunking their son?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light, I confess," said Berkeley. "What do you propose doing?"

The Dean was pleased to see that this professor was going to be sensible.

"That is entirely in your hands. At Oralia the administration doesn't interfere in departmental matters."

"Have you no suggestions? Remember that I am a newcomer to Oralia."

"Why not give him another trial?"

"Why bother?" said Berkeley, trying to give a Gallic shrug of the shoulders.

The Dean bit his fountain pen that he had been rattling between his teeth.

"Do as you see fit," he said. The interview was over.

Berkeley left the office with all the calm he could muster.

He went directly to the Registrar.

"I seem to have made a clerical error in the mark of Mr. Jackson Schmutz. I seem to have given him an F. It should have been an A. Will you be kind enough to correct it?"

When the young philosopher was angry he became very formal.

He walked home in a daze, threw himself upon his couch, and began to read "The Wasteland."

Why the fuss over Schmutz?

He found out that afternoon.

The evening edition of the *Oralia Gazette* carried a head in one hundred and thirty-two point type, "Jake To Play in Big Game. Reinstated By Clerical Error."

III

Scherzo. Finale.

The faculty wives were gathered in solemn klonklave. They were mortally wounded by an article published in a New York magazine which ought to have known better than to insult one of the most noteworthy institutions in the country. The worst of it was that the article was signed. One of those young men from the East who thought themselves so smart. Nothing was sacred to him. He had no reverence.

The ladies left their luncheon dishes unwashed. On fifteen kitchen tables stood fifteen milk bottles surrounded by cracker crumbs and surmounted by little swarms of humming flies. Fifteen co-eds were earning fifteen dollars minding thirty babies—each professor and spouse having two, properly spaced. Fifteen wives washed their honest but plain faces, tucked in their stray hairs, laced their tall black shoes—probably the only fifteen pairs of tall black shoes left in America—and clumped off to Mrs. Streeter's to see what could be done to save Oralia.

They all sat in a ring in Mrs. Streeter's living room. Large carbon prints of the Parthenon and other relics of dead civilizations made an appropriate setting for them.

Mrs. Bristol had taken the floor. She said she didn't mind Oralia's being made fun of but she did think that criticism should be constructive rather than destructive.

The others nodded their assent.

"It's all right to tear down," said Mrs. Bristol pithily, "but it's about time someone built up."

"That's what I always say," said Mrs. Fair, wife of the French professor. "Why must we go about levelling everything?"

"Who do you suppose he could have meant in that first incident of his? The one about the President's wife? Not Mrs. ——?" Mrs. Vance raised her eyebrows and shook her head in the direction of the Presidential mansion whose portals could be seen through the windows.

Mrs. Vance's neighbor murmured that she understood he did and sighed.

She wasn't altogether sorry that he did, for Mrs. Carter had never been nice to her, but still she was shocked. Like a person who hears that a rich uncle has died.

"My feeling is," said Mrs. Streeter in a loud commanding voice, "that we should all send letters to the Editor demanding an apology and threatening to cancel our subscriptions if he refuses."

There was a little pause—like a gulp.

Then Mrs. Twining, a tiny blonde from New York yoked to a lop-sided geologist, lisped, "But you see, I don't subscribe."

"Nor I," admitted twelve others. How could they? Their husbands had to have *Science*, *The Journal of Philosophy*, *The Physical Review*, *Modern Language Notes*, and the like, all of which could be looked at in the library, but which it was a matter of pride to buy.

"They say," whispered Mrs. Vance behind a brown-kid palm, "that the number in which the article appeared sold by the hundreds. All the students bought it. Some even took it to class, and I heard that five copies were left at the President's door on Valentine's Day."

"Ladies," called Mrs. Streeter, rapping on the table with a ruler, "this is a *meeting*. Has no one any other suggestions to make?"

Before anyone could stop her, the gaunt figure of Mrs. Bismarck, wife of the German professor, rose to her feet.

"There is only one method of righting wrong," she groaned, "one only. Wrong is—"

She launched into a definition of evil culled from the books of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Green, Bosanquet, the Cairds, and Josiah Royce. She said it was absolutely necessary in the universe and referred to Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Her body swayed as she intoned her message, her face grew red, wisps of gray hair straggled down from under her new purple hat and curled stickily with her perspiration.

The other ladies became more and more nervous as she went on. Mrs. Streeter tried to check the flow with a forced smile and a, "Yes, yes, but—" or a "Suppose we—" at every pause. But Mrs. Bismarck refused to be checked.

She was always like that; why had Lizzie Van Buren asked her?

When she finally subsided everyone began talking at once about husbands, babies, and schools. It took a great deal of pounding before a sullen calm could be restored and a request for a plan of action could be made again.

"We could draw up resolutions as we did about the Belgian atrocities," suggested the public-spirited voice of the surgeon's wife.

That seemed attractive for a moment or two, and all eyes pivoted towards Mrs. Streeter's. But then someone suggested that there'd be no one to send them to, and Mrs. Streeter sensibly remarked that no one ever read beyond the "Whereases" anyway.

"And even if they did, what good would it do?"

"Well, I only suggested it because you asked for ideas," said the surgeon's wife. "I'm sure nobody could say that I forced myself on them but you yourself said right out that you wanted ideas.

That's all I ever intended it to be. I'm sure it's nothing to me one way or another, Mrs. Streeter, but I do think if we're going to have a meeting you ought to let us all have our say. It's not that—well, I'm sure I don't care, do as you please."

She opened her purse, drew out her handkerchief, and wiped the corners of her mouth.

There was an awkward silence.

"Might I ask a question?" said a flute-like voice in a corner.

"Certainly, Mrs.—er, Mrs. Buchanan," said the hostess glad that someone would end the pause.

Mrs. Buchanan rose to her large feet which she tried to conceal by her voice. Her eyes were half closed. She touched her left breast with her finger tips and murmured with a slight trembling of the head, "Let us hold the thought for five minutes that good can come from evil if we will atune ourselves to the larger harmonies."

"Evil!" cried Mrs. Bismarck, "you don't know what it is, evil."

"Good can come from it," breathed Mrs. Buchanan through her pearly teeth.

Mrs. Bismarck shrugged her gaunt shoulders and muttered to herself, "*Dummkopf.*"

"What you say, Mrs. Buchanan, is very interesting," said the hostess. "Are there other suggestions?"

Mrs. Pierce leaped to her feet.

"You're all evading the issue," she said. "Oralia has been insulted and that means that we've all been insulted. We know who the guilty party is. There's no mystery about it. I move that a committee be appointed to go to the author and demand an apology."

She sat down. The chair trembled under the blow.

All the ladies seemed enthusiastic over the proposal but no one wanted to be a member of the committee.

At that moment Mrs. Streeter rang for tea, saying that details could be arranged later.

Mrs. Pierce said that she would sacrifice herself and go to the author. But Mrs. Streeter felt secretly that Mrs. Pierce's tact was not all that could be desired. She would appoint the committee later.

The next afternoon Mrs. Streeter received a call from the author himself. He told her that the wireless service of Oralia had informed him of yesterday's meeting. There was no need of a committee's coming to see him, he said. Already he had five letters from the five other universities he had attended demanding apologies. He had apologized to them all. He was going to write a public apology to the universe as a whole for writing about it.

"Mrs. Streeter," he said, "God has cursed some people with a desire to write down their experiences. Why they should thus distil them into the alcohol of literature I don't know. I have done my best since teaching to leave pen and ink alone, but every once in a while the old hunger seizes me, and my friends and myself go into the crucible. I always have hoped that they would come out unrecognizable, but on the contrary they are such good likenesses that everyone sees himself in them no matter what the original may have been. Five universities—six including Oralia see themselves in my article. Can they all be there? Only if none of them is . . . You have studied philosophy, haven't you, Mrs. Streeter?"

Mrs. Streeter said she had and understood perfectly. She thought it very handsome of him to come to her like this. "But you will be more careful in the future, won't you? It makes such a bad impression."

Mrs. Streeter could scarcely wait for him to go, she so itched to get to the telephone. When he left she flew to the instrument and called Mrs. Pierce. She gave her a long enthusiastic account of the call she had just received, and ended by saying, "And you know, he says he was writing about Harvard all the time."

FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY

BY KEYES WINTER

Assistant Attorney General of New York State

IT IS a curious and ironic psychological fact that Americans, shrewd as in many ways they show themselves, should be almost universally the victims of some type of financial fraud. The national susceptibility to the swindler is historic, limited to no class or locality. Generations of otherwise hardheaded citizens of these United States have followed the mirage of preposterous profits until its inevitable fading left the deluded in the desert of reality, stripped of their savings of years. Nor has to-day's generation appeared to learn wisdom from the bitter experiences of predecessors. Our fathers and grandfathers hopefully purchased green goods and gold bricks. We, in the same spirit of get-rich-quick optimism, have bought German marks and stock in fly-by-night companies. The form of the dollar-alluring swindle changes, but its spirit remains the same.

Even some of the old forms are still practiced successfully. Crooks continue to offer to college boys and to more sophisticated persons so-called "wonderful bargains" in goods "smuggled off a ship." On a crowded subway platform in New York the other day a man approached a certain keen-eyed citizen with the old story of the valuable watch which he wanted to sell in a hurry.

"Do I look like that kind of a fool?" indignantly demanded this particular New Yorker. With him the game did not work, but it would not have been tried if it were not still working with others. And while for decades the investor in bogus mining shares has been a butt for ridicule in fiction and on the stage, it is a fact that worthless mines are just now the bait most popular with the ever-gullible American public.

There must be a philosophy to explain this public's characteristic eagerness to gobble up dubious investments, marketed here with perhaps greater ease and expedition than anywhere else on the globe. The Frenchman hoards his savings, often refusing even to put them into a bank. The Englishman is likely to buy a home or to purchase government securities—the Consols, for example, concerning the safety of which an anxious Englishwoman consulted her lawyer during the War.

"Madam," said that cautious man, "I can only assure you that they will be the last to go!"

If safety is the first, the final, the ever-present thought of the average small investor in other parts of the world, taking a chance—the reverse of the safety principle—makes many an American play into the hands of the confidence man, the seller of worthless investments, the market rigger, all of whom promise miraculous gains. The guiding principles of such an ingenuous American's investing philosophy appear to include the gambling impulse, the desire to get something for nothing, the yearning, above all, to get rich quick without work.

This passion for riches seems to paralyze common caution and to destroy common sense. With ridiculous alacrity the sucker swallows the thinnest and most preposterous story told by the "con man." The latter need achieve no

mastery of detail, no smooth chain of logic, no careful realism.

Whether the victim has inherited a little money, whether he—or she—has worked hard for years and saved a little—almost always the temptation to turn it into promised wealth proves irresistible. Most Americans are not content with what they have. They look about them and see the heads of big corporations enjoying millions and—so the envious observers mistakenly assume—doing little or no work for those millions. All the small fry long to be as well off; they worship the moneyed man. The cult of noble families, the aristocracy of landed estates, such powerful factors in the civilization of older communities have no place in our society. What kindles the imagination and emulation of Americans is the figure of the millionaire. He, to paraphrase the Persian poet, is the door to which they find no key—until they think they have found a key of gold in some swindler's offer of incredible returns for capital invested.

Often, too, this swindler reaches his victims by means of the little knowledge that is so dangerous. More than the citizens of most countries, Americans are a newspaper-reading public. They acquire at least a headline acquaintance with new discoveries, inventions, enterprises. Upon this popular stock of information, which may be sensational and garbled to the point of misinformation, the investment crook deliberately trades. I venture to say that the presses are even now printing millions of stock certificates in corporations holding holes in the ground near Weepah, the scene of a much-advertised recent gold strike. Tens of thousands of shares have been sold in worthless or even non-existent motion picture and radio companies. Fake "bargains" in Florida real estate were among the financial best sellers a year ago.

Wistful aspirants for unearned increment often point out to one another that a fortune might have been amassed by any person lucky enough to have bought a few shares of telephone stock, or of Ford motor stock, when the telephone and the Ford car were new and unknown. What these dreamers do not realize is that the public never is given the chance to invest in such genuine bonanzas. When the promoters of an enterprise are really convinced that it will make them rich they do not want to sell stock in it to anybody and everybody. They want to keep that stock snugly in their own hands. The commonest assurance offered by the salesman of bogus stock that "you will double your money" is a plain indication that something is wrong. What man or organization with anything as good as this is passing it around?

To get rich quick, because being rich is the most desirable state; to take a gambler's chance on any scheme promising fortune without toil, especially if one has "seen something about it in the papers"—that is, perhaps, the synthesis of the American philosophy which, according to Mr. Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, parts fools from no less than one billion seven hundred million dollars every year in the United States. Of this sum which he estimates is obtained by financial shysters at least half, in my opinion, is collected in New York—but *from* America. Because Wall Street is the hub of the country's legitimate financial operations, the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords prefer Wall Street as an impressive business address, but their operations radiate to every corner of the land.

It was to prevent these operations, and so to protect these deluded investors, that the Fraud Prevention Bureau was established in the heart of Wall Street by Attorney General Albert Ottinger in 1925. As his Assistant in charge of the Bureau, I have administered the law which created it. The Martin Act, as this statute is known, is a Blue Sky Law; a law directed against peddlers of those fallaciously glowing promises of profit for which the blue sky is the only limit.

Two years and a half of intensive

study of the parting of fools and their money has but deepened my conviction of the universality of this brand of folly in the United States.

The common assumption that women are more "easy" than men has no basis in fact, so far as my observation goes. I know a trained nurse who, by years of exhausting labor, amassed small savings, only to throw them away by the purchase of shares in a worthless gold mine. On the other hand, I know a college professor—a professor of economics, at that—who purchased mortgage stock at one hundred dollars a share, which was worth at the time perhaps two dollars and which is now worth nothing. There seems to be no sex in suckers.

One of the strangest traits of their psychology is their habit of coming back for more. No matter how much of their money the first crooked stock salesman gets, the second who approaches them will be met with open arms and whatever cash is left. "Once bitten, twice shy," does not hold true of the average sucker; of him or her the adage should read, "Once bitten, twice as eager." Confidence men themselves understand how deep-seated is this disease of being "easy." There are probably fifty places in New York City where so-called "sucker-lists" are compiled and sold. Lists of persons who are believed to be gullible prospects, but who have not, as yet, fallen for a bogus money-making scheme, retail for one cent a name. Selected names of those who have once invested in such a scheme bring higher rates. The exclusive privilege to canvass a chronic biter is marketed for five cents and more.

So ineradicable is the passion to get rich quick without labor! When one perceives the motives that animate the victims of the confidence man, it is difficult to feel any great sympathy for most of them. Now and then there is a really pathetic case, and the investigator can have nothing but scorn for that meanest and most cowardly of criminals, the con man himself. A little of the scorn, however, may tincture one's viewpoint of the "conned"—scorn not so much for their simple credulity as for the basic dishonesty of their aspiration to acquire a fortune by some smooth trick, instead of by earning.

II

As in dress or in house decoration, there are fashions in fraudulent investments. Texas oil stocks "went out" just before I took charge of the Fraud Prevention Bureau. The present fashion is mines. Gold, precious stones, metals—their very names kindle the imagination of the public and so make easy the exploitation of wildcat mining stock.

To illustrate the elaborate modern technic of handling such stock, the public credulity and greed upon which the stock swindler plays, and some of the State's methods of calling him to account, a detailed narrative of the activities of Charlie Greenhaus may serve. The "Boy Wizard of Wall Street," as he liked to call himself, made one of his killings with the Dryden Gold Mine, and his methods were typical of those used by many others.

First, he hired an office in Wall Street, the favored address of investment crooks. Telephones were to be the most important feature of his *mise en scène*, and fifteen or twenty of them, including nine trunk lines, were installed in one long room. It is known to the sophisticated as the "boiler room," since it is the source of an unlimited amount of hot air! Greenhaus had a force of the young men called "dynamiters," whose specialty consists in disposing of bogus investments over the telephone wires, with the telephone books utilized as sucker lists. From New York these men put through calls to Chicago, Cleveland, even Denver, as well as to smaller communities. It is a curious psychological fact that many persons are quicker to swallow what is said to them over the 'phone than what they hear in a face-to-face interview.

There might be amusement and instruction for the unsophisticated in-

vestor in watching a telephone "dynamiter" at work. He is often a more than unusually unattractive specimen, with a greasy skin, eyes set too close together, an expression of uneasy self-assurance. Yet when this unprepossessing person has entered the "boiler room," thrown aside his coat, unfastened and rolled up his cuffs, loosened his collar, moistened his hands, and picked up the telephone receiver, what have we here? Nothing less than a graduate of Oxford, to judge by the throaty tones with the authentic English accent and the slurring of unimportant syllables. A moment before, speaking to one of his fellow "dynamiters," he combined a double negative with the latest underworld argot. Now his language is drawn from "the well of English undefiled," his silky baritone is rich and pure, his eloquence dynamic.

He addresses Mr. Brown, his prospect, by name and introduces himself as "Mr. Johnson, of Blank and Company." "You will remember me, Mr. Brown," he challenges; "I am the man who told the financial reporters that International Radio was bound to rise. I suppose you saw what it did yesterday?" (Of course he mentions some stock that really did go up, in case Mr. Brown checks back on the financial columns.) "Now, Mr. Brown," he continues, dynamically, "I have just been made acquainted with the details of a remarkable investment opportunity, one which a business man like yourself cannot afford to miss. You will at least double your money."

Thus the "dynamiter" in Charlie Greenhaus's office prepared his sucker for a purchase of stock in the Dryden Gold Mine at $2 a share, paper that was hawked around the street for fifty cents with no takers. For emergencies Greenhaus possessed two or three hundred shares. But for $25,000 dynamited out of the public in one month he actually delivered little of this stock. He was a hundred per cent operator.

For example, he sold by telephone five hundred shares to an undertaker down on Long Island. The sale, at $2 per share, amounted to $1,000. The next day, however, the "dynamiter" telephoned to the undertaker and apologized for having taken the liberty of buying for him $5,000 worth of the stock. The suave speaker explained that, because of some pool operations known only to his group of financial experts, the stock had increased in value and had been resold for a profit of $3,000. It was necessary, the speaker concluded, for the undertaker to deliver immediately his certified check to the firm's messenger, to get the stock for delivery; but Townsend and Co.'s check for $8,000 would be mailed to the Long Island man the next day. (Townsend and Co. was the name under which Greenhaus conducted his operations.) A messenger shortly thereafter appeared with fictitious broker's statements, exactly confirming the telephone messages and proving to the delighted sucker his good fortune.

The man scurried around and borrowed enough money to make up, with his savings, the required $5,000. This sum he delivered to the impatient messenger, who was making several calls in the neighborhood for similar purposes. When the undertaker called at our Bureau some weeks later he was still anticipating his profits.

Another of Greenhaus's victims was one of the really pathetic cases I have encountered. A trained nurse, a woman about fifty years old, had $250 in savings and needed $500 to pay for an operation for her mother. Greenhaus promised to double the poor woman's money by operations similar to those I have just described, and she let him have it. She, also, never saw a dollar of it again.

The "Boy Wizard" was one of the master minds of the underworld; that is, a sneak who takes elaborate precautions to conceal his identity. All of his selling was done by telephone; in that way he fancied that his victim would be unable to trace him. A manager hired and instructed the "dynamiters." The wizard never came in contact with their

work himself. He secreted himself in a small back office behind the "boiler room," and was ostensibly engaged in an insurance or real estate business. The door was emblazoned with the name of "Townsend and Co.," and his checks, inscribed by some dummy with that signature, were promptly destroyed when they returned to him from the bank.

Greenhaus, however, was actually connected by these checks with these swindles. We subpœnaed his boiler room force, bookkeeper, telegraph girl, manager, and himself; we raided and searched his offices. We located the bank where "Townsend and Co." had its account, and subpœnaed the current month's checks that were still held there. The persons to whom they were drawn—a tailor, a florist, a real estate man, among them—disclosed that the service for which "Townsend and Co." had made out these checks had been rendered to the "Boy Wizard" himself. So we established his connection with "Townsend and Co." He was enjoined by the court and was subsequently indicted for larceny. The Federal Court later convicted him of using the mails to defraud, and he is now serving sentence in Atlanta, Georgia.

Two other mining promotions investigated by our Bureau are engineered by a man who has a long and unsavory record of arrests, indictments, and convictions for offenses ranging from forgery to stock fraud. He now circulates a tipster sheet, a weekly periodical disguised as a newspaper devoted to fear'ess and impartial advice about securities and market operations "no matter whom it helps or hurts." The illusion of disinterestedness and impartiality is further increased by an ostensible subscription price of $6 a year, columns of correspondence with investors, exposures of machinations of Wall Street, and attacks on me. Only about 15,000 copies are actually sold. The rest of the circulation of 600,000 is shovelled out through the mails to all parts of the country, accompanied by telegrams and telephone messages to his subscribers.

The nigger in the wood pile is his "articles" with screaming headlines; articles untruthfully describing the merits of the two mining promotions, predicting their immediate rise on the Boston Curb Market to fabulous prices, and advising his readers to sell Liberty Bonds and invest their savings in the stock in expectation of enormous profits. This stock he himself secretly holds on options at ten and seventy-five cents a share.

One of these mines has lain fallow for twenty years in an inaccessible region in Idaho. The last report on the mine came from a drunken engineer in 1905, since convicted of using the mails to defraud, and this report is the basis of the lurid headlines of this "editor."

The so-called market operations on the Boston Curb, used to bait his readers, are for the most part "wash sales." A wash sale is an artificial sale from one broker to another and a purchase back of the same security at the same price. As the stock and the money both go back to the broker from whom they started, it can be readily seen that the sale is nothing but a fiction. Members of the public see these "washes" at rising prices in great quantities, and such investors believe that if they buy the stock and hold on they have something of a value indicated by the market quotations. The stock of the Idaho mine was washed from fifty cents a share to $5, capitalizing it at over $12,000,000. The editor unloaded his stock on his gullible subscribers at a profit of millions of dollars.

Another of his financial favorites, an emerald mine, bought at a bankruptcy sale for $7,800, is capitalized at 1,000,000 shares. This stock he has washed from $1.50 a share to $17 a share, or a total of $17,000,000, baiting his readers with the promise that the stock would go to $50 a share. Two hundred and thirty-five thousand shares were unloaded on the public at these fancy prices, realizing further enormous profits to the "editor."

The purchasers of this stock have a mine which during two years of operations produced a spoonful of emeralds worth less than $3,000 at a cost of over $60,000.

Our Bureau has enjoined the sales of the emerald stock and have proceedings pending to stop sales of the Idaho stock.

III

The gambling instinct which is so strongly developed in the psychology of the sucker finds a characteristic outlet in his patronage of the bucket shop. As many persons know, this institution is simply a fake broker's office, with beautiful mahogany furniture, stock tickers, blackboards covered with stock quotations; but in the bucket shop there is no actual buying and selling of stocks. Bucketing flourishes when there is a falling market; for the customer always gambles on his faith that the market will rise. He buys—or thinks he buys—on a margin; when he sees that the stock has slipped he ruefully concludes that he is wiped out. What has happened is that the bucket shop has never filled his order but has pocketed the margin.

During the Fraud Prevention Bureau's first year of existence, it ended the career of scores of bucket shops, and thus saved hundreds of thousands of dollars for investors not only in New York but all over the country. The Consolidated Stock Exchange, which Attorney General Ottinger brought into court on fraud charges, was well known nationally, but despite all manner of pressure we closed it up. On cross-examination we asked this Exchange how much margin customers were required to deposit.

"Five per cent," was the answer.

"Then you can't make much," the examiner commented.

"We make five per cent," was the bland reply.

When the bucket-shop business became too risky its practitioners sought other specialties. One of these was the real estate fraud, reports of which have come from many localities. Dishonest sellers of real estate have devised numerous schemes appealing to one or more of the common characteristics of the sucker—the impulse to get something for nothing, get-rich-quick greed, stupid credulity, careless indolence about making investigations.

It is to play upon the first of these four weaknesses that the so-called "free lot racket" has been perfected. The initial step in this campaign against the victim's pocketbook is for a gentlemanly salesman to call at a man's house when he is away on business. The salesman tells the man's wife that, through the recommendation of a friend, she has been placed on a list of prospective free lot winners, a list compiled to help advertise a realty development. A few days later the salesman makes a second call and announces to the elated mistress of the house that she has won a lot. He asks her to go to the realty office for her deed. Once she is inside this place—furnished with the bucket shop's elaborate mahogany—she learns that she must pay $25 or $30 as the cost of recording and registering her deed. She usually pays. When she goes to see her lot she finds—if it exists at all—that it is a remote swamp, or is in some other way undesirable. She is angry. The super-salesman at once offers to exchange the bad bargain, with a certain credit allowance, for a really good lot which she may buy on easy installments. If, as is most likely the case, she turns a willing ear to this suggestion, the salesman obtains her signature to a contract providing for monthly payments; but when she completes them and obtains her second deed she is merely the owner of a plot of ground for which she has paid far more than it will be worth for years to come. The swindlers have taken care of that. As a matter of fact, even though they obtain only the initial $25 "for registering the deed,"

they get their profit—since the lot probably cost them $5.

"Reloading," a trick used also by salesmen of worthless stocks, may mulct the unsophisticated but greedy investor in real estate. The first move in this game is to sell him a lot in a certain development. Soon after, he is asked to call at another real estate office and when he arrives he is offered more than ten times what he paid for his lot if, with it, he will turn over the two adjoining. He is told that a subway is going through the property, and that the three lots are to be the site of a station. Naturally, he hurries back to the first company with which he dealt and purchases the other two lots, thinking that he will make a large sum of money by the turnover. When he returns to the real estate men who wanted a site for a subway station he finds that, like Longfellow's Arabs, the company has silently stolen away. It was nothing but a decoy for the first company.

Sheer credulity in believing an attractive stranger's even more attractive story of future profits, sheer laziness about making a few sensible inquiries as to the salesman or the property he is selling, are together responsible for the loss of much money by the foolish investors whom real estate crooks defraud.

In certain instances of real estate fraud, the land sold to suckers is a tax title. They receive, in exchange for cash or good securities, an attractive "deed" which is nothing but a scrap of paper. The real estate has accumulated a mass of unpaid taxes, and is sold and bought in for the amount of the taxes—usually a trifling amount, compared with what the sucker pays. Of course, the title is worthless, because the original owner may always recover his land by paying up his taxes and redeeming the property.

Or a gyp real estate company may buy a real development but never complete its payments. Such a company parcels out this land to small purchasers and collects from them according to the usual plan of payment—twenty per cent down and so much a month. When the first purchaser goes to the office to make his final payment and to get his deed, he finds that office closed and the company gone. Then he discovers that the title to the land still remains with the original holder, who has never been paid in full for it, and that his own payments are lost without anything to show for them.

Everyone should use particular caution in examining any real estate deal which he is urged to close in a hurry, and by which he is offered land in exchange for his sound securities. A wise plan is to put off the salesman for a few days, and in the meantime to consult a well-known firm, or a real estate broker who is located near the alleged location of the lots which the salesman is offering.

IV

Men barred from bucket-shop operation often turn to the stock, instead of the real estate, swindle. They travel about from town to town, stopping at the best hotels but keeping their offices under their hats. Theirs is "the switch game"; they persuade the type of gullible good citizen who used to buy gold bricks to exchange his Liberty Bonds and other safe securities for a line of worthless, or nearly worthless investments. The men who work the switch game may give a little value for what they receive, but never much. Their promises of enormous returns, however, seem to be all that is necessary to stir into life the get-rich-quick instinct of their victims.

Among the schemes of dishonest stock salesmen for parting fools from their money which we stopped was the sale of so-called bankers' shares in Ford Units. Hosher and Montanye, the inventors of this game, had certificates issued against shares of Ford Motor Company stock, one hundred certificates

for each four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar share. These certificates were sold at $7 apiece to the investors; that is, Hosher and Montanye were getting $700 for something which cost them only $450.

That was bad enough. A far worse sell developed from it. Somehow, five particularly smooth and winning young swindlers got hold of these bankers' certificates and went down the Mohawk Valley selling them to the farmers. The young men obtained $450 and $600 per certificate, for the buyers thought that they were getting Ford shares, not certificates, and the salesmen capitalized to the utmost Henry Ford's immense prestige. As a climax to their operations, they sold fifty certificates to a farmer named Anderson for $25,400. The transaction sounds no more incredible to the reader than it did to me when I heard about it, but it is true. Anderson gave them both his bankbooks and all his Liberty Bonds; they cleaned him out. In exchange, he received by express a heavily sealed envelope, insured for $20,000, containing certificates worth about $225.

Information as to the identity of this gang leaked through a fence. A stool-pigeon located Burkhart, the leader. Anderson was brought down to New York to make the identification. Incidentally, I asked him what arguments had been used to make him part with everything he had. He could not tell me. All he could say was, "They just talked to me!" The most ironic aspect of the case was that Anderson had the reputation among his neighbors of being the community's perfect tightwad. They could never get a cent out of him for anything.

Our stoolpigeon reported that Burkhart had agreed to meet him in a room in the Hotel Alamac, in New York, to discuss a new crooked scheme—purely hypothetical, of course—which the stool-pigeon had devised as bait. He was to drop a handkerchief from the window, if our man showed up, so that Anderson and I, waiting outside the hotel, might go up and confront him. All went well, the handkerchief fell to the sidewalk, and the farmer, two of my men, and myself burst into the room where Burkhart, two of his friends, and the stool-pigeon were conferring. We lined them up and asked Anderson if he could identify the man who had swindled him. I knew at a glance that my suspicions were correct; I never saw a man look more frightened than Burkhart. Cold sweat was standing out all over him. But the farmer, who was very much wrought up, hesitated. Suddenly, he pointed triumphantly at one man in the lineup of four.

"That's the feller!" he exclaimed.

It was the stoolpigeon—with whom he had been talking the previous evening, whose face was fresh in his memory and whom the confusion of a not too brilliant mind persuaded him to identify.

Without Anderson's identification I could not hold Burkhart. But he was so badly scared that he left the country almost at once, and an injunction has stopped further swindles in bankers' shares of Ford Units.

V

While men, as I have said, are no less "easy" than women, there is a certain type of confidence man who specializes in defrauding the fair sex. He does not, as you might fancy, make love to young ladies. He picks out lonely elderly ones, and plays upon their motherly instincts, appealing only later to their desire for gain. Such a crook was Walter Gutterson. He bought Interstate Mortgage stock at from $2 to $4 a share and sold six hundred shares of it to an old lady in White Plains, New York, for $63,000. First, he cultivated her acquaintance. He took her out in his car, he spent hours at her home, allowing her to read to him. When he was out of town he sent her affectionate letters and postcards. As he gained her confidence, he

incidentally planted in her mind a belief in his financial ability. His hints about the undesirability of some of her investments gradually broadened into recommendations which, he insisted, would bring her so much better returns! After he had obtained her $63,000 he asked her to turn back to him all the shares of Interstate Mortgage stock he had delivered to her, so that he could exchange them for one certificate and save money on the transfers. She trustfully did so—and never saw even her shares again!

He obtained $90,000, by similar methods, from a woman living on Riverside Drive, in New York City. He buncoed women all over the country, mulcting his victims of something like $800,000. When we caught him he did everything he could to wriggle out of it. I had him down in my office, with his lawyer, and I said, "Gutterson, you are the meanest, yellowest, lowest, dirtiest crook I have ever seen in my life." He cast me a reproachful glance from large brown eyes—he was a young man, dapper and smooth-spoken—and replied in the most heartbroken tones, "Mr. Winter, I hope to live to prove to you that I am a much-wronged man!" Judge Tompkins sentenced him to ten years in Sing Sing. He is there now.

That a really intelligent man is, nevertheless, quite as likely as any "woman who doesn't understand business" to be the victim of a shyster is proved by the case of another foolish investor in Interstate Mortgage, a professor of economics in a nationally known university. This company, by the way, was started by a public official in New York State as a legitimate enterprise to buy and sell mortgages. He had obtained the names of several prominent politicians for his list of Directors. Later, when the enterprise fizzled out, crooked salesmen got hold of the stock and used the prospectuses with all the well-known names, so that the company became a source of considerable revenue to the underworld.

To-day Interstate Mortgage is defunct, but even when Professor Origen B. Smith, the celebrated economist, gave his check for $700 for seven shares, they were being hawked around the street for $2 a share. To his great chagrin, the news leaked out just before he was to sail for Europe to deliver a speech on economics at an International Congress!

Before we dismiss from consideration the sub-species of confidence man who specializes in dealings with women, it might be of interest to mention the exploits of John H. Neville, another self-styled "Wizard of Wall Street." He began his business career as a Canadian barkeeper. There was a conviction against him in Toronto, but he came to New York and posed here as the son of Lord Neville. His woman partner called herself Lady Lee. He procured an introduction to a wealthy society woman, and convinced her that he was engaged in an important financial deal with a great international banking house. He was mysterious as to details, but, on the strength of his declaration that it was a marvellous opportunity for investment, he obtained $50,000 from her. A few days later he returned $25,000 of this money, explaining that the sum was her profits on the deal, and asking her if she could not persuade some of her friends to invest in his pooling operations. She could—since she reported profits of fifty per cent. From her and these friends he obtained, in all, between $200,000 and $300,000, which he pocketed. The woman's lawyer finally came to our Bureau, but unfortunately when the case was investigated the victims proved afraid of publicity and would not prosecute. They preferred cutting their losses to being laughed at. Neville, however, vanished and was last mentioned in a report from Scotland Yard.

When women are the operators instead of the victims of financial swindles they usually work in minor roles, under the direction of men.

For example, Estelle O'Brien, a charming and innocent-looking blonde, played one of the less important roles in the Home Deposits Company, a fully organized gang with a carefully worked out scheme to defraud, the brains of which was a lawyer. The scheme had a certain novelty, and was used in fleecing small corporations and business men in the small community. The names of such companies were obtained from advertisements inserted in the daily newspapers, advertisements offering financial assistance to meritorious enterprises. Then emissaries were sent to them, who offered to help put the struggling company on its feet by arranging wash sales of its stock on the Boston Curb Market.

If the president and directors of any small company listened with favor to this suggestion, they were then persuaded to write a letter advising the stockholders of the plan and recommending their co-operation. Next, salesmen were sent around to all the stockholders, each one of whom had to sign a contract agreeing to the scheme—which, it was explained, would vastly increase the value of individual holdings—and agreeing also to pay a certain sum as security that the stockholder himself would not take advantage of the rigged market to unload his stock. This contract constituted a conspiracy to commit a crime, and made the victims liable themselves to criminal prosecution. Here is a particularly interesting illustration of what I have called the "basic dishonesty of the sucker's aspiration to acquire a fortune by some smooth trick."

The Home Deposits Company did not even live up to its share of the illegal agreement. It merely collected from the officers and stockholders in the small companies every dollar these individuals could be made to contribute, and kept the money—a total of $500,000, before we raided the office, subpœnaed the employees and ended the game.

Though women rarely, if ever, are prime movers in the con man's schemes to acquire illegal profits, women get the ultimate share of these profits. This article has dwelt in some detail upon the motivation of the sucker; perhaps a brief analysis of the shyster should complete the picture. Toward his victims he appears completely ruthless, with a sneering laugh for their simplicity and the cynical catchword, "Never give a sucker an even break." In his own circle, on the other hand, he is a most affectionate person. He almost invariably appears to have a devoted wife and two or three adoring children, to say nothing of an assortment of less conventional ties.

Rarely have we undertaken to prosecute one of these men that his wife, sometimes accompanied by her baby, has not appeared at our Bureau, to explain with the utmost loyalty and with great grief that it was all a mistake and that her husband was the noblest of men. We have listened to almost those words from the charming daughter of a good family who married a particularly mean sneak. His *nom de guerre* was Hot-Stove Sammie, because of the fiery quality of his sales talk. Only twenty-six years old, square-shouldered and with large brown eyes, he had begun his career as a haberdasher's clerk but decided that there was easier money in selling Interstate Mortgage stock. He didn't dispose of very much before he was caught and, as he was so young and was ready to restore his victims' money, we arranged to have him let off on a suspended sentence, after the courts gave him from four to eight years. But though his wife was told that it would be better for her if he were sent up and if she got rid of him, she could not be convinced.

VI

To conclude comment on the swindler, it may be noted that he possesses neither permanent prosperity nor any real intelligence. Many persons wonder

what he does with his easy money. Twenty-five per cent of it goes into the "squawk fund" by means of which those suspicious and grouchy investors who threaten to complain to district attorneys are paid up and—the swindler hopes—shut up. His lawyers get about fifty per cent of what he makes. Most of the other twenty-five per cent goes to the ladies, unless he himself falls for another swindler's crooked line—something that is perpetually happening. Here is the proof of his intellectual deficit. I have been amazed at the preposterous schemes through which stoolpigeons gain the confidence of the con man. He appears to be the easiest person to delude, he seems to swallow whatever he is told, probably because he deals so constantly in lies that he cannot distinguish the lie from the truth. His mental, as well as his moral, perspective is hopelessly blurred.

An honest man sometimes, at least, perceives crookedness afoot; but the answer to the question of how the inexperienced—or even the experienced—investor can always detect the purveyor of fraudulent investments is that he cannot, offhand. The point is that he should take his time, demand references, and investigate. When strangers try to sell him securities he must not be a victim of the one-call system. Let him ask some reliable person or firm, familiar with the character of the business in question, for an opinion of both the standing and the prospects of the company. Let him consult the local Chamber of Commerce, or Board of Trade, or Better Business Bureau. Let him inquire what his banker or his lawyer thinks of the proposition that has been presented to him.

The State does what it can for his protection. Forty-five states have blue-sky laws. In forty-two of them these are licensing acts which provide that the seller of securities must obtain a license and that the securities in which he deals must be licensed. In New York, New Jersey, and Maryland there are investigation acts which permit anybody to sell anything but call him to account if he is suspected of crooked selling. Both the licensing and the investigation acts in practice give about the same results. The former method of control is useful in states where there is not too much trading; but in a state like New York with a huge investment field the power of investigation by the State, as embodied in the Martin Act, presents fewer administrative difficulties.

According to an amendment to this Act, all New York issuers and dealers in any stock must publish their names and addresses in officially designated newspapers. Whenever we see a new name in the published list of such sellers we send him a searching questionnaire, which he must fill out and return to our office. The catechism is designed to smoke out the most designing crooks, and it at least shows them that our office is watching them. When we suspect a stock salesman of crooked work we investigate him carefully, and his picture is taken and sent to authorities throughout the country.

Since Attorney General Ottinger opened the Bureau for the Prevention of Frauds, two and a half years ago, it has conducted about 5,000 investigations. In a majority of cases the enterprises and individuals investigated proved above reproach; not infrequently these inquiries are started by jealous competitors. That is why the Martin Act makes it a misdemeanor for our office to give out the information which it obtains with its sweeping form of subpœna. No honest business need fear our questioning, but we have put fear into the specialists in fraud. Because we have obtained indictments against a considerable number of them, have sent some to jail and, through the Supreme Court, have enjoined others, the majority have become convinced that New York is too risky a field of operations. Many have left the state, while others, at our threat of prosecution, have set their houses in order.

PORTRAIT OF A NEGLECTED STATESMAN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

HOMER tells us that Odysseus was insignificant in appearance. His stature was low, his aspect was common, his bearing was awkward. It was only when he spoke that men were swept away by the swift, enchanting magic of his words. The case was quite different with Daniel Webster. When he walked through the streets strangers paused to look at him, and his mere appearance seized and dominated before he spoke at all. He was a solidly built man, seeming larger than he actually was, and splendidly dignified in his largeness. His shoulders were broad, his chest was massive, his head was poised with an Olympian grandeur. He was very dark, dark hair, dark skin, dark eyes. His rugged features could and not infrequently did express genial kindness and even sympathetic tenderness. But when he wished to control, to conquer, to overcome, the stern intensity of his look was almost irresistible. Special stress is laid upon his eyes. They were deep set under craggy brows. The whites were unusually white and large, and this enhanced the blazing ardor of the dark iris and pupil, which seemed to fix and penetrate with a searching glare that struck right down to the heart of friend and enemy alike. Altogether, there have been few orators whose outward aspect so magnificently anticipated and reinforced their power of speech.

Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782. His parents were rugged, thrifty farming people, who gave their children everything they could, and especially education. As a boy, Daniel was not strong and preferred books to farm work, though he lived much out of doors and always loved the fields and woods. He got the public-school teaching of his time, then went to Dartmouth College, and later studied law as it was studied in lawyers' offices in those days. He settled and practiced first in Portsmouth, then in Boston, and soon made himself prominent and successful. But he had a natural drift toward politics, from the day when he studied the Constitution as printed on a cotton handkerchief. He entered Congress, first as a strong Federal, opposed to the Madison administration and the War of 1812, and heartily in favor of free trade, a position which he gave up later, with much subsequent reproach. In 1830 he established his great reputation by his Senate speeches against Hayne in behalf of the Union. He supported Jackson against the Nullifiers of the Constitution but opposed him in the matter of the Bank. In 1842 he negotiated the Ashburton Treaty with England, as Secretary of State under Tyler. All through his earlier career he proclaimed his opposition to slavery, but in 1850 he supported Clay's Compromise, believing that it was needed to save the Union, and by his arguments for the Fugitive Slave Law he made himself obnoxious to the Abolitionists, who asserted that he had sacrificed his conscience for the hope of getting the presidency. He died in the autumn of 1852. Webster was twice married and had three sons and two daughters, of whom only one son survived him.

It will be well to begin by analyzing some of the most marked elements in

Webster's professional and political life. In the first place, it is clear that he had an enormous power of work. Senator Lodge insists that he was naturally indolent. In a sense this is true enough. Webster had one of those large, rich, self-indulgent natures which work only when there is an incentive, not for the pure pleasure of it. But he had the power of working vastly when he chose, and above all he could concentrate and direct his work so that every atom of it told. Webster was an early riser, and got a day's work out of the way before most men are ready to begin. The indolent are not apt to be acquainted with the first hours after a summer sunrise.

Something the same contradiction appears in another aspect of Webster's character, that of courage and independence. His whole physique implied energy, determination, a royal disregard of the dictation or domination of others. Yet, owing perhaps to the elements suggested above in connection with indolence, he sometimes allowed himself to be affected by considerations hardly compatible with complete independence.

On the other hand, the disposition to yield to others, or at any rate to learn from them, has its good side, and may be a source of power as well as of weakness. Webster is often accused of having what would now be called an "ear to the ground." He writes home to know what people think, what their judgment and opinion is. But surely no public man loses by this. The art of listening, especially in a great speaker, is of the utmost value, and Webster had it in perfection. He heard what others had to say, deferred to their judgment, and formed his own by it; and the use of intelligence in this fashion is in the highest degree profitable.

Again a curious contradiction in the elements of Webster's character appears in his larger practical dealings with men. He seems to have been generally cordial and friendly. He made it a rule not to say harsh things, either in private or in public, and tried to eliminate all such speech from his printed works. He had few enemies and few serious quarrels. Yet, on the other hand, he had not the magnetic attraction which gives a leader an enthusiastic partisan following; and this lack of support kept him from attaining the object of his highest ambition, the presidency. When one compares him with such born leaders as Jefferson, Clay, Blaine, or Roosevelt one sees what the difference in the public attitude was. Men respected Webster, they admired him, they quoted him, they imitated him; but they voted for somebody else, often for those whom they knew to be his inferiors.

Even the critical John Quincy Adams speaks of Webster's "gigantic intellect," and the analysis of this intellect is especially interesting. As regards early education, indiscreet biographers would appear to exaggerate somewhat both the boy's aptitude and his industry. He learned what interested him with extraordinary rapidity, and especially with his singular faculty for getting what he wanted where he wanted it. His reading may not always have been very solid or systematic, but it was extensive and ranged in all sorts of fields. He read the great English writers, remembered them, and used them with astonishing aptness and efficacy for his purposes.

Perhaps Webster's chief intellectual quality was his extreme shrewdness and penetrative power. He was never at a loss, never disconcerted, never allowed his opponent to put him at a disadvantage, but on the contrary was quick to turn a difficult and what seemed a disastrous situation to his own benefit. In comparison with all the biographers' anecdotes about his virtuous youth, I much relish the story that Lincoln picked up, which may or may not be true, but is infinitely characteristic. When Webster was a boy in the district school he was not noted for tidiness. Finally the teacher in despair told him that if he appeared again with such dirty

hands she would thrash him. He did appear, in the same condition. "Daniel," she said, "hold out your hand." Daniel spat on his palm, rubbed it on the seat of his trousers, and held it out. The teacher surveyed it in disgust. "Daniel," she said, "if you can find me another hand in this school that is dirtier than that I will let you off." Daniel promptly held out the other hand, and she had to keep her word. That was Daniel Webster in school and in the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States. He always produced the other hand when it was needed and won his case.

As Webster's intelligence was clear and penetrating so it was orderly, systematic, and cogent. He not only perceived points, he arranged them so that their full bearing and effect were instantly and overwhelmingly appreciated. On the other hand, while his thinking was always direct and forcible, it does not seem to me that he was inclined to general speculation, or very skilful in it. And this sterility as regards general philosophical matters affects even Webster's political thinking. His speeches analyze and elucidate special questions and received principles with admirable effect, but he rarely raises or suggests broad political speculation such as is so common in Burke.

In other words, we have in Webster, either by nature or by habit or both, the distinctly legal type of mind. The lawyer tends to take things as they are, and to maintain and defend them as they are. He is nurtured and firmly disciplined in the respect for tradition and precedent. In his earlier years Webster expressed some doubt as to his profession in various aspects. But as time went on, the legal habit became pretty thoroughly ingrained. He had extraordinary quickness and ingenuity of reasoning; but this was not so much devoted to the analysis of fundamental principles as to the interpretation of principles already accepted and established. In politics the American Constitution was the highest type of political wisdom. It was not necessary to go behind or beyond it. And the great function of Daniel Webster's mind and of Daniel Webster's tongue was to make the Constitution clear, applicable, and enduring.

In a sense, of the tongue above all; for it is undeniable that it was Webster's power of speech that made his greatness, and it is interesting to reflect what he might have been without it. With his physique, with his intellectual grasp and power no doubt he would have made a mark in the world, even if he had been tongue-tied. But his supreme prominence, his extensive influence over men were necessarily bound up with his gift of oratory.

In Webster's equipment as an orator we have first the splendid physical appropriateness, which overwhelmed his auditories, and which we cannot recall or reproduce. We have also to realize the intellectual qualities which we have already analyzed. In building his speeches Webster was always simple and straightforward. He instinctively sought the effective logical arrangement and seemed to develop his theme with the energy and directness of nature herself. His power of statement was so impressive that it carried conviction, and surely no form of conviction is more enduring. His gift of narrative, of vividly portraying situations and characters was admirable and unsurpassed.

But when it comes to more purely literary qualities I feel some disappointment in reading Webster largely. He himself said at an early stage of his career, "I resolved that, whatever else should be said of my style, from that time forth there should be no *emptiness* in it." The public speaker who could achieve this would go a long way. Webster's age was peculiarly the period of emptiness in American oratory, and to say that few are more free from emptiness than he, is saying a good deal. As regards style, he had color and amplitude. Yet it seems to me that the highest

qualities of imagination, the qualities of Shakespeare and the great English poets and prose writers are not very evident in him. Again, as to rhythm. Good critics maintain that the rhythm and swing of his sentences are superlative. I do not always find them so. Sometimes he gets a rhythm that sweeps you off your feet. More often I find in the words, as printed, an effort at harmony which is not quite successful, a rhythmic inadequacy as compared with such masters as Milton and Landor.

Back of it all there remains this puzzling, inexplicable problem of the almost limitless power of spoken words, whether to afflict and bore or to inspire and carry away. In this, as in other things, I find in Webster little tendency to analyze his own gift, either its sources, or its glory, or the infinite intoxication of exercising it. But I know no more vivid exhibition of what the power was than Hone's account of its display and effect on a very abnormal occasion: "He rose at two o'clock in the morning, intending, in consequence of its being, as he said, *to-morrow*, to be very brief; but his auditors insisted upon his going on; they would not allow him to stop, and he, apparently 'nothing loath,' kept on in a strain of unwearied and unwearying eloquence until *four* o'clock. One hundred and fifty persons, most of them men of sober, steady habits, fathers of families, remained immovable in their seats, with no fatigue or inattention, until he finished."

II

We can now watch the application of these elements of Webster's character in the chief points of his professional and political career. Less attention is usually paid to his technical activity as a lawyer; yet those who knew him well, like Choate, were of the opinion that his genius nowhere appeared more impressively or effectively than in his arguments before a jury. He was especially noted for his power over witnesses. Also, he had a startling, bare intensity of horror in presenting the essentials of a dramatic situation, so that any jury would be impressed and convinced.

Webster's pleas before the Supreme Court in Washington, in broadly Constitutional cases, have of course a more permanent significance than these more private issues. The first of importance was the Dartmouth College case, in 1818, in which Webster introduced his own personal feelings so intensely and effectively as to impart his emotion to the Court and to all the auditory: "It is, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it." The point in the case was to establish the validity of the original college charter as inviolable under the contract clause of the Constitution, and the further bearing of this, as of so many of Webster's later arguments, was to broaden and solidify the meaning, the significance, the national dignity of the American Union. Sometimes Webster used the firm, vigorous reasoning of John Marshall, sometimes Marshall embodied Webster's views in his own judicial opinions; but always they were working toward the same end—to strengthen and perpetuate the common interests and the common power of a common country.

The same love of the Union and passionate desire to maintain it appear in Webster's more general speeches delivered on public historical occasions. Portions of these speeches are probably the best-known popularly of any of Webster's work. How overwhelming the effect of them was when delivered may be appreciated from Ticknor's striking account of his experience at Plymouth: "I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood. . . . When I came out I was almost afraid to come near him. It seemed to me as if he was like the mount that might not be touched and that burned with fire. I was beside myself and am so still."

When we come to consider Webster's more particularly political career it is

evident that he was not a largely, or elaborately, or persistently constructive statesman. His name is associated with very little in the way of definite development or modification of the American government. But if he is to be regarded as one of the greatest builders and preservers of the Union perhaps other minor construction should not be required of him.

As regards political measures and movements, it may be urged that the circumstances of the times and Webster's party and personal connections led him to be often in opposition and, consequently, rather to thwart and criticize the activity of others than to develop fruitful conceptions of his own. At the same time it must be recognized that very often even his criticism was fruitful. His elucidation of difficult topics and problems was so clear, so intelligent, so masterly that when he was opposing he helped, and his exposition of all sorts of subjects is permanently valuable for its lucid presentation and suggestiveness.

This is especially true in regard to finance. He himself said, "The subject of currency, gentlemen, has been the study of my life." Whether he was discussing banks or bankruptcy, he had something of Peel's or Gladstone's power of making complex money questions interesting; and those who are learned in such matters praise not only the wise conservatism of his attitude, but his remarkable gift of analyzing and synthesizing the most difficult financial problems.

In the matter of the tariff his position is less generally commended, and here we run across the bugbear of inconsistency, so troublesome to most statesmen who have long and active careers. In early life Webster fought a high tariff, when the South wanted it. Later he shifted about, of course with ingenious argument, and favored protection for New England industries against the interests of the South. The course was not only inconsistent; in appearance, at any rate, it was sectional, and champions of the Southern cause argue energetically that Webster and his industrial New England supporters really did more to split the Union than the advocates of slavery. To most of us this appears exaggerated, and it cannot be questioned that Webster, in intention at any rate, would have swept all New England industry into the dustbin rather than sacrifice the Union to maintain it. Or rather, he would have said that no industry and no prosperity anywhere were possible without the Union; for more and more his passion for a united country came to override his sectional interests and instincts of any kind whatever.

The first vigorous logical development of this love of the Union came in the speeches against Hayne, in 1830. Hayne's arguments for the Constitutional right of secession were able and forcible, as were those of his greater followers, Calhoun, Davis, and Stephens. In the mere matter of logical metaphysics Webster did not always have the better of his opponents. What gave overwhelming power to his insistence upon the absolute necessity of a strong, dominating central government for the future and the welfare of America was the irresistible force of common sense that lay behind it; and common sense always prevails over ingenious logic. Webster's position is identical with that of General Lee, as stated shortly before he drew his sword in support of secession: "Secession is nothing but revolution. . . . It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution." The magnificent phrases of Webster did more than anything else to fix this truth in the hearts of the North and West, and in many Southern hearts also.

From 1830 on Webster's ardor for the Union was never shaken; but the situation grew more and more difficult, with the development of the western country, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, and the violence of the Abolition-

ists arousing the energetic activity of the slave-holding South. Webster had always hated slavery and continued to hate it, but he believed that the natural movement of the modern world would destroy it in the end, and he held with Lincoln that the thing of paramount importance was to preserve the Union: sooner or later slavery must go anyway, but if the Union were once dissevered the chances were that it would never be restored.

In 1850 the condition of things was critical. Henry Clay brought forward his elaborate Compromise measures, and after long deliberation Webster made his Seventh of March speech in favor of them. The Abolitionists called him traitor and renegade and did all they could to blacken his memory forever. He may perhaps have shown some unnecessary irritation in his method of advocating the Fugitive Slave Law and in his comments on the Abolitionists, but his main influence was more than beneficent, it was vitally operative. From 1850 to 1860 the North far outstripped the South in growth, both as to numbers and as to wealth, and behind the North came in the growth and power of the West; yet even in 1860 the North and West had all they could do to overcome. It was owing to Clay, and most of all to Webster, that the Civil War was postponed for ten years, and, therefore, that we have one government of the United States of America instead of two or half a dozen, all tearing at one another, with the mutual jealousies and the constant conflicts, and the ruinous standing armies that have afflicted and imperiled Europe for centuries.

III

When we turn to Webster's private and personal life the complications are quite as subtle as in his public, and certainly quite as interesting. In his family he always had singular charm. The deaths of four of his five children, all born of his first marriage, seemed to pile up afflictions to a weight which no worldly prosperity or success could counterpoise, and everything shows that Webster felt these losses poignantly. At the same time, if we may draw a delicate distinction, it seems to me that in all his emotions I should mark rather vivacity than intensity. His superficial sensitiveness was quick and acute, easily aroused and perhaps also easily dissipated. It does not appear that any emotional experience took a profoundly permanent hold upon him.

In the larger relations he had the same charm and attractiveness as with his family. In general society he may have been a trifle too dignified for perfect ease. But with those who knew him well, he had extraordinary grace and power of sympathetic converse. Children turned to him, young people turned to him: he had in a high degree the valuable social gift of entering into others' lives.

All reporters tell us that Webster's talk was charming. He had his hours of depression and unresponsiveness. But when he liked his company he could discourse with infinite profit and entertainment on serious subjects and trivial alike. And he let others talk and made them talk. Also, he had a splendid supply of spirits and fun. Whether he had the deeper humor of Lincoln or Lamb—the humor which dissolves even oneself in insignificance—I greatly doubt: self was too big an object in Webster's universe to be dissolved under any circumstances. But he had always abundance of the kindly jest and laughter which can turn an awkward situation into an amusing one and can sometimes make even ugly things tolerable.

Webster's weaknesses have been largely amplified by his enemies and somewhat painfully minimized by his friends. One of the most marked and undeniable was personal finance. We have seen that he boasted of his thorough knowledge of currency in the abstract, but the current feature of money was the one that chiefly affected his own pocket. He liked to spend, he liked to give,

profusely, carelessly, and the money had to come from somewhere. His farms cost money, his entertaining cost money. As time went on, the difficulties and the indulgence increased. When he became important to his constituents the wealthy manufacturers and merchants contributed to his support. This gave ground for all sorts of harmful charges. It is not for one moment to be supposed that Webster deliberately violated his political conscience. The most that can be properly imputed is the confusion and disorder naturally incident to the finances of a man who "never kept regular accounts or had them kept." But it is a profound remark of Webster himself that "there are means of influence not generally esteemed positively corrupt, which are competent to produce great effects." And the chapter of personal finance is no more creditable to him than to some other public men of great influence and in the main high character.

Even better known than the money delinquencies are the charges against Webster's morals. He was constantly accused of intemperance. There is no doubt that he liked good living and was a connoisseur in wines and food. When a strong man dies of cirrhosis of the liver the suggestion of alcohol is apt to intrude itself. It was a drinking age, and Webster can certainly claim no special abstemiousness. But the charges that he appeared in public and spoke when drunk have never been proved and are just the sort most readily circulated and most easily believed, as with Edwin Booth. To me Webster's love of the sunrise and habit of five o'clock in the morning work are quite inconsistent with serious dissipation.

Mr. Rhodes and many others have accused Webster of loose relations with women. More recent investigation of this subject seems to bring back the stories mainly to Abolitionist slander and, at any rate, fails to discover definite evidence. That the somewhat Bohemian semi-bachelor life in Washington should have developed erratic tendencies in a man of Webster's temperament would neither astonish nor greatly distress one who was mainly interested in his public achievements. The pleasantest part of the whole matter is Webster's making affidavit before a notary that he had not assaulted a lady in the State Department. To the extra-legal mind there is equal amusement in the idea that such a performance should be required and the idea that, if it were required, it would have any validity. But no doubt to the professional spirit it would all seem in the natural course of things.

I do not find anything in Webster's religion particularly discordant with his morals. He was a devout church member, frequently discoursed upon religious subjects, and always with gravity and infinite unction. I believe that he was perfectly sincere and that there was not a tinge of deliberate hypocrisy in all this. But I do not see the slightest evidence that religion ever took profound hold of him either as a matter of agony or as a matter of rapture. I have an irresistible desire to class his religion with his politics. God offered an excellent parallel to the Constitution, and the Bible took the place of the Supreme Court. The decrees of the one, when supported by the judicial rulings of the other, were to be accepted as final, beyond argument, and above dispute. It was neither politic nor decorous to do anything else. The Christian universe, like the Union, must be maintained: otherwise the consequences would be too horrible for contemplation.

One thing that helps out Webster from the moral point of view is the nature of his relaxations. He does not appear to have cared much for æsthetic interests. What he did above all enjoy, and what from early manhood till nearly seventy kept him in splendid physical vigor, was the life out of doors. He was an acute and careful observer. He loved to wander all day with rod or gun and was a passionate sportsman. He took the most intense interest in the development of his great farms at Franklin and at

Marshfield, in his stock, in his crops; and his letters to his farmers are among his most characteristic and attractive. These things ruined him financially, but they amused him. He liked all the large aspects of the natural world, the sky, the sweep of wide fields, above all, the sea. When he was worn and torn with public and private anxiety and care he would wander alone along the beach at Marshfield, and it seemed to make him a new man. And this does not sound to me like a debauchee or a reprobate.

Yet through all the farming and the shooting and the fishing, as well as through the indolent, tranquil social and domestic life, there was always present or latent the passionate desire to do and be something great in the world. It is amusing to see the usual effort of biographers to minimize Webster's ambition. He sacrificed his personal welfare and inclinations, they say, for the benefit of his country and mankind. We get a far truer vision in Plumer's evidently careful record of a conversation which took place of a moonlight night in the Capitol grounds, when Webster was forty years old: "He broke out into the most passionate aspirations after glory. Without it life, he said, was not worth possessing. The petty struggles of the day were without interest to him, except as they might furnish the opportunity for doing or saying something which would be remembered in after time. . . . 'I have done absolutely nothing. At thirty Alexander had conquered the world; and I am forty.' Observing that I smiled at his enthusiasm, he smiled too, and said, 'You laugh at me, Plumer! Your quiet way of looking at things may be the best, after all; but I have sometimes such glorious dreams! And sometimes, too, I half believe that they will one day wake into glorious realities.'"

The ambition of American statesmen usually bends toward the presidency, and there is no doubt that Webster's later years were filled with presidential dreams. His Abolitionist enemies asserted that he threw away his past and his conscience to conciliate presidential support in the South by the Seventh of March speech. This is absurd, and that speech is sufficiently justified by patriotic motives and patriotic results. But the hope of the presidency lingered to the very end, and Webster's disappointment at missing the Baltimore nomination in 1852 recalls the disappointment of Blaine forty years later.

And as the red thread of ambition runs through all the tissue of Webster's character, so I think we may discern also, more and more in later years, the tinge of the orator, the suggestion of pose, and a certain artificial dignity which had to be preserved always. Little touches significant of this could be gathered everywhere from Webster's own words and those of his biographers, but the most admirable illustration of it is the death scene, so faithfully recorded by Curtis, but strangely neglected by biographers since. When death seemed imminent Webster made sure that all his household were assembled, and Curtis, seeing that something impressive was coming, settled himself with ink and paper, so that not a word might be lost or inexact. The dying orator then delivered a senatorial address on general religious topics, of the rather futile and rhetorical order usual in his remarks on such subjects, though there is one superb touch, when he declares that the ancients had "crepuscular—twilight" intimations of immortality. How the dying nerves must have throbbed and thrilled at the felicitous hit of "crepuscular"! The effort of this speech was too much for him, and his eyes closed. When he came to himself again, he looked about eagerly, and exclaimed, "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" I do not know many things in history that will beat that for concentrated human truth. Try to apply that speech to other notable men. Washington might have been capable of it. Chatham

might have been capable of it. Napoleon, just possibly, though with his tongue in his cheek. But who can imagine Lincoln staging such a performance, who can imagine Shakespeare? Shakespeare would have smiled and said, "Nothing human can be unworthy of William Shakespeare." In all the crepuscular utterances of mortality I know of none more magnificent, "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" And then there comes the due wail of Greek choric response, "No, no, dear sir." "No, no, dear sir." And the drama is complete.

IV

As a whole, I think we may sum up Webster most effectively by emphasizing the Anglo Saxon, or the plain Englishman, in him. In many American types, even those directly derived from English stock, there seems to be marked variation, partly owing to a selected strain in the original immigrant, partly to climate, partly to surrounding conditions and circumstances. Take Franklin at the start, take Jefferson, take Emerson, take Mark Twain, take Lincoln preëminently, they all seem to have something in them which we call American as distinguished from the pure English. In Webster we do not note this: he was Anglo Saxon all over, which may account in part for the comparative indifference to him in recent years.

Consider the various manifestations of the impress of the Anglo Saxon in him. Take physique. Emerson, Mark Twain, Lincoln were distinctly American types. Webster's burly, sturdy, massive chest and shoulders were thoroughly English. Take his out-of-door life. He meant to be democratic and thought he was. He early and largely employed the cant about labor which has brought success to so many American politicians. But his farmers called him "Squire," and evidently he liked it. His instinctive ideal was the English country gentleman, surrounded and looked up to by his tenants and dependants, not the simple American man among his fellows. It is the same with morals: respectability, decorum, propriety must be preserved, no matter what went on underneath. It was not deliberate hypocrisy, it was just wholesome convention. And the religion was convention in the same way: a conventional creed, a conventional church, a conventional God, as far removed from profound thinking on the one hand as from mystical rapture on the other. Above all, Webster was Anglo Saxon in politics, wisely, largely, intelligently, practically conservative. Things as they were were not so bad, and they should be kept as they were, or changed and modified only with extreme care and patient adjustment. Especially English is the insistence upon property. Property is prudence, character, respectability; it might almost be said that property is virtue. "It would seem, then, to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property." And in his most useful participation in the remodeling of the Massachusetts Constitution Webster insisted upon a property franchise, which was repealed only in later years.

So, in his rapturous visions of the future and the expansion and the power and the greatness of America, it was always an English America that he foresaw: "No, Gentlemen, I do not know what practical views or what practical results may take place from this great expansion of the power of the two branches of Old England. It is not for me to say. I only can see, that on this continent *all* is to be *Anglo-American* from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific seas, from the north pole to California." Liberty, prosperity, and futurity were bound up with English descent: "Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and vigor of the Saxon race."

At the same time, it must not be for a moment supposed that Webster indulged in any cheap form of Anglomania—culti-

vated English speech, or dress, or manners, with any of the affectation that appears in even such genuine Americans as Sumner and Lowell. He was too big for that. He was born an American, he lived and died an American, and nothing else. It was simply that his America was wholly an English America, and in his wide imagination he saw its future as that of a magnified and glorified England. The vast complexity of stocks and ideals which has developed since his day, which knows little of English tradition and inclines to hold that little in contempt was out of his vision altogether. Yet, for all that, he was American through and through, and would have been so under all circumstances and changing conditions. He kept the Stars and Stripes flying day and night at the masthead of his little yacht; while life was in his body, he kept them flying in his heart. And so long as these States hold together in a unified government, so long as the Stars and Stripes float over a great American Republic, so long should the citizens of that Republic, of whatsoever origin or creed, remember that few men did more to establish or maintain their country than Daniel Webster.

IN MEMORIAM: S. C.

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE sea tugged at his heart with all its tides,
Its colors and rhythms and tumults; and tall ships
Passing at dawn or pausing at twilight were always
In his eyes and his talk and at his fingertips.

He would show me drawings I only half-understood:
Mechanical plans and charts of schooners and whalers,
Brigs and brigantines, luggers and galleys and galleons—
And salt was in his talk like the talk of sailors.

Beautiful, big eyed, with rebellious hair,
I watch him in a stiff wind with his boat,
Letting her have it; and I watch him roping her
Down at the dock and the spray all over his coat.

And I watch him again at our sloshy old wharf with the rising
Wind and water sucking him out to sea;
And he gets in his boat and heads into the dawndrift
To chat with a certain captain from Galilee.

To show Him his charts and plans as sailor to sailor,
To speak as one seaman to another, observing
The beauty of ships, the bravery of men, the terrible
Glory of the gray gulls plunging and swerving.

Dead? This boy with the sea in his eyes and the morning
Still great and new in his blood like a trumpet with tones
Lavish and marvelous! Dead? With the sea birds crying
And the wind and the water crying in his bones!

The Lion's Mouth

SCENERY AND SIGNBOARDS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

PASSING through the tunnels and leaving behind us the surging metropolis of New York, we find ourselves traversing the flat marshy land of Eastern New Jersey where ONE HUNDRED ROOMS EACH WITH A BATH can be had from $1.50 up. The scenery is not without its charm, the sunken valley of the Hackensack and the Passaic, the waving rushes and meandering streams suggest to the poetic mind why not try grip garters?

The ground rises, a varied growth of elm and oak replaces the lowland flats, and we find ourselves in the rich farm land of New Jersey filled with fluid beef which acts directly on the liver. Here HUMPO may be had for breakfast and, mixed with a little VITALIN, will probably prolong our life for twenty years. Nor need we do anything farther than—seated just where we are in our luxurious club car—merely remember the name HUMPO which in any case comes on every packet and without which the packet is not genuine. Indeed, a simple way is to ask the porter to be good enough to remember HUMPO.

But stop—in our absorption in the view of HUMPO we have lost an opportunity to BUILD OUR OWN HOME by merely paying a hundred dollars down.

We are passing now through historic country. We do not need our guidebook to tell us that it is through this beautiful farm district of New Jersey that Washington advanced, slowly driving the English before him. He made his way between a big condensed milk board and a unique radio set for $238. He picked his steps with evident caution, avoiding coats and pants for men of all sizes, for his trained strategic eye detected an opening between Chow Chow Pickles and Malted Extract of Codfish. This gap had apparently been overlooked by General Howe, and Washington threw himself into it; a notice on a large board, erected evidently by some historical society, shows that he probably enabled himself to do this by taking exercises on the floor of his bedroom for not more than ten minutes every morning with the new Musselbild Apparatus which would have been sent to Washington by mail on receipt of an express order or which he could have secured from his local dealer. The interesting fact in this connection is that the British General Howe, had he known it, could also have secured a Musselbild from *his* local dealer as they are handled in *all* parts of the country. Had Howe done this and had they both used the SLIDE EASY SUSPENDERS which are on each side of the line of the American advance, the struggle of the Revolution might have moved up and down without the slightest friction and with no sense of fatigue.

But look, our train is moving into Trenton, one of the most historic spots in America, where we realize with a thrill by looking out of the window that if we need a slight laxative we can secure it from any local dealer for 19 cents. Our swiftly moving train is now rushing along the shores of the Delaware, and we can see the very spot where Washington and his men crossed in the rude December of 1776: we can shrewdly guess from

the notices that have been reared to mark the spot that they used NON-SKID CHAINS which prevented them from skidding or slipping and that they had at least an opportunity to reserve rooms with or without baths on the American plan.

We realize as our train rushes forward that we are approaching Philadelphia; rooms with baths, breakfast foods, laxatives, and grip-tight garters multiply on every hand. If we decide to buy a Complete Nobby Suit, with an extra pair of pants, we are going to have an opportunity to get it. Or should we need, in order to view the historic spots of interest connected with America's first capital, a SIT SOFT COLLAR, there are men here, local dealers, who will be glad to sell it to us.

We have rushed past the city of the great Franklin (inventor, no doubt, of the Franklin shoe, the Franklin underwear, and the Franklin adjustable monkey wrench for stout women) and are now speeding through the open country again. Here for a short time the scenery becomes somewhat monotonous: there is nothing on either hand but deep green woods, open meadows filled with hay (of what brand and whether good for breakfast we are not informed) and the rolling hills and shaded valleys of the Appalachian slope. Now and then in the distance we catch a glimpse of the sea, unadvertised, it appears, and put to no use whatever. We cross on an endless bridge the broad flood of the Susquehanna, a useless river, so far as we can judge, lying in the gloomy sunshine with no touch of color more brilliant than the mere blue of the sky or the poor green of the woods.

The scene improves as we go forward. The notices of the boards are at a little distance now and we cannot read the words but the pictures still appear. We are passing through a country of bulls. This is, this must be—Washington! With our faces eagerly set to the window we draw near to the National Capital. The speed of the train somewhat confuses and blurs our vision and mixes the imagery of the scenery together. But we infer even from our hurried view of the outskirts of the capital that if any bull wants silk hosiery that neither rips nor tears he is exactly in the right place for seeing it; and that Washington is exactly in the center of the yeast district, the canned-soup area, that all the great modern medical inventions such as HUMPO, JUMPO, and ANTI-WHEEZE are sold there and that the place is evidently the headquarters for balloon tires, that if we know a schoolgirl we can get her all the soap we want—in short, look about us—here are Rooms with Bath at $1.50! Meals à la carte, Suspenders, Garters, Ice Cream in the Block, Radios, Gramophones, Elixirs of Life, Funeral Directors Open All Night, Real Estate, Bungalows, Breakfast Foods—

In truth, this is America Indeed.

THE FRUITS OF GRATITUDE

BY PERCY WAXMAN

CAN anybody let me have a second-hand tennis net for twelve jars of guava jelly? What have you got in exchange for a case of marmalade? And what am I offered for three dozen grapefruit direct from a grove in Florida? No, these are not samples from one of those "Question and Answer" contests which were agitating the commonwealth last winter; they are merely an attempt to solve an extraordinary problem that confronted my home recently. And if you'll only be patient with me and allow me to tell this strange story in my own way I feel sure that you will be glad to learn of my experience in case *the same weird complication should ever come into your life.*

As a rule I take the 5:39 train home, but one day last February—about the 18th I think it was—Madge telephoned my office at lunch time (when I was out) to be sure to come home on the 4:07 as there was something she wanted to see me about. I happened to be particularly busy at the time and I wondered why Madge should leave such a message for me when she knew how engaged I was with an unusually intricate legal tangle. However, I thought I had better do as she asked, so, closing my desk an hour earlier than usual, I took the subway to the Grand Central Station and caught the train for Scarsdale.

On arriving at my home I was met by a happily excited wife who after a dutiful peck at my cheek exclaimed:

"Edward, we've got a great big case of fruit from Florida."

"From Florida?" I echoed.

"Yes," said Madge, "it's from Palm Beach and it's simply *filled* with the loveliest lot of grapefruit, oranges, tangerines, and cumquats you ever saw in your life."

"Who's it from?" I asked.

"That's just what I can't make out," replied Madge, "and," she added, "that's why I wanted you to come home early. I couldn't wait to find out who sent it."

"Didn't a card come with it?" I inquired.

"No," she answered.

"No letter either?"

"No—nothing," said Madge, "and I don't recognize the handwriting on the label either."

"Let *me* see it," I said.

Madge thereupon led me into the butler's pantry (no swank intended. We don't keep one.) which looked like a toy wood yard in which a bomb had exploded. After a wild search among several varieties of citrus fruit, tissue paper, orange leaves, and bits of packing, I at last found the address label.

"Why, I know who sent the fruit," I announced with assurance as I read it.

"Who?" asked Madge.

"Jessie Arnold, of course," I said.

"How do you know?" Madge inquired with just a lingering note of wifely doubt.

"Because it's addressed to the two of us. Jessie always does that."

"Edward, I believe you're right, you clever old thing," said Madge, "and we *must* drop her a note of thanks right away."

That night our joint epistolary effort of gratitude went forth into the void, and before the week was out the following note fresh from the glories of the Sunny South reached our breakfast table:

Dear Madge and Edward:

Such a coincidence! The very day your letter reached me I had just made up my mind to send you a case of marmalade and I hope it reaches you safely. No, my dears, I did not send you the fruit. It must have been someone else. Having a grand time down here, etc., etc.

Jessie.

"Well, what do you know about that?" cried Madge. "It wasn't Jessie after all."

"Apparently not," I said.

"And I thought you knew her handwriting," Madge remarked meaningly.

"I thought so too," I confessed.

"Well, I must say," Madge went on, "you've got us into a nice embarrassing position through your knowledge of handwriting."

"Embarrassing?" I inquired, wondering.

"Yes, embarrassing," said Madge. "You know very well Jessie never intended sending us that case of marmalade until she got our letter thanking her for the fruit."

"Don't you think so?" I asked rather timidly.

"Of course not," said Madge with emphasis; "but what puzzles me is who *could* have sent that case if Jessie didn't?"

"By George! I've got it," I exclaimed, "it's Billy Groody. That's who it is. You remember I took him to lunch the day before he left for the South. I just remembered it. And all through

lunch he was talking a blue streak of the orange groves and the palms and all that sort of thing that they have down in Palm Beach."

"Well, if you're *sure* it was Mr. Groody, you'd better sit down right now and thank him," said Madge. "It's almost two weeks now since we received the fruit."

I then wrote my friend Groody a letter, explaining why my thanks for his thoughtful gift were somewhat belated. Before the week was out I received a letter from him and you can imagine how I felt when I read the following reply to my grateful outburst.

Dear Ed:

I'm darned glad you wrote to me because until you did I didn't know your home address and to-day I have ordered a case of guava jelly to be sent to you and Mrs. Ed as I didn't want to send it to your office. I didn't send the fruit but had intended doing so as soon as I got your address. Mighty glad I got your note.

Yours,

Billy.

With that letter the mystery deepened and, as I am known among my friends as a determined sort of man, I made up my mind to let no stone remain unturned in order to find out who sent the original case of fruit. Several days after receiving the case of jelly I ran into Alf Heywood at the Noonday Club, and he told me he had just had a letter from Fred Norris spreading the glad tidings that he had won a Golf Cup down in Florida.

"Florida," I yelled. "I didn't know Fred was in Florida."

"Sure he is," said Heywood, "he's been at Palm Beach since January 6th—the lucky dog."

That night I informed Madge that I had at last discovered the generous donor of our case of fruit and I sat down and wrote Fred what I considered a mighty graceful little acknowledgment of his thoughtfulness. Naturally, I was profuse in my apologies for not having written earlier and I explained in detail how it happened and I told him about the various fruits and jellies I had received on account of my stupid mistake in the beginning. I wrote rather a good letter even if I do say so myself.

Well, if you have followed my blushful narrative thus far you hardly need me to tell you the frightfully embarrassing results of this particular effusion. Within the hour of the arrival of my letter in Palm Beach Fred Norris telegraphed the following:

Sending you barrel of cocoanuts. Strangely enough ordered them just before your letter arrived. Did not send fruit. Probably Harry Bristol.

But I'll be darned if I'm going to write him. . . .

THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE

BY JOHN P. FORT

IT IS said that long, long ago there was once upon a time a certain foolish Mr. Grasshopper. Everyone knew that he was foolish, for he hopped around from one place to the other in such a disorganized way. He refused to take himself seriously and, as indicative of his habits, his wife complained that he came home with his feet all wet with dew, "tracking up the whole place."

He was, however, a pleasant soul and popular in society. More than all the other creatures of that particular part of the field, he was given to singing at the top of his legs, and no other grasshopper in the neighborhood, nor any other bug for that matter, was of such cheerful voice. It is true that the crickets were quite famous with the conservative element though they were dreadfully monotonous, always prating in sonnets about the virtues of their own firesides. Mr. Grasshopper frankly admitted that the crickets made him ill.

As for himself he was given to poetical

compositions in vers libre, and his music was not especially rhythmic. He would sit on a weed stem and gaze at a drop of crystalline dew, till his soul would pour forth in rapture. Perhaps to anyone, except the bugs, what he had to say might have been a trifle raucous, but it would have been simply because their ears were not attuned to the finer things of life. It is not every soul that can appreciate vers libre at that.

Unfortunately, it was whispered around amongst the conservatives that Mr. Grasshopper was given to late hours and wassail. He was prone to keep an eye on the grapes, and when they were a little overripe he sucked them with avidity, coming home at night with unsteady hops. Perhaps this was the reason why he was popular with the younger element and was considered to have dedicated his life to Art.

Yet the whole family were talked about and the ladies of her sewing circle criticized his wife. "My dear, she is too careless for words. She lets the children run around in the most dreadful fashion with their antennæ all unbrushed and their poor little thoraxes unbuttoned. And while I do think that dear Mr. Grasshopper is a musician and a poet, yet she neglects him dreadfully. It is no wonder he philanders."

If the truth were known, poor Mrs. Grasshopper had her hands full, what with the chickens and the small boys going fishing. There were so many in the family, and she simply didn't have time to call the roll any more. In fact she had given it up when she stopped counting the washing. Under the circumstances she was sure that she had done her part by the world. . . . But to go back to our tale.

It happened one day that, as Mr. Grasshopper was sitting on a rabbit-tobacco weed, meditatively chewing and spitting a flood of brown juice, part of which spattered on his waistcoat, behold there was a discreet cough and a large sober-sided ant made its appearance.

"I hope you are not busy," said Mr. Ant, with the best of bows, "for I have come to talk over a matter of life insurance with you."

Mr. Grasshopper could not pretend that he was busy, for anyone could see that he was not. He fought for time with an irrelevant statement. "Have a bite of tobacco."

"Don't keer if I do," said Mr. Ant, trying to adjust himself to his prospect, although he loathed tobacco in any form, considering the habit useless and extravagant. He would have died before he would have admitted it, but he never had learned to spit. He took a tiny morsel of it, however, just to be sociable, turning a shade whiter around the mouth. He refused to be sidetracked from his purpose.

"You are a married man, I believe," he said, as if it was a most tragic matter indeed.

Mr. Grasshopper laughed immoderately. "Well, I suppose I am. One never can tell these days, for women are so fickle, and then there are always those chickens."

"And you have children," continued Mr. Ant, pinning him to his leaf with a hypnotic stare from each of his hundred or so eyes. Mr. Ant had learned this from a correspondence school.

"Well, I can't say definitely," answered Mr. Grasshopper, refusing to be serious. "You see, I am away from home so much. I am informed to this effect by Mrs. Grasshopper, and there are a thousand or more children around the house that call me Daddy." Mr. Ant hated this levity, but he continued with the same serious air.

"And may I ask if you ever consider dying?"

"Frequently, my dear sir, or madam," answered Mr. Grasshopper, "for I am not sure, and I beg your pardon if I mistake your sex. I considered my death a few moments ago when that damned thrush that lives in the plum tree nearly caught me. However, I should bother. What is death but a reincarnation? Perhaps as a beetle or a toad."

Mr. Ant disregarded this flight of metaphysical fancy and sought to hold him to facts. "My dear sir, you have a large family, and we must be serious about these things. If you should die —and you may at any minute, for I have observed the thrush out of one of my left eyes, and he looks hungry—I repeat, if you should die, what would happen to your wife and the precious children?"

"I really think that they would do very nicely," answered Mr. Grasshopper. "It is true that I have stored up nothing during these glorious days. Somehow there is so much singing to be done; so much food to be eaten, and I do love this tobacco weed so much. However, as far as the children are concerned I do teach them to jump a little, and ten or more of my sons bid fair to be good musicians. There is a very thin one who promises to be an excellent poet."

"But," interrupted Mr. Ant, "in the matter of food for these poor children of yours. Sir, I beg of you. If you should be caught one of these fine mornings by the boy who fishes? One never can tell these days. Think of the sufferings of your little ones. Their jaws are not strong enough yet for this tough world. It is monstrous not to make some provision for them."

Mr. Grasshopper at this point helped himself to a large bite of the tobacco weed and spat at least an inch. "You are wasting your time talking to me about the wife and the children. I started out in this world hopping for myself. My poor father was martyred by a group of high-school children studying biology who dissected him when I was a tiny thing. I had to hop. I hopped for myself and I chewed at this tough world. Look at me. It did me good. As for my wife, while I am really devoted to her, much more than these scandalmongers think, yet in the nature of things when I die she will get another husband. It is the custom of women these days. Why should I provide for him?"

Mr. Ant hereupon changed his tactics. "If you insist upon being selfish," he pleaded, "I pray of you consider your own future, for there are some people in this world who can be moved by no other appeal. You will some of these days be getting old. I know that you are said to be one of these skeptics of the modern school who deny absolutely that there is any winter. But, sir, search the Scriptures. There must be winter. We have old people in our Hill who claim to have seen it. We believe them, and during all these pleasant days we are busy storing up grain. The time is coming when all this green grass will be gone." Mr. Ant saw that his prospect squirmed. He drew from his pocket a fountain pen and a formal-looking document.

"This policy," he said, "will protect you against the coming of winter. By its terms all you have to do is to pay a little premium each and every day. A grain of wheat that you will never miss. Then when your legs get weak and you can no longer hop, especially when winter comes, you will have a supply to last you. You will not have to beg on the streets and complain of frostbites. It will take only twenty days to get it paid up in full."

Mr. Grasshopper regarded the complicated document and frowned. "Sir, or madam," he said, "you are probably right, but we can never agree on any subject. This winter may come, though I deny it absolutely. I may be caught by that damned thrush this afternoon when I start home, for traffic is terribly dangerous these days. Yet I refuse to consider such gloomy things. It is my nature to live always in the present." (Here he spat with telling effect at an aphid.) "Furthermore, I have been studying psychoanalysis recently and I am of the opinion that I enjoy my improvidence and that without it I should be unable to sing. I should not flourish under prosperity and I am sure that if you came around here every day to collect your nasty premium it would drive me insane."

At the use of the word "nasty" Mr.

Ant began to gather himself up. "You have had your chance," he said spitefully. "You have refused to put your name on the dotted line so that the frosts of winter may be kept from your shins. I am giving you fair warning. If winter comes, as I believe it will, I am telling you right now, don't come around begging me for anything to eat. I'll see that you starve before I give you a mouthful."

Mr. Grasshopper by this time was so engrossed in what he termed the "inspirational beauty" of a grass seed all folded up in its green sheath, that he was too absorbed to be angry. "Hunger, my dear sir," he said, "is a great stimulator and I admit that under its influence we artists have been forced to give up our pride. I am enough of a philosopher to know that there may be a winter, although I do not see why a Creator would allow it. Yet I may be forced to come around and beg of you. But listen a moment, my dear sir, or madam —and I believe you to be the latter— just so long as the grass is green and tender, just so long I expect to be thoroughly happy and not bother my head about the matter. While I am here I will have a lot more fun than you do and even more than those damned crickets, for they are so conservative. In the present I expect to sing my heathenish and pagan songs of the beauty of the world. You don't understand any of this but you can take it for my final answer and be damned to you."

Mr. Grasshopper thereupon commenced to sing a delightful and wicked song of the beauty of a tender-lipped, young maiden grasshopper whom he had loved in his youth. But it made Mr. Ant sick and he left.

Here should be a row of stars signifying a lapse of time. "Came the winter," as the cinemas say. Alas for Art, alas for it and poor Mr. Grasshopper! The tale is finished by Mr. Æsop who was present and overheard it.

A Grasshopper who had outlived the summer and was ready to starve with cold and hunger approached the Ants with great humility and begged that they would relieve his necessity with one grain of wheat or rye. One of the Ants asked him how he had disposed of his time in summer, why had he not taken pains and laid in stock as they had done. "Alas, gentlemen," says he, "I passed away the time merrily and pleasantly in drinking, singing and dancing, and never once thought of winter."

"If that is the case," replied the Ant laughing (the mean animal), "all I have to say is that they who drink, sing and dance in summer must starve in winter."

That's all Mr. Æsop had to say about it, but Mr. Grasshopper told Mr. Ant to go to Hell and went off and died like a gentleman and an artist.

Editor's Easy Chair

RE-DISCOVERING EUROPE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT WAS a real fairy story, that story of Lindbergh—something between the Arabian Nights and Hans Andersen or Laboulaye: Prince Charming dropping out of the sky and allaying all the rows and making everybody happy. Even two months afterwards it may not be too late to talk about it, for really it is an astonishing subject.

The miracle of Lindbergh was not so much in his getting across to Paris as in the extraordinary effect that his exploit seemed to have had on the human race. The human race—hardly less—for when the newspapers and the radios and all the picture-taking machines and the movies and the loud speakers got through with Lindbergh's exploit, the bigger part of mankind must surely have heard of it. Here was a most individual feat, something done by that youth primarily out of his own head, with only so much consultation with others as was necessary to convert them to the idea that his thought was feasible and offered a good chance for success. Charles did the stunt himself but, of course, he had organization back of him and under him at every turn. It made his engine, it made his plane, it made the noise he started with, and amplified and distributed the resounding acclamation of his landing on Bourget Field.

There are at least two kinds of renown. That which proceeds from a great life, or an episode in a great life, and that which comes from a great stunt. St. Paul, for example, is a very renowned person. His reputation grew out of the years of his ministry and especially from the deep impression made by his writings. But there was Leonidas, another deathless name, but his renown was due to one great exploit in which the leader and his companions finally perished. Leonidas certainly shot his bolt. So did St. Paul. One took hal a week and the other, I suppose, half a lifetime. Yet the glory of Leonidas, and that of Lindbergh too, was more than mere stunt-fame. For both it was the fruit of long training and of reasoned and resolute purpose in minds that saw a task and accepted it, risks and all. And in both cases the end justified the risk.

Renown seems to depend upon the telling. Whoever told of Leonidas—Herodotus, Thucydides—whoever it was—did a thorough job. St. Paul in the main was his own biographer and good at it, certainly. But for Lindbergh there worked instantly and then for days together the whole apparatus of publicity of our contemporary world. Nine-day wonders are not common. Already at this writing Lindbergh has held the front-page headlines far longer than that. He has a monopoly of spotlight publicity ahead of him and wonders at it. My, my, how much is in the telling! Perhaps Dædalus did fly, but was inadequately reported. It is easier to believe in the knowledge and the exploits of our predecessors on this earth

than it used to be. Think of the pre-Columbian discoverers of America! A new one is uncovered every now and then. Apparently there were Europeans as well as Asiatics here long before Columbus. That is as good as known, but it was not known at the time. There was no machinery for getting the news about Norsemen, Icelanders, Greenlanders, fishermen who got to Brazil and other fishermen who caught cod on Newfoundland Banks, and got ashore. Whoever heard their stories? They say Columbus did read somebody's story. Nevertheless, it seems that things not known about avail not much more than things not done at all; and somewhere in this is to be found one of the great superiorities of our age to any other that we know of. It is the most published age that ever was. This is not all to the advantage of happiness, but it may considerably be to the profit of knowledge. The machine on which Charles Lindbergh rode to Paris was a good machine, it is true; but really it was nothing to the machine in which inevitably and unexpectedly he found himself embarked when he got there. Quite beyond his expectation, he sped aboard our current world's enormous mechanism of publicity and aboard it at this writing he still remains.

It is getting easier than it was to believe in inspiration; in our guidance by guardian angels and spiritual beings concerned to keep us on the right track if possible. Charles' behavior in the car of publicity favors the idea that he has a competent guardian angel who is very steady on the job. Never anybody behaved any better under upsetting circumstances nor bore being heroized with better humor or more disarming grace. We all say that he behaved "so naturally," and in so saying we pay a compliment to ourselves and to mankind in general. If to behave as simply as Charles did is natural, why, we must all be nice people in the making even though we may not all be developed yet. Think of all the elaborate efforts that have been made to bring the inhabitants of earth, or at least what we call the Western nations, into agreement. Think of all the conferences, negotiations, exhortations, treaties, and entreaties all aimed to bring a better spirit into the world and get the nations out of the habit of snarling at one another. Then think of the opinion of the United States that has prevailed in Western Europe for many months past with Uncle Sam in the role of Uncle Shylock, and all that.

Then lo, over night comes Prince Charming in his car, and a vast roar rises from the Danube to the Atlantic—"This is a lovely man, so brave, so modest, so skillful, so unconcerned for money! Surely, after all, the Americans must be quite good people. *Vive* the United States!"

It reminds one of what William James said about the possible value of spiritualism to revive faith in Christianity, a revival which could hardly come, he thought, without a belief in new physical facts and possibilities, such as had attended the origin of all religions. "A glimpse," he said, "into a world of new phenomenal possibilities enveloping those of the present life would do in an instant what abstract considerations about the reality of the moral order would not do in a year." Some such glimpse as that Europe seems to have had when Lindbergh dropped down on Bourget Field.

NOW then, what may we hope that Charles will accomplish which will be worth all this immense noise made about him and which we do not wish to see go to waste?

He has taken us out from under the spell of the movie idols and the fisticuff champions, and lighted up our minds by contemplation of an achievement of a higher order. A newspaper writer, Mr. Garrett, has said (in the *World*) that he has lifted up men's respect for mankind as it has not been done since his predecessors died in war.

So he has, and it is a very great achievement and most timely.

In doing so he has acquired immense influence. How will he use that?

So far as one can judge, he will use it to quicken the development of aviation in these States.

And that may be immensely important, not primarily for commercial reasons, but to increase our efficiency in war, and so our influence and power as a factor in keeping the peace of the world and saying our say in international concerns at a time when great changes are making, and still greater ones impending.

My very accomplished friend Weston was talking the other day about the immediate future of the world and of wars to come, and doped it out something like this. "What I go by," he said, "is this: A nation that is ashamed of itself recovers its self-respect *through war*. The French had disgraced themselves by the Revolution and were very grateful to Napoleon for giving them *glory*. The Germans never got over the humiliation that Napoleon subjected them to through war. The Italians have never quite got over the humiliation of their centuries of division under Austria. They have had the inferiority complex. Mussolini relies on that. Russia for the same reason will follow." So he figured out that "Italy will make war in 1934 and Russia in 1950."

All that is interesting in a way. The year 1934 is only seven years ahead of us and some people now living may survive till 1950. But Lindbergh's hop and its astonishing emotional consequences, followed and intensified by the exploit of Chamberlin and Levine, is fit to remind betters that it is the unexpected that usually happens. Weston's forecasts seem to be based on conditions of life that existed before the Great War. There are now tremendous motives for the maintenance of peace and terrific objections to large-scale war of which humanity was certainly not so conscious before 1914. One can understand how an inferiority complex turns to glory. One can also understand that it was a comfort to many minds who were tired of having debt collection the chief subject of discussion between their country and Europe to see that subject suddenly swept out of notice by the appearance in Paris of a young man in an airplane. As between Weston's calculations and those of the British-Israel people who start calamities in May of next year and carry them along till 1936, anyone can have his choice, or reject both if he prefers.

All the same, while interest in aviation in general has been wonderfully increased by these daring ventures of Lindbergh and Chamberlin, and while the commercial possibilities of air service to Europe are now actively discussed, a very lively detail—perhaps the predominant one—of the talk about these hopes is their relation to war—the next war, the thought of which no one is willing to countenance, but which few reflecting people can yet dismiss from their minds. The flights have made the world smaller. When Commander Byrd with a bigger airplane and several engines in it has succeeded—if he does succeed—in his demonstration, that effect will be carried still farther. It is a small world when you can go from New York to Paris on one load of gasoline in a day and a half, and these machines steadily progressing in efficiency and safety can be turned to missile-carriers if occasion calls for it. They can drop their bad bombs on far-off places. It has all made the people whose minds are on war think harder than ever on that subject.

BUT it has seemed to help to tie together Western Europe and the United States, and that is very valuable, even though the tie made seems no more than sentimental; for a sentimental tie may be very strong—indeed, the strongest kind.

When we think about war, another Great War, of course we think about Germany and whether she will tie up

with Russia to beat France and Britain, or tie up with Western Europe to stand off Muscovy and anything that might threaten in Asia. If there is a magic of conciliation in these visits of airmen, it was a particularly good thing to have Chamberlin and Levine land in Germany at the home of Luther, and make their first popular appearance in Berlin. Perhaps that will do good; and anything that promotes good-will between Germany and the nations whom she lately fought is very valuable indeed, and all the more so since the Soviet agents and representatives have been thrown out of London.

Mussolini's Italy is a political conundrum. Which way will that cat jump? Turkey is another. But the big one is Russia. There are very active minds in that great country nowadays and they seem to practice day and night for the realization of purposes that run constantly through them to produce extremely radical changes in this world. The changes they are concerned about are not the evolutionary ones that are going on everywhere, but changes, apparently, that are geared to a plan; a tremendous plan to make Russia offhand the dominant political and economic influence in human life. If that plan ever runs strong enough to be recognized as an imminent world peril, what is the United States going to do about it? It has refused diplomatic relations with Russia. It has done that much already. Britain, who needed them and somewhat reluctantly accepted them, has had to give them up. That was evidence as far as it went of like-mindedness between the British government and ours. What should we do if we saw another irrepressible conflict, not merely between nations of Western Europe, but between Western Europe and those minds that plan at Moscow, and all the backing they could gather? It is not necessary to say what the United States would do; but as one thinks about it, these airplane exploits take on a new significance that is quite comforting. For if there is another big disturbance in the world, the armies of the sky are going to count enormously, and the influence of the United States may be vitally increased by the reputation of its airmen and the provision of means on a large scale to make their proficiency effective.

Our country has seemed somewhat torpid since the Armistice about saving the world, albeit it has done far better than the world as a rule has given it credit for; for it has provided money, and it has furnished service at times which has been extremely valuable. But Lindbergh and Chamberlin will be taken as evidence that it is waking up. They have carried us back to Europe in an astonishing degree, in a fashion and to an extent that is altogether outside of calculation or foresight. It is almost as if they had discovered a new world, and in so far as it is that, the discovery is very, very timely. For how very unreal our present world is, particularly to the elders in it! The young who never knew a different one, probably do not feel this unreality, but the changes that have come in the twentieth century have been enormous, and minds that go back of them and to nineteenth-century habits and standards seem to themselves to be living in a sort of dreamland—much of it quite delectable, but a lot of it pretty well passing understanding. Does anyone, do you suppose, look upon our present world, our present life, with any sense of its permanency? Is everybody waiting for something to drop, or only meditating elders and international politicians? Most curious times, times apparently of preparation and subject evidently to unexpected thrills.

Personal and Otherwise

Aldous Huxley, grandson of Thomas Huxley, is one of the most distinguished of the group of younger British writers. *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, and *Those Barren Leaves* are perhaps the most popular of his novels. Recently he has made a trip around the world, and his impressions of the Orient have been published under the title *Jesting Pilate*. HARPER readers will recall his stories, "Little Mexican" and "Half Holiday," which have appeared in this Magazine.

Wilbur Daniel Steele's stories have been a distinguished feature in HARPER'S for many years, and have consistently won the highest critical commendation accorded to any American short-story writer. Our readers will recall his extraordinary story, "Bubbles," which was awarded the O. Henry Prize as the best short story of 1926. Mr. Steele is again making his home at Nantucket, where he is putting the finishing touches to a novel which is to begin serial publication in this Magazine during the autumn.

Most HARPER readers do not need to be reminded that ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould, of Princeton) has a distinguished reputation not only as an essayist, but as a short-story writer and a novelist. Many of her observations upon subjects as diverse as prize-fighting and culture have appeared recently in HARPER'S.

Floyd H. Allport has done notable work in psychology, particularly by his studies in personality. His book, *Social Psychology*, is one of the most interesting and authoritative works in its field.

Bernard DeVoto is a member of the faculty of Northwestern University. Some months ago in "College and the Exceptional Man" he discussed with refreshing candor the plight of the brilliant student in our American universities. We shall shortly publish another article by Mr. DeVoto which has some frank and even flattering things to say about the young women "co-eds" of our universities as contrasted with their male classmates.

The distinguished British philosopher and mathematician, ***Bertrand Russell,*** gives in this issue concrete advice to parents about the early education of their children. In his insistence that the crucial time of training in the life of the child is the years under five he is in accord with the theories of Behaviorism which Dr. John B. Watson has been writing about in HARPER'S during the past year.

Joseph Collins, the eminent neurologist, attempts to answer a question that everyone must have thought about at one time or another—"Should Doctors Tell the Truth?" In our issue of last February Dr. Collins had something to say about his own experience as a patient in the hands of various physicians ("A Doctor Looks at Doctors").

Ruth Suckow, born in Iowa, continues to make her home there. She is the author of *Country People* and *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl*, as well as many magazine stories of Iowan life.

Charles Merz, of the staff of the New York *World*, has been working upon a series of impressionistic studies of some conspicuous aspects of modern American life. Of these, there have appeared in HARPER'S, "Sweet Land of Secrecy" and "The New American Bar." This month Mr. Merz considers recent sensational murder trials which have engaged the attention of the whole country.

C. E. M. Joad, a well known British writer, makes his first appearance in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. A recent book of his, *The Babbitt Warren*, a criticism of present-day life in America, has evoked wide and forceful comment because of its brilliant and unconventional writing.

Among the essays in lighter vein which have latterly appeared in this Magazine

"The Professor Dines Out" by ***George Boas*** must linger in many memories. Mr. Boas, who is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University, returns to this same theme in "Sonata Academica."

Keyes Winter ("Fools and Their Money") explains in his article who he is and what work he is at present engaged in.

It is a pleasure to have ***Gamaliel Bradford*** again in HARPER'S. For a dozen years, living quietly at Wellesley Hills, he has produced an extensive series of biographical studies. *Damaged Souls* and *Wives* are among his more recent volumes.

The Lion's Mouth is shared this month by ***Stephen Leacock,*** the Canadian humorist, ***Percy Waxman,*** the Scarsdale (N. Y.) wit, and ***John P. Fort,*** of the Chattanooga *News,* a newcomer to the Magazine.

The poets this month are all known to the readers of the Magazine. ***Anne Atwood Dodge*** (Mrs. F. F. Dodge) resides at Stonington, Conn. ***Elizabeth J. Coatsworth,*** of Hingham, Massachusetts, is the author of *Fox Footprints* and *Atlas and Beyond.* ***Joseph Auslander's*** most recent work is contained in *Sunrise Trumpets* and *Cyclop's Eye.*

❦ ❦ ❦

The editors anticipated that the anonymous leading article in the June issue, "Feminism and Jane Smith," would evoke replies from many readers, but they were hardly prepared for a veritable landslide of rejoinders. Many of these comments are almost as long as the article which provoked them. We can only pick here and there among them for pertinent paragraphs. The following, by way of introduction, from a New York reader makes a significant point in the last sentence.

The Jane Smiths owe such a debt of gratitude to the Editor for "expressing them" that it seems a moral duty to rally to his support and rescue him from the almost certain onslaughts of the Mary Joneses.

The dignity, distinction and logic of the author of the initial article in your June number are beyond compare. To the anonymous writer I give my hearty applause; and to the Editor my thanks for giving it first place in his Magazine.

A census to determine the number of Jane Smiths and Mary Joneses would be interesting. It is my belief that the former are in the majority; but the latter are more articulate, more lusty vocally.

Needless to say your correspondent is a

PLAIN JANE SMITH.

From the other side of the continent, Palo Alto, California:

Ah, ha! Messrs. HARPER'S MONTHLY, I can see the storm breaking about your devoted head, in response to Jane Smith's endeavor to assign to woman her role in life. And I am one of the hailstones!

On first reading, I thought slowly, "It's so, even if it isn't so—for a good woman has said it." All the same I am sure generations to come will disprove all Jane Smith's best points.

Where Jane Smith said "A child is begotten from the positive impulse—the overwhelming desire of the father," I crossed out "father" and wrote in the margin "parents.' And I am sure the "necking" and "petting" young folks of the present day will bear me out in thus admitting that the sex impulse is quite as strong in the normal woman as in the man—though she is more fastidious in the choice of her mate.

Jane Smith says "Motherhood is humiliating"! Take a census of the good women the world over, and see if they are not proud beyond words of the honor God has conferred on them. Jane says: "Nature granted immunity to the sex which could use it best." But Nature knew man's fancy to be as unstable as water, and trusted the baby to the sex that would be faithful unto death.

Wherever the medieval woman "managed estates, held courts, and dealt in politics," believe me, her "personal submission to the male" was probably far from "complete"!

So Jane Smith "comes to the conclusion that the reins of government in any normal household can be held ultimately by only one person"—and it would seem to her indicated that the "superior person should prevail," and "he should have the final word."

Which blade of a pair of scissors is superior? For Heaven's sake let them be equal yoke-fellows, pulling together, deciding together all questions relative to the family, and affectionately ceding to one another priority in the points where he or she should be best posted.

SARAH WELLINGTON TREAT.

Many of those who are in disagreement with the anonymous author of the article in

question assert that "she" is a man, despite our editorial statement to the contrary. More than one reader has flatly declared John Macy to be the author of the article. (Mr. Macy, it will be remembered, "stirred up the animals" a few months ago with an article on the myth of feminine equality.) We can only repeat to our incredulous friends that the author of "Feminism and Jane Smith" *is* a woman *and* a mother. Moreover, in her particular field of activity, she is a woman of national reputation.

L. M. G. of Cleveland, Ohio, whose name must be familiar to many of our readers, but who prefers to withhold it, sends us a lengthy rebuttal. We quote in part:

It is true enough that Jane Smith will want to "complement the male role instead of usurping it," but is this not equally true of John, as regards the female role? Or can there be anyone left who believes that progressive and even "average" men in these days want to be regarded as omnipotent or even superior? Not the men and boys we know!

Why set up distinctions between "personal" and "impersonal," "superior" and "inferior," etc., and even glorify them, when *self-expression* is an adequate term, and *human* is more important than masculine or feminine? One can create inequalities by words, no doubt, even when they do not exist, but they apply to *all* human beings.

Again, leadership has no sex boundaries, and may be exercised in any field. Ability plus co-operation makes a fairly good equipment, and adequate leadership means satisfied led. "The final word" may be a matter of expedience, but successful leadership is measured not by it, but by the final outcome.

We who are or have been happy, satisfied wives and mothers object to being called "invalids" or "handicapped." We feel we have had equal opportunities, equal responsibilities, equal satisfactions.

Pittsburgh speaks up. Mrs. Frances Hickok Cretcher says:

A great astronomer once expressed the hope that if he were born again on another planet, he would be something more than an alimentary canal. He believed that human beings were slavishly limited in their powers by their need of food and their processes of digestion and excretion. And yet Henry Fairfield Osborn tells us that the intelligence of man developed in his pursuit of food. Where food was plentiful superior intelligence was not demanded and the development of the race was retarded; where food was scarce mankind became more precocious. The alimentary tract and its needs caused the ancestor of civilized man to sharpen his wits and circumvent the obstacles presented by nature. Hence the very thing which seems to be a source of limitation has been, and no doubt continues to be, a chief source of development.

Childbearing has been just such a source of limitation and development to woman. It brings certain temporary physical handicaps, but it usually leaves permanent emotional and spiritual benefits. There is strong evidence that human sympathy and altruism have developed out of the experience of motherhood. To endure pain is to sharpen one's appreciation of pleasure and to widen one's sympathetic understanding. To be a mother and responsible for the care of another life means an opportunity to build greater capacity and greater soul.

East Orange, N. J., gives a glance toward the future:

All this theorizing about Jane Smith was probably quite true when Jane Smith was the mother of eight or ten children, but that was in the dark ages before birth control. Birth control may be against the law but, like prohibition, the law is observed more in the breaking than in the keeping in most civilized countries, and tomorrow it will be the practice of the whole world.

The world is beginning to awake to the fact that thousands of children of the greatest promise are ruined in the first five years of life by the ignorance of their loving, well-meaning mothers. Motherhood is the greatest profession in the world because all others are dependent upon it, yet it is gaily undertaken with no special training no matter how well educated the woman. The day is at hand when those women who want to train their own children must be as carefully prepared for their work as is the scientist. Those who have no vocation for motherhood—and there are vastly more of these than of the others—will place their children when two years old, or less, in nursery-schools under the direction of women especially gifted along this line, and not there as a makeshift until they marry. The child need not lose the love and supervision of his mother in the deepest sense of the word, but his development will no longer be dependent on hit-or-miss methods. We spend millions on raising corn and beans, to say nothing of pigs and potatoes, while we guess at the training

of our children. If we owned a Man o' War colt we would not put him in the hands of an inexperienced horseman even for a day. Is it any wonder that so many of us fall far short of what we might have been under more scientific methods?

All this will release Jane Smith from a very large part of the last quarter of her traditional duties, and she will then be ready to travel shoulder to shoulder with her mate. She will cease to be a parasite in any sense of the word, and no longer will races of men decay. The idea that it is possible for man to advance physically and mentally while woman takes no part in the active development of society aside from the passive fulfillment of her sex functions has always proved false.

GENEVIEVE MACLEAN SWITZ.

❦ ❦ ❦

A month or two ago we printed a protest from one of our readers who felt that Mr. Roark Bradford's story, "A Child of God," contained passages that were irreverent to the point of blasphemy. It is worth pointing out that all the protests of this story come from readers north of Mason and Dixon's line. Our Southern readers, perhaps because of their familiarity with negro psychology and folk-ways, have found nothing in this story to stir their displeasure. Readers have risen up everywhere to take issue with the critics of this remarkable story. The following puts the case for the defense very tersely:

I cannot understand anyone of intelligence stating that "A Child of God" was irreverent. To me it was one of the *best* stories I *ever* read, and far from being irreverent it showed that if you were loving and forgiving and kind you were truly "A Child of God."

GERTRUDE PEARSON.

And now we make place for three Southern readers:

My enthusiasm over the story, "A Child of God," I did manage to suppress sufficiently to spare you a letter after its appearance in your Magazine. I had family and friends, including a parson, for outlet. The verdict was unanimous for the story's rare excellence. We agreed to watch at the year's end to see which prizes it might draw.

I am still sitting up and rubbing my eyes over the comment in the June Magazine. How a poor author must suffer over wasted toil when a supposed literary critic could find irreverence in that story. I wish I had words to tell how that negro's vision of the Christ in Heaven quickened my religious sensibilities.

Believe me, it was a story where you laughed only as I imagine God laughing at times. Then, if people must have a moral, did one ever hear Darrow as eloquent against capital punishment?

The intense beauty of the story, of course, was the understanding of the Southern negro. It read to me like a sermon. From title to final word, the story is a gem.

MARY C. WERTS.

St. Louis, Mo.

The discussion in the June number of HARPER'S concerning "Child of God" interests me, as I have recommended the story whenever I could make an opportunity to do so. It is the most satisfying short story I have read. In it are the tragedy and some of the comedy of the race question—a question that presses heavily on the hearts of thoughtful Southerners. But the beautiful relation between Cap'm Archie and Willie Malone makes one hopeful in spite of the hangman and Mr. Reeve [whose protest was printed in these pages], both of whom, I think, have permitted life to conventionalize them.

MARGARET MCLAUGHLIN.

New Orleans, La.

I am in the mood for the sort of denunciation men call hysterical—in women; in men, impassioned. And all along of those who protest against Mr. Roark Bradford's story, "Child of God." I hope I'm not too late.

Though unacquainted with him, I am proud to be a dweller in the same city with Mr. Bradford. Just as I am proud to inhabit the same state as Mrs. Snell (Ada Jack Carver), and for the same reason—because they "know their onions."

"Willie" is as typically true as "Red-Bone." The untrained negro mind is the most pictorially imaginative, yet worshipful, of any creature on earth, and his heaven must be to him literally what Mr. Bradford shows to us, or else it serves no earthly purpose for him!

So, for this rare tale and all of HARPER'S always, I am gratefully yours,

MARY H. ASHMAN.

In conclusion we may add that this story was made the subject of an editorial paragraph in a recent issue of *The Churchman*, a leading journal of the Episcopalian denomination in this country. The editor praises the story without qualification and urges his readers not to miss it.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

How to Decide When to Sell

By PAUL TOMLINSON

PEOPLE with even a slight knowledge of investing appreciate the fact that, while the selection of a proper investment is a difficult task, it is in reality fairly simple when compared with making a decision as to whether to sell or not. A circular which came to our attention a little while ago recommended the purchase of a certain stock, and reinforced this recommendation with the injunction, "*Never sell it.*" Perhaps. In any event the problem of whether to sell or not is one that most investors find facing them at some time or other. Is it possible to solve this problem intelligently?

OBVIOUSLY there can be no accurate measure of procedure when this question is pressing for solution. To know whether it would be best to sell a certain security or to keep it presupposes a knowledge of the future and an ability to forecast what is going to happen—two powers not granted to mortal beings. Investors, therefore, will always be confronted with this question as long as investments exist, and the best that can be done in the way of providing an answer is to seek some general course of action.

PUBLIC opinion is not a reliable guide. When prices go up and keep on going up for a considerable period they almost invariably go higher than the facts warrant; in a falling market prices usually go lower than the facts warrant. Now someone may ask why, if it is possible to state what "facts warrant," it is impossible to state whether it is wise to sell or not. But security markets sometimes behave peculiarly, just as crowds of people sometimes act without knowing why they are acting as they do. There are certain facts about every corporation which are known, or at least can be known, and frequently these facts are ignored by security owners. These facts do not tell the whole story, but in many instances they tell enough of it to prove that certain courses of action are unwarranted and without justification. There are, however, unknown factors of which no one can judge with precision, and these are what make the question of whether to sell or not impossible of accurate solution.

FOR example: Suppose in 1920 you bought stock in a certain company at $90 a share; in April, 1927, this same stock sold at 172⅜ and the outstanding

capital stock at this later period was $1,100,000,000 compared with $443,000,000 in 1920. In other words, the market value of this corporation's outstanding stock has increased from $398,700,000 in 1920 to about $1,893,000,000 in 1927. Should a man who bought his stock at the lower figure sell out now and take his profit, or should he hold on in the expectation of seeing his shares sell higher yet? Suppose conditions were reversed and a man is faced with the question of whether he should sell a stock at 90 for which he paid 172⅜. In the bond market quotations are at about the highest level in fifteen years. Should bond owners sell and take advantage of the high prices? Well, to quote the June bulletin of the National City Bank of New York, "In 1901, fifteen representative railroad bonds sold at an average price fifteen points higher than the average of the same issues on May 1, 1927, and the railroads were not in as strong a financial position then as they are to-day." Stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad has had a market appreciation of $300,000,000 in the past six years. Should the holders with substantial profits sell or hold on? How can one tell what to do?

IN THE case of stocks there is a general rule, which some people follow, that the selling price should not exceed earnings by more than ten times. If, for example, a stock is earning $6 a share it should not sell for more than $60, and it should be remembered that dividends and earnings do not usually equal each other. Also, it is a good idea to remember that the average earnings of a stock over a period of five or ten years furnish a much clearer picture of a stock's value

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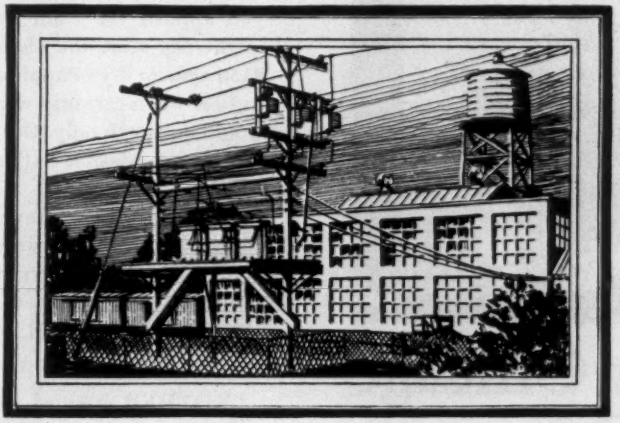

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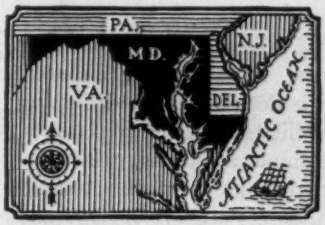
than earnings for a single year can give. If a stock earned $15 a share in 1925 and you applied the "ten times" rule you might say that the shares were worth $150 apiece; if you applied the same rule in 1926 when earnings were $5 the shares would be worth only $50. In any event it is always possible to find out just what earnings were for the latest year, and for several years previous. In other words, earnings constitute one element of definite information obtainable by any investor faced with the question of whether to sell or hold.

ANOTHER item of definite information which the investor may obtain is the amount of working capital which his corporation has per share. And if earnings are the most important factor in determining whether a stock should be held or sold, working capital is not far behind. It is capital which makes the industrial world go round, and a corporation possessed of an adequate supply of this commodity does not fear business depressions, nor does it lack the ability to take advantage of opportunities that offer. A corporation lacking working capital may have to raise it by new financing, bonds, or other obligations, perhaps, which rank ahead of the stock and have not only a prior claim on earnings, but on assets as well.

IT IS possible to find out the ratio between current assets and current liabilities. Current assets consist of such items as cash, securities of other companies, notes receivable, accounts receivable, and inventories; in other words, cash or property readily convertible into cash. Current liabilities include notes payable, accounts payable, and other obligations which must be met with cash payments. Obviously the smaller the ratio of these liabilities to

Maryland--



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OPPORTUNITIES for a good living and a good life draw men of large affairs to Maryland to invest capital and establish homes—and native sons seldom leave in search of greener fields.

Indeed, it would be difficult to find fields greener than the fertile farms that foot the Blue Ridge Mountains, fields as inviting as the hunting country of Baltimore and Harford Counties, fields as bountiful as the level farm lands of the Eastern Shore—that far-famed peninsula which separates the Atlantic Ocean from the Chesapeake Bay.

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THE book value of a stock is another thing the investor can discover. Book value is determined by deducting the total liabilities from the total assets. Take, for example, a company which has 10,000 shares of common stock outstanding; if total assets are $10,000,000 and total liabilities including bonds and preferred stock—senior securities—amount to $8,000,000, the book value of the common is $200 a share. This does not mean that the company necessarily has salable assets amounting to this much a share, but is merely a record of the investment which has been made in the business. Book value may be more than market value or it may be less, depending upon the nature of the company's business; for in some lines of industry heavy investments are necessary, while in others—say a specialty business—salesmanship and management are the important considerations.

EARNINGS (preferably over a period of years), working capital, ratio of current assets to current liabilities, and book value—these are the items of definite information about a stock which an investor can secure. In the case of bonds the investor is interested in earnings and in the security pledged for the payment of the bonds he owns; the other items do not affect his investment to the same extent that they do a stockholder's, but do, however, reflect the condition of the corporation as a whole. Naturally the securities of a prosperous company are more desirable than those of any other kind.

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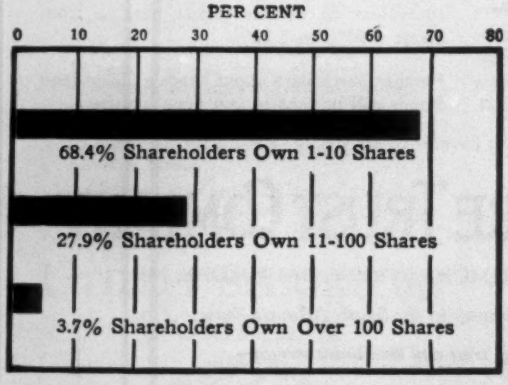

26 Shares Per Shareholder

The ownership of Associated Gas & Electric Company Preferred and Class A Stock is widely distributed. The average shareholder owns 26 shares. 68.4% of the shareholders own 1 to 10 shares each and 96.3% own 1 to 100 shares each. This is due

1 — to the large number of consumer shareholders — 32,000 out of a total of 48,000 shareholders are consumers served by Associated properties.

2 — to the many employee shareholders — 2/3 of Associated employees have invested.

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THERE are factors to be considered in connection with the value of stock, and in deciding whether or not to sell, that are not quite so tangible as those mentioned above. What kind of plant and buildings, for instance, has the corporation whose stock you own? Is the equipment in good condition, modern, and efficient, and is it kept in a state of efficiency? What about inventories? They are included under the head of current assets, and of course it is important that they actually are current; in other words, that they can be readily sold and turned into cash. What proportion of current assets consists of inventories? How does the size of the inventory account compare with what other companies in the same business are carrying, and with what this particular company has been accustomed to carry?

WHAT is the nature of the corporation's product? Is it something that experience has shown to be in steady demand, or is it a luxury, or something of an ephemeral nature, the need or desire for which varies with prosperity or depression, with the seasons, or with the public whim? What about the company's income? Has it varied from year to year, been constant, or shown a steady growth? If it has expanded considerably, say during the past year, is there any reason to expect that the gain can be held, or was the increase a temporary one due to unusual conditions? What is the normal profit on business done? Is the margin small, necessitating a large volume, or is it sufficiently large to allow for some reduction in prices in case reductions should be required? Are the accounts receivable really receivable? Is this item in proper

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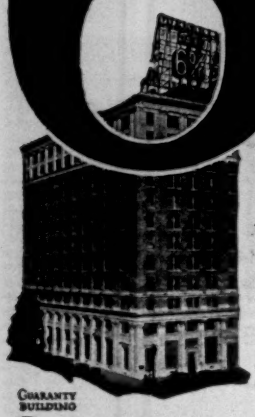

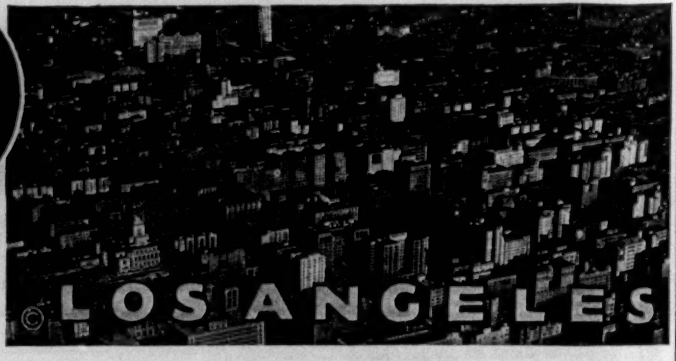

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proportion to the amount of cash on hand, or does it look as if too many customers were being "carried"—being given, that is, too much credit and too long a period in which to pay up? It is not easy to secure definite information on all these various points; a balance sheet will present a picture of many sides of a company, but it will not describe the physical condition of the plant nor the nature of the inventories carried.

WHAT is the financial structure of the corporation whose stock you hold? Are there too many bonds in proportion to the amount of paid-in stock? How large a percentage of the company's income must be used for interest? If there are bonds outstanding, when do they mature, and has provision been made to pay them off at maturity? Bonds, of course, rank ahead of stocks, and bond interest conceivably might claim so much of the company's earnings that what is left for the stock is insufficient to justify any dividend distribution. The principal of bonds must be refunded to the bondholders some day, too, and it is important to know what provision has been made to meet this obligation. And of course nothing is more important to the success or failure of a business enterprise than the character of its management. Is the company in which you are interested a "one man concern," or is the organization such that the loss of one, or two, or three executives would still permit of the enterprise being successfully conducted? What is the record of the present management, and over how long a period does its record extend?

FINALLY, there is one other item to consider—one that does not often occur to the layman, yet it is important. Business enterprises nowadays need

Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

AN INVESTMENT INSURED FOR ITS LIFETIME: An interesting and helpful booklet, explaining a new feature in investments: a guarantee against loss of either principal or interest. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., Fiscal Agents for the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds, an improved type of real estate bonds in which all underlying securities are safeguarded through the insurance of both principal and interest by leading surety companies. Offered by National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.

BONDS THAT PARTICIPATE IN PROFITS: A pamphlet describing a long seasoned investment which has regularly paid participations in addition to regular bond interest. Offered by Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc., 165 Broadway, New York City.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet giving much interesting information about this form of security. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

HOW TO BUILD AN INDEPENDENT INCOME (1927 Edition): A booklet giving a plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF BETTER BONDS: A booklet which explains how more than forty years of sound conservative financing now culminate in guaranteed investments. George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

6% BUILDING AND LOAN CERTIFICATES: Details of this state-supervised, non-fluctuating, convertible investment furnished by Guaranty Building & Loan Association, 6334 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE CONSERVATION OF YOUR WEALTH: An informative booklet describing the benefits of a Living Trust, and how to create one, is offered by the Bank of North America and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

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BANK-SELECTED INVESTMENTS: Describes 6% Real Estate Bonds, with guaranteed first mortgage security, which conform to the standards of safety established by banks for the investment of trust and deposit funds. Offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

ICE INDUSTRY: The manufacture of ice is one of the country's fastest growing industries. Its basis for investments is discussed in a booklet offered by Hoagland, Allum & Company, 34 Pine Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS—6% AND A $40,000,000 GUARANTEE: A new, illustrated booklet on mortgage investments and the unusual protective features of SECURITY BONDS. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

INVESTING FOR SAFETY: The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

RULES FOR SAFE INVESTMENT: Important factors of safety of Real Estate Bonds explained for the investor. Offered by American Bond & Mortgage Company, 345 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., and 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

INVESTMENTS OF PUBLIC UTILITY COMPANIES: A circular describing such investments, and covering bonds, preferred and common stock, is issued by Howe, Snow & Bertles, Inc., 120 Broadway, New York City.

BANKING BY MAIL: A booklet explaining how investors, no matter where they live, may use a savings bank account as their form of investment, showing how to deposit and how to withdraw funds. Offered by the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, Flatbush & Atlantic Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A NEW AND IMPROVED FORM OF GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS: This booklet describes the eight new features of the 6% First National Bonds. Offered by The First National Company, Citizens Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW BOOK "Investment Guide in 1927": This booklet describes First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses. Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison Streets, Chicago, Illinois.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

INTELLIGENT INVESTING: A booklet showing the policies and safeguards behind the mortgage bonds. Offered by the Puritan Corporation, Graybar Building, 43rd St. and Lexington Avenue, New York City.

INTERESTING FACTS: A booklet giving information concerning facilities and Securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. For copy address, Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

banking connections to advise and help them with their financial problems, just as they need legal advice to make sure that they are complying with the laws of the land. No one can ever predict with much certainty what lies ahead, and in business almost any concern may find itself faced with a need for money. A banking house thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of a company's business may on occasion be a tremendous asset to that company.

NOW it must be admitted that the various items influencing the value of a stock which we have listed here present a rather formidable appearance. Almost any investor might well ask how a person who is not an investment expert can be expected to know about even half of them, to say nothing of them all. And the answer is, of course, that no one not an investment expert is expected to know these things. Fortunately, however, there are investment banking houses all over the country, and the members of these firms are in a position to furnish, or at least to secure the kind of information needed to assist investors in making intelligent decisions when financial questions arise—and admittedly one of the most perplexing questions which come up is whether to sell or whether to hold a given stock. The best investment advice costs no more than the poorest, and by "cost" actual expense is meant. In its results the best is not only cheaper, but has in it the possibilities of real profit. Where can this commodity be secured more profitably than from investment bankers, members of the Investment Bankers Association?

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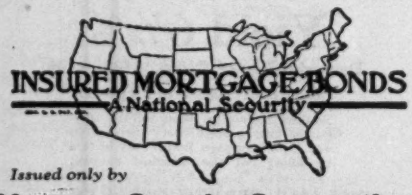

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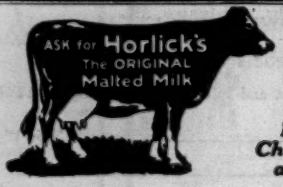

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